

BELL'S  
BRITISH THEATRE.

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CONSISTING OF

THE MOST ESTEEMED

ENGLISH PLAYS.

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VOL. XXXII.

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CONTAINING

THE INCONSTANT, . . . . . BY FARQUHAR.  
EDWARD AND ELEONORA, . . — THOMSON.  
THE TWIN RIVALS, . . . . . — FARQUHAR,  
GUSTAVUS VASA, . . . . . — BROOKE.

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1797.



BELL

# BRITISH THEATRE

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ENGLISH PLAYS.

VOL. XXII.



THE INCOME  
LEASED AND  
THEIR REVENUE  
CONSISTING OF

LONDON

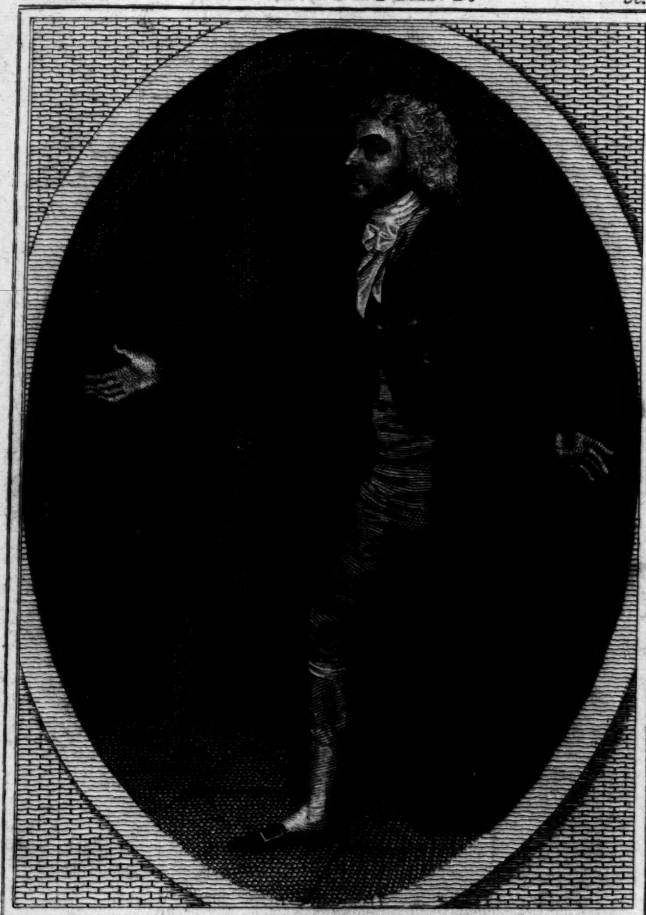
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7 JU 52

Act IV.

THE INCONSTANT.

Sc. II.



*De Wilde sculpsit*

**MR. CAULFIELD, as MICHAEL.**

*Long sc.*

*Mr. No my fair Angel, but let me repent.*

London. Printed for G. Cawthorne, British Library, Strand, Sept. 16, 1786.



THE INCONSTANT.

When I was young and bold, I thought I should  
Be loved by every woman, and be loved by all.

Bunney del.

Barclay sculp.

London, Printed for J. Cawthorne, British Library, Strand, Sept. 1846.



7 JU 52

THE  
*INCONSTANT;*  
OR,  
THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

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A  
COMEDY,  
  
*BY MR. GEORGE FARQUHAR.*

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ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,  
AS PERFORMED AT  
*THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.*

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REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,  
*By Permission of the Manager.*

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The Lines distinguished by Inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

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LONDON:  
  
*Printed for, and under the Direction of*  
GEORGE CAWTHORN, *British Library, STRAND,*

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MDCCXCV.



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TO

RICHARD TIGHE, ESQ.

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SIR,

*DEDICATIONS are the only fashions in the world that are more disliked for being universal; and the reason is, that they very seldom fit the person they were made for: but I hope to avoid the common obloquy in this address, by laying aside the poet in every thing but the dramatic decorum of suiting my character to the person.*

*From the part of Mirabel in this play, and another character in one of my former, people are willing to compliment my performance in drawing a gay, splendid, generous, easy, fine young gentleman. My genius, I must confess, has a bent to that kind of description; and my veneration for you, sir, may pass for unquestionable, since in all these happy accomplishments you come so near to my darling character, abating his inconstancy.*

*What an unspeakable blessing is youth and fortune, when a happy understanding comes in, to moderate the desires of the first, and to refine upon the advantages of the latter; when a gentleman is master of all pleasures, but a slave to none; who has travelled, not only for the curiosity of the sight, but for the improvement of the mind's eye; and who returns full of every thing but himself? An author might say a great deal more, but a friend, sir—nay, an enemy, must allow you this.*

*I shall here, sir, meet with two obstacles, your modesty and your sense; the first, as a censor upon the subject, the second, as a critic upon the stile: but I am obstinate in my purpose, and will maintain what I say to the last drop of*



*my pen ; which I may the more boldly undertake, having all the world on my side: nay, I have your very self against you; for by declining to hear your own merit, your friends are authorized the more to proclaim it.*

*Your generosity and easiness of temper is not only obvious in your common affairs and conversation, but more plainly evident in your darling amusement, that opener and dilator of the mind—music: from your affection for this delightful study, we may deduce the pleasing harmony that is apparent in all your actions; and be assured, sir, that a person must be possessed of a very divine soul, who is so much in love with the entertainment of angels.*

*From your encouragement of music, if there be any poetry here, it has a claim, by the right of kindred, to your favour and affection. You were pleased to honour the representation of this play, with your appearance at several times, which flattered my hopes that there might be something in it which your good-nature might excuse. With the honour I here intend for myself, I likewise here consult the interest of my nation, by shewing a person that is so much a reputation and credit to my country. Besides all this, I was willing to make a handsome compliment to the place of my pupilage; by informing the world that so fine a gentleman had the seeds of his education in the same university, and at the same time with,*

SIR,

Your most faithful, and

Most humble Servant,

Nov. 1702.

G. FARQUHAR.

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## PREFACE.

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To give you the history of this play, would but cause the reader and the writer a trouble to no purpose; I shall only say, that I took the hint from Fletcher's Wild Goose Chase; and to those who say that I have spoiled the original, I wish no other injury but that they would say it again.

As to the success of it, I think it but a kind of Cremona business, I have neither lost nor won. I pushed fairly, but the French were prepossessed, and the charms of Gallic heels were too hard for an English brain; but I am proud to own, that I have laid my head at the ladies' feet. The favour was unavoidable, for we are a nation so very fond of improving our understanding, that the instruction of a play does no good, when it comes in competition with the moral of a minuet. Pliny tells us, in his Natural History, of elephants that were taught to dance on the ropes; if this could be made practicable now, what a number of subscriptions might be had to bring the Great Mogul out of Fleet-street, and make him dance between the acts!

I remember, that about two years ago, I had a gentleman from France \* that brought the play-house some fifty audiences in five months; then why should I be surprised to find a French lady do as much? It is the prettiest way in the world of despising the French king, to let him see that we can afford money to bribe away his dancers, when he, poor man, has exhausted all his stock, in buying some pitiful towns and principalities: *cum multis aliis*. What can be a greater compliment to our generous nation, than to have the lady upon her re-tour to Paris, boast of her splendid entertainment in England, of the complaisance, liberty, and good-nature of a people, that thronged her house so full, that she had not room to stick a pin; and left a poor fellow, that had the misfortune of being one of themselves, without one farthing for half a year's pains that he had taken for their entertainment.

There were some gentlemen in the pit the first night, that took the hint from the prologue to damn the play; but they made such a noise in the execution, that the people took the outcry for a reprieve; so that the darling mischief was over-laid by their over-fond-

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\* Constant Couple.

ness of the changeling: 'tis somewhat hard that gentlemen should debase themselves into a faction of a dozen, to stab a single person, who never had the resolution to face two men at a time; if he has had the misfortune of any misunderstanding with a particular person, he has had a particular person to answer it: but these sparks would be remarkable in their resentment; and if any body fall under their displeasure, they scorn to call him to a particular account, but will very honourably burn his house, or pick his pocket.

The new-house has perfectly made me a convert by their civility on my sixth night: for to be friends, and revenged at the same time, I must give them a play, that is---when I write another. For faction runs so high, that I could wish the senate would suppress the houses, or put in force the act against bribing elections; that house which has the most favours to bestow, will certainly carry it, spite of all poetical justice that would support t' other.

I have heard some people so extravagantly angry at this play, that one would think they had no reason to be displeased at all; whilst some (otherwise men of good sense) had commended it so much, that I was afraid they ridiculed me; so that between both, I am absolutely at a loss what to think on't: for though the cause has come on six days successively, yet the trial, I fancy, is not determined. When our devotion to Lent, and our Lady, is over, the business will be brought on again, and then we shall have fair play for our money.

There is a gentleman of the first understanding, and a very good critic, who said of Mr. Wilks, that in this part he out-acted himself, and all men that he ever saw. I would not rob Mr. Wilks, by a worse expression of mine, of a compliment that he so much deserves.

I had almost forgot to tell you, that the turn of plot in the last act, is an adventure of Chevalier de Chastillon at Paris, and matter of fact; but the thing is so universally known, that I think this advice might have been spared, as well as the rest of the preface, for any good it will do either to me or the play.

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## PROLOGUE.

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*LIKE hungry guests a sitting audience looks ;  
Plays are like suppers : poets are the cooks.  
The founders you : the table is this place :  
The carvers we : the prologue is the grace.  
Each act a course ; each scene a different dish :  
Though we're in Lent, I doubt you're still for flesh.  
Satire's the sauce, high-season'd, sharp, and rough ;  
Kind masks and beaux, I hope you're pepper-proof.  
Wit is the wine ; but 't is so scarce the true,  
Poets, like vintners, balderdash and brew.  
Your surly scenes, where rant and bloodshed join,  
Are butcher's meat ; a battle's a sirloin.  
Your scenes of love, so flowing, soft, and chaste,  
Are water-gruel, without salt or taste.  
Bawdy's fat venison, which, though stale, can please,  
Your rakes love haut-goûts, like your damn'd French cheese.  
Your rarity for the fair guest to gape on,  
Is your nice squeaker, or Italian capon ;  
Or your French virgin-pullet, garnish'd round,  
And dress'd with sauce of some—four hundred pound.  
An opera, like an oglio, nicks the age ;  
Farce is the hasty-pudding of the stage.  
For when you're treated with indifferent cheer,  
You can dispense with slender stage-coach fare.  
A pastoral's whipt cream ; stage-whims, mere trash ;  
And tragi-comedy, half fish and flesh.  
But comedy—that, that's the darling cheer,  
This night we hope you'll all inconstant bear :  
Wild fowl is lik'd in play-house all the year.*



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*Yet since each mind betrays a diff'rent taste,  
 And every dish scarce pleases ev'ry guest,  
 If aught you relish, do not damn the rest.  
 This favour crav'd, up let the music strike:  
 You're welcome all—now fall to, where you like.*

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Dramatis Personae.

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COVENT-GARDEN.

*Men.*

Old MIRABEL, an aged gentlemen, of an  
odd compound, between the peevishness  
incident to his years, and his fatherly  
fondness towards his son, - - - Mr. Quick  
Young MIRABEL, - - - Mr. Pope.  
Capt. DURETETE, an honest good-na-  
tured fellow, that thinks himself a greater  
fool than he is, - - - Mr. Ryder.  
DUGARD, - - - Mr. Macready.  
PETIT, servant to Dugard, afterwards to  
his sister, - - - Mr. Brown.

*Women.*

ORIANA, a lady contracted to Mirabel,  
who would bring him to reason, - Mrs. Bernard.  
BISARRE, a whimsical lady, friend to Ori-  
ana, admired by Duretete, - Mrs. Abington.  
LAMORCE, a woman of contrivance, - Mrs. Platt.

Four Bravoes, two Gentlemen, and two Ladies.  
Soldiers, Servants, and Attendants.

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## THE INCONSTANT.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

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*The Street. Enter DUGARD and his Man PETIT, in Riding Habits.*

*Dugard.*

SIRRAH, what's a clock?

*Pet.* Turn'd of eleven, sir.

*Dug.* No more! We have rid a swinging pace from Ne-mours since two this morning! Petit, run to Rosseau's, and bespeak a dinner at a Lewis d'or a head, to be ready by one.

*Pet.* How many will there be of you, sir?

*Dug.* Let me see—Mirabel one, Duretete two, myself three—

*Pet.* And I four.

*Dug.* How now, sir, at your old travelling familiarity! When abroad, you had some freedom for want of better company; but among my friends at Paris, pray remember your distance—Begone, sir. [*Exit Petit.*] This fellow's wit was necessary abroad, but he's too cunning for a domestic; I must dispose of him some way else. Who's here?—Old Mirabel and my sister!—My dearest sister!

*Enter Old MIRABEL and ORIANA.*

*Ori.* My brother! Welcome.

*Dug.* Monsieur Mirabel! I'm heartily glad to see you.



Old *Mir.* Honest Mr. Dugard! By the blood of the Mirabels, I'm your most humble servant.

*Dug.* Why, sir, you've cast your skin sure; you're brisk and gay, lusty health about you, no signs of age but your silver hairs.

Old *Mir.* Silver hairs! Then they are quick-silver hairs, sir. Whilst I have golden pockets, let my hairs be silver as they will. Adsbud, sir, I can dance, and sing, and drink, and——no, I can't wench.—But, Mr. Dugard, no news of my son Bob in all your travels?

*Dug.* Your son's come home, sir.

Old *Mir.* Come home! Bob come home! By the blood of the Mirabels, Mr. Dugard what say ye?

*Ori.* Mr. Mirabel return'd, sir!

*Dug.* He's certainly come, and you may see him within this hour or two.

Old *Mir.* Swear it, Mr. Dugard, presently swear it.

*Dug.* Sir, he came to town with me this morning; I left him at the Bagnieurs, being a little disordered after riding, and I shall see him again presently.

Old *Mir.* What! And he was ashamed to ask a blessing with his boots on? A nice dog! Well, and how fares the young rogue, ha?

*Dug.* A fine gentleman, sir. He'll be his own messenger.

Old *Mir.* A fine gentleman! But is the rogue like me yet?

*Dug.* Why, yes, sir; he's very like his mother, and as like you as most modern sons are to their fathers.

Old *Mir.* Why, sir, don't you think that I begat him?

*Dug.* Why yes, sir; you married his mother, and he inherits your estate. He's very like you, upon my word.

*Ori.* And pray, brother, what's become of his honest companion, Duretete?

*Dug.* Who, the captain? The very same he went abroad; he's the only Frenchman I ever knew that could not change.

Your son, Mr. Mirabel, is more obliged to Nature for that fellow's composition, than for his own; for he is more happy in Duretete's folly than his own wit. In short, they are as inseparable as finger and thumb; but the first instance in the world, I believe, of opposition in friendship.

*Old Mir.* Very well; will he be home to dinner, think ye?

*Dug.* Sir, he has ordered me to bespeak a dinner for us at Rousseau's, at a Louis d'or a head.

*Old Mir.* A Louis d'or a head! Well said, Bob; by the blood of the Mirabels, Bob's improv'd. But, Mr. Dugard, was it so civil of Bob to visit Monsieur Rousseau before his own natural father, eh! Heark'e, Oriana, what think you, now, of a fellow that can eat and drink ye a whole Louis d'or at a sitting? He must be as strong as Hercules; life and spirit in abundance. Before Gad, I do n't wonder at these men of quality, that their own wives can't serve them. A Louis d'or a head! 't is enough to stock the whole nation with bastards, 't is, faith. Mr. Dugard, I leave you with your sister. [Exit.]

*Dug.* Well, sister, I need not ask you how you do, your looks resolve me; fair, tall, well shaped; you're almost grown out of my remembrance.

*Ori.* Why, truly, brother, I look pretty well, thank Nature and my toilette; I have 'scaped the jaundice, green-sickness, and the small-pox; I eat three meals a day, am very merry when up, and sleep soundly when I'm down.

*Dug.* But, sister, you remember that upon my going abroad, you would choose this old gentleman for your guardian; he's no more related to our family than Prester John, and I have no reason to think you mistrusted my management of your fortune: therefore, pray be so kind as to tell me, without reservation, the true cause of making such a choice.

*Ori.* Look 'e, brother, you were going a rambling, and

'twas proper, lest I should go a rambling too, that somebody should take care of me. Old Monsieur Mirabel is an honest gentleman, was our father's friend, and has a young lady in his house, whose company I like, and who has chosen him for her guardian as well as I.

*Dug.* Who, Mademoiselle Bizarre?

*Ori.* The same; we live merrily together, without scandal or reproach; we make much of the old gentleman between us, and he takes care of us; "we eat what we like, go to bed when we please, rise when we will," all the week we dance and sing, and upon Sundays go first to church, and then to the play. Now, brother, besides these motives for choosing this gentleman for my guardian, perhaps I had some private reasons.

*Dug.* Not so private as you imagine, sister; your love to young Mirabel's no secret, I can assure you, but so public, that all your friends are ashamed on't.

*Ori.* O' my word then, my friends are very bashful; though I am afraid, sir, that those people are not ashamed enough at their own crimes, who have so many blushes to spare for the faults of their neighbours.

*Dug.* Ay, but sister, the people say——

*Ori.* Pshaw! hang the people, they'll talk treason, and profane their Maker; must we therefore infer that our king is a tyrant, and religion a cheat? Look'e, brother, their court of enquiry is a tavern, and their informer, claret: they think as they drink, and swallow reputations like loches; a lady's health goes briskly round with the glass, but her honour is lost in the toast.

*Dug.* Ay, but sister, there is still something——

*Ori.* If there be something, brother, 'tis none of the people's something; marriage is my thing, and I'll stick to't.

*Dug.* Marriage! Young Mirabel marry! He'll build churches sooner. Take heed, sister, though your honour

stood proof to his home-bred assaults, you must keep a stricter guard for the future : he has now got the foreign air and the Italian softness ; his wit's improved by converse, his behaviour finished by observation, and his assurances confirmed by success. Sister, I can assure you, he has made his conquests ; and 't is a plague upon your sex, to be the soonest deceiv'd by those very men that you know have been false to others.

“ *Ori.* Then why will you tell me of his conquests ? for, “ I must confess, there is no title to a woman's favour so “ engaging as the repute of a handsome dissimulation ; “ there is something of a pride to see a fellow lie at our “ feet, that has triumphed over so many ; and then, I don't “ know, we fancy he must have something extraordinary “ about him to please us, and that we have something en- “ gaging about us to secure him ; so we can't be quiet till “ we put ourselves upon the lay of being both disappointed.

“ *Dug.*” But then, sister, he's as fickle——

*Ori.* For God's sake, brother, tell me no more of his faults ? for if you do, I shall run mad for him :—say no more, sir ; let me but get him into the bands of matrimony, I'll spoil his wandering, I warrant him ; I'll do his business that way, never fear.

*Dug.* Well, sister, I won't pretend to understand the engagements between you and your lover ; I expect, when you have need of my counsel or assistance, you will let me know more of your affairs. Mirabel is a gentleman, and as far as my honour and interest can reach, you may command me to the furtherance of your happiness ; in the mean time, sister, I have a great mind to make you a present of another humble servant, a fellow that I took up at Lyons, who has served me honestly ever since.

*Ori.* Then why will you part with him ?

*Dug.* He has gain'd so insufferably on my good humour,



that he's grown too familiar ; but the fellow's cunning, and may be serviceable to you in your affair with Mirabel. Here he comes.

*Enter PETIT.*

Well, sir, have you been at Rousseau's ?

*Pet.* Yes, sir : and who should I find there but Mr. Mirabel and the captain, hatching as warmly over a tub of ice, as two hen pheasants over a brood. They would not let me bespeak any thing, for they had dined before I came.

*Dug.* Come, sir, you shall serve my sister, I shall still continue kind to you ; and if your lady recommends your diligence upon trial, I'll use my interest to advance you ; you have sense enough to expect preferment. Here, sirrah, here's ten guineas for thee, get thyself a drugget suit and a puff wig, and so—I dub thee gentleman usher. Sister, I must put myself in repair, you may expect me in the evening.—Wait on your lady home, Petit. [*Exit Dugard.*]

*Pet.* A chair, a chair, a chair !

*Ori.* No, no, I'll walk home, 'tis but next door. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*A Tavern, discovering Young MIRABEL and DURETETE rising from the table.*

*Mir.* Welcome to Paris once more, my dear Captain, we have eat heartily, drank roundly, paid plentifully, and let it go for once. I liked every thing but our women, they looked so lean and tawdry, poor creatures ! 'Tis a sure sign the army is not paid. Give me the plump Venetian, brisk and sanguine, that smiles upon me like the glowing sun, and meets my lips like sparkling wine, her person shining as the glass, and spirit like the foaming liquor.

*Dur.* Ah, Mirabel ! Italy I grant you ; but for our

women here in France, they are such thin brawn fallen jades, a man may as well make a bedfellow of a cane chair.

*Mir.* France! a light, unseasoned country, nothing but feathers, foppery, and fashions: "we are fine indeed, so are our coach horses; men say we are courtiers, men abuse us; that we are wise in politics, *non credo seigneur*: "that our women have wit; parrots, mere parrots, assurance, and a good memory, sets them up:"—There's nothing on this side the Alps worth my humble service t'ye—Ha, *Roma la santa*! Italy for my money: their customs, gardens, buildings, paintings, music, politics, wine, and women! the Paradise of the world—not pestered with a parcel of precise old gouty fellows, that would debar their children every pleasure that they themselves are past the sense of: commend me to the Italian familiarity: here, son, there's fifty crowns, go pay your whore her week's allowance.

*Dur.* Ay, these are your fathers for you, that understand the necessities of young men; not like our musty dads, who, because they cannot fish themselves, would muddy the water, and spoil the sport of them that can. But now you talk of the plump, what d'ye think of a Dutch woman?

*Mir.* A Dutch woman's too compact; nay, every thing among them is so: a Dutch man is thick, a Dutch woman is squab, a Dutch horse is round, a Dutch dog is short, a Dutch ship is broad-bottom'd, and, in short, one would swear the whole produce of the country were cast in the same mould with their cheeses.

*Dur.* Ay, but Mirabel, you have forgot the English ladies.

*Mir.* The women of England were excellent, did they not take such unsufferable pains to ruin what nature has made so incomparably well; they would be delicate creatures indeed, could they but thoroughly arrive at the

French mien, or entirely let it alone ; for they only spoil a very good air of their own, by an aukward imitation of our's ; their parliaments and our taylors give laws to three kingdoms. But come, Duretete, let us mind the business in hand ; mistresses we must have, and must take up with the manufacture of the place, and, upon a competent diligence, we shall find those in Paris shall match the Italians from top to toe.

*Dur.* Ay, Mirabel, you will do well enough, but what will become of your friend ; you know I am so plaguy bashful, so naturally an ass upon these occasions, that——

*Mir.* Pshaw ! you must be bolder, man : travel three years, and bring home such a baby as bashfulness ! A great lusty fellow ! and a soldier ! fye upon it.

*Dur.* Look'e, sir, I can visit and I can ogle a little, as thus, or thus now. Then I can kiss abundantly, and make a shift to—but if they chance to give me a forbidding look, as some women, you know, have a devilish cast with their eyes—or if they cry—What d'ye mean ? What d'ye take me for ?—Fye, sir, remember who I am, sir——A person of quality to be used at this rate ! 'Egad, I'm struck as flat as a frying-pan.

*Mir.* Words of course ! never mind them : turn you about upon your heel with a *jantée* air ; hum out the end of an old song ; cut a cross caper, and at her again.

*Dur.* [*Imitates him.*] No, hang it, 'twill never do——Oons, what did my father mean by sticking me up in an university, or to think that I should gain any thing by my head, in a nation whose genius lies all in their heels ! Well, if ever I come to have children of my own, they shall have the education of the country, they shall learn to dance before they can walk, and be taught to sing before they can speak.

*Mir.* Come, come, throw off that childish humour, put

on assurance, there's no avoiding it; stand all hazards, thou'rt a stout lusty fellow, and hast a good estate; look bluff, Hector, you have a good side-box face, a pretty impudent face; so, that's pretty well. This fellow went abroad like an ox, and is returned like an ass. [*Aside.*]

*Dur.* Let me see now how I look. [*Pulls out a pocket glass, and looks on't.*] A side-box face, say you! 'Egad I don't like it, Mirabel. Fye, sir, don't abuse your friends, I could not wear such a face for the best countess in Christendom.

*Mir.* Why can't you, blockhead, as well as I?

*Dur.* Why, thou hast impudence to set a good face upon any thing, I would change half my gold for half thy brass, with all my heart. Who comes here?—Odso, Mirabel, your father.

*Enter Old MIRABEL.*

*Old Mir.* Where's Bob? dear Bob!

*Mir.* Your blessing, sir.

*Old Mir.* My blessing! Damn ye, ye young rogue; why did not you come to see your father first, sirrah? My dear boy, I am heartily glad to see thee, my dear child, faith—Captain Duretete, by the blood of the Mirabels, I'm yours. Well, my lads, ye look bravely, faith. Bob, hast got any money left?

*Mir.* Not a farthing, sir.

*Old Mir.* Why, then I wont give thee a souse.

*Mir.* I did but jest, here's ten pistoles.

*Old Mir.* Why, then here's ten more; I love to be charitable to those that don't want it. Well, and how d'ye like Italy, my boys?

*Mir.* Oh, the garden of the world, sir; Rome, Naples, Venice, Milan, and a thousand others—all fine.



Old *Mir.* Ay, say you so ! And they say, that Chiari is very fine too.

*Dur.* Indifferent, sir, very indifferent ; a very scurvy air, the most unwholesome to a French constitution in the world.

*Mir.* Pshaw, nothing on't ; these rascally Gazetteers have misinformed you.

Old *Mir.* Misinformed me ! Oons, sir, were not we beaten there ?

*Mir.* Beaten, sir ! the French beaten !

Old *Mir.* Why, how was it, pray, sweet sir ?

*Mir.* Sir, the captain will tell you.

*Dor.* No, sir, your son will tell you.

*Mir.* The captain was in the action, sir.

*Dur.* Your son saw more than I, sir, for he was a looker on.

Old *Mir.* Confound you both for a brace of cowards : here are no Germans to over-hear you ; why don't you tell me how it was ?

*Mir.* Why, then you must know, that we marched up a body of the finest, bravest, well-dressed fellows in the universe ; our commanders at the head of us, all lace and feather, like so many beaux at a ball—I don't believe there was a man of them but could dance a *charmer*, Morbleau.

Old *Mir.* Dance ! very well, pretty fellows, faith !

*Mir.* We capered up to their very trenches, and there saw, peeping over, a parcel of scare-crow, olive-coloured, gunpowder fellows, as ugly as the devil.

*Dur.* 'Egad, I shall never forget the looks of them while I have breath to fetch.

*Mir.* They were so civil indeed, as to welcome us with their cannon ; but for the rest, we found them such unmannerly, rude, unsociable dogs, that we grew tired of their company, and so we e'en danced back again.

Old *Mir.* And did ye all come back ?

*Mir.* No—two or three thousand of us stayed behind.

Old *Mir.* Why, Bob, why ?

*Mir.* Pshaw—because they could not come that night.—  
But come, sir, we were talking of something else. Pray,  
how does your lovely charge, the fair Oriana ?

Old *Mir.* Ripe, sir, just ripe ; you'll find it better en-  
gaging with her than the Germans, let me tell you. And  
what would you say, my young Mars, if I had a Venus for  
thee too ? Come, Bob, your apartment is ready, and pray  
let your friend be my guest too, you shall command the  
house between ye, and I'll be as merry as the best of you.

“ *Mir.* Bravely said, father.

“ *Let misers bend their age with niggard cares,*

“ *And starve themselves to pamper hungry heirs ;*

“ *Who, living, stint their sons what youth may crave,*

“ *And make them revel o'er a father's grave.*

“ *The stock on which I grow does still dispense*

“ *Its genial sap into the blooming branch ;*

“ *The fruit, he knows, from his own root is grown,*

“ *And therefore soothes those passions once his own.*” [Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Old *Mirabel's House.* *ORIANA and BISARRE.*

*Bisarre.*

AND you love this young rake, d'ye ?

*Ori.* Yes.

*Bis.* In spite of all his ill usage.

*Ori.* I can't help it.

*Bis.* What's the matter with ye ?

*Ori.* Pshaw!

*Bis.* Um!—before that any young, lying, swearing, flattering, rakehell fellow should play such tricks with me, I would wear my teeth to the stumps with lime and chalk.—Oh, the devil take all your Cassandras and Cleopatras for me. Pr'ythee mind your airs, modes, and fashions; your stays, gowns, and furbelows. Hark'e, my dear, have you got home your furbelowed smocks yet?

*Ori.* Pr'ythee be quiet, Bizarre; you know I can be as mad as you, when this Mirabel is out of my head.

*Bis.* Pshaw! would he were out or in, or some way to make you easy. I warrant now, you'll play the fool when he comes, and say you love him, eh!

*Ori.* Most certainly; I can't dissemble, Bizarre:—besides, 'tis past that; we're contracted.

*Bis.* Contracted! alack a-day, poor thing. What you have changed rings, or broken an old broad piece between you! "Heark'e, child, ha'n't you broke something else " between ye?

" *Ori.* No, no, I can assure you."

*Bis.* "Then what d'ye whine for? Whilst I kept that in " my power," I would make a fool of any fellow in France. Well, I must confess, I do love a little coquetting with all my heart? my business should be to break gold with my lover one hour, and crack my promise the next; he should find me one day with a prayer-book in my hand, and with a play-book another. He should have my consent to buy the wedding-ring, and the next moment I would laugh in his face.

*Ori.* Oh, my dear, were there no greater tie upon my heart, than there is upon my conscience, I would soon throw the contract out of doors; but the mischief on't is, I am so fond of being ty'd, that I'm forced to be just, and the

strength of my passion keeps down the inclination of my sex. But here's the old gentleman.

*Enter Old MIRABEL.*

Old *Mir.* Where's my wenches! Where's my two little girls? Eh! have a care, look to yourselves, faith, they're a coming, the travellers are a coming. Well! which of you two will be my daughter-in-law now? Bizarre, Bizarre, what say you, mad-cap? Mirabel is a pure wild fellow.

*Bis.* I like him the worse.

Old *Mir.* You lie, hussey, you like him the better, indeed you do. What say you, my t'other little filbert? he?

*Ori.* I suppose the gentleman will choose for himself, sir.

Old *Mir.* Why, that's discreetly said, and so he shall.

*Enter MIRABEL and DURETETE, they salute the Ladies.*

Old *Mir.* Bob, heark'e, you shall marry one of these girls, sirrah.

*Mir.* Sir, I'll marry them both if you please.

*Bis.* [*Aside.*] He'll find that one may serve his turn.

Old *Mir.* Both! why, you young dog, d'ye banter me? Come, sir, take your choice. Duretete, you shall have your choice too, but Robin shall choose first. Come, sir, begin.

*Mir.* Well, I an't the first son that has made his father's dwelling a bawdy-house—let me see.

Old *Mir.* Well; which do you like?

*Mir.* Both.

Old *Mir.* But which will you marry?

*Mir.* Neither.

Old *Mir.* Neither! Don't make me angry now, Bob; pray, don't make me angry. Look ye, sirrah, if I don't



dance at your wedding to-morrow, I shall be very glad to cry at your grave.

*Mir.* That's a bull, father.

*Old Mir.* A bull! Why, how now, ungrateful sir, did I make thee a man, that thou shouldst make me a beast?

*Mir.* Your pardon, sir; I only meant your expression.

*Old Mir.* Hark ye, Bob; learn better manners to your father before strangers. I won't be angry this time; but, oons, if ever you do it again, you rascal—Remember what I say——

*Mir.* Pshaw! what does the old fellow mean by mewing me up here with a couple of green girls?—Come, Duretete, will you go?

*Ori.* I hope, Mr. Mirabel, you ha'n't forgot——

*Mir.* No, no, madam, I ha'n't forgot; I have brought you a thousand little Italian curiosities. I'll assure you, madam, as far as a hundred pistoles would reach, I ha'n't forgot the least circumstance.

*Ori.* Sir, you misunderstand me.

*Mir.* Odso, the relics, madam, from Rome! I do remember now, you made a vow of chastity before my departure; a vow of chastity, or something like it, was it not, madam?

*Ori.* Oh, sir, I am answered at present. [Exit.

*Mir.* She was coming full mouth upon me with her contract. Would I might dispatch t' other!

*Dur.* Mirabel—that lady there, observe her; she's wondrous pretty, faith, and seems to have but few words: I like her mainly. Speak to her, man; pr'y thee, speak to her.

*Mir.* Madam, here's a gentleman, who declares——

*Dur.* Madam, don't believe him; I declare nothing.——  
What the devil do you mean, man?

*Mir.* He says, madam, that you are as beautiful as an angel.

*Dur.* He tells a damn'd lie, madam; I say no such thing. Are you mad, Mirabel?—Why, I shall drop down with shame.

*Mir.* And so, madam, not doubting but your ladyship may like him as well as he does you, I think it proper to leave you together. [Going, Duretete bold him.]

*Dur.* Hold, hold—Why, Mirabel, friend, sure you won't be so barbarous as to leave me alone. Pr'y thee speak to her for yourself, as it were. Lord, Lord, that a Frenchman should want impudence!

*Mir.* You look mighty demure, madam.—She's deaf, captain.

*Dur.* I had much rather have her dumb.

*Mir.* The gravity of your air, madam, promises some extraordinary fruits from your study, which moves us with curiosity to enquire the subject of your ladyship's contemplation.—Not a word!

*Dur.* I hope in the Lord she's speechless; if she be, she's mine this moment. Mirabel, d'ye think a woman's silence can be natural?

*Bis.* But the forms that logicians introduce, and which proceed from simple enumeration, are dubitable, and proceed only upon admittance——

*Mir.* Hoity toity! what a plague have we here?—Plato in petticoats!

*Dur.* Ay, ay, let her go on, man; she talks in my own mother-tongue.

*Bis.* 'Tis exposed to invalidity from a contradictory instance; looks only upon common operations, and is infinite in its termination.

*Mir.* Rare pedantry!

*Dur.* Axioms, axioms! self-evident principles.

*Bis.* Then the ideas wherewith the mind is pre-occupate. Oh, gentlemen, I hope you'll pardon my cogitations! I was involved in a profound point of philosophy; but I shall discuss it somewhere else, being satisfied that the subject is not agreeable to your sparks that profess the vanity of the times. [Exit.]

*Mir.* Go thy way, good wife Bias. Do you hear, Dure-tete? Dost hear this starch'd piece of austerity?

*Dur.* She's mine, man, she's mine! My own talent to a T. I'll match her in dialects, faith. I was seven years at the university, man, nursed up with *Barbara, Celarunt, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton*. Did you ever know, man, that 't was metaphysics made me an ass? It was, faith. Had she talked a word of singing, dancing, plays, fashions, or the like, I had foundered at the first step; but as she is, Mirabel, wish me joy.

*Mir.* You don't mean marriage, I hope?

*Dur.* No, no, I'm a man of more honour.

*Mir.* Bravely resolv'd, captain. Now, for thy credit, warm me this frozen snow-ball—'t will be a conquest above the Alps.

*Dur.* But will you promise to be always near me?

*Mir.* Upon all occasions, never fear.

*Dur.* Why, then, you shall see me in two moments make an induction from my love to her hand, from her hand to her mouth, from her mouth to her heart, and so conclude in bed, *categorematicè*.

*Mir.* Now the game begins, and my fool is entered. But here comes one to spoil my sport. Now shall I be teized to death with this old fashioned contract.—I should love her too, if I might do it my own way; but she'll do nothing without witnesses, forsooth. I wonder women can be so immodest.

*Enter ORIANA.*

Well, madam, why d'ye follow me?

*Ori.* Well, sir, why do you shun me?

*Mir.* 'Tis my humour, madam; and I'm naturally swayed by inclination.

*Ori.* Have you forgot our contract, sir?

*Mir.* All I remember of that contract is, that it was made some three years ago—and that's enough, in conscience, to forget the rest on't.

*Ori.* 'Tis sufficient, sir, to recollect the passing of it; for in that circumstance, I presume, lies the force of the obligation.

*Mir.* Obligations, madam, that are forced upon the will, are no tie upon the conscience. I was a slave to my passion when I passed the instrument; but the recovery of my freedom makes the contract void.

“*Ori.* Sir, you can't make that a compulsion which was  
“ your own choice; besides, sir, a subjection to your own  
“ desires has not the virtue of a forcible constraint: and you  
“ will find, sir, that to plead your passion for the killing of  
“ a man, will hardly exempt you from the justice of the  
“ punishment.

“*Mir.* And so, madam, you make the sin of murder  
“ and the crime of a contract the very same, because that  
“ hanging and matrimony are so much alike.”

*Ori.* Come, Mr. Mirabel, these expressions I expected from the raillery of your humour; but I hope for very different sentiments from your honour and generosity.

*Mir.* Look ye, madam; as for my generosity, 'tis at your service with all my heart: I'll keep you a coach and six horses, if you please, only permit me to keep my honour to myself; “for I can assure you, madam, that the thing called



"honour is a circumstance absolutely unnecessary in a natural correspondence between male and female; and he's a madman that lays it out, considering its scarcity, upon any such trivial occasions. There's honour required of us by our friends, and honour due to our enemies, and they return it to us again; but I never heard of a man that left but an inch of his honour in a woman's keeping, that could ever get the least account on't." Consider, madam, you have no such thing among ye, and 't is a main point of policy to keep no faith with reprobates—Thou art a pretty little reprobate—and so get thee about thy business.

*Ori.* Well, sir, even all this I will allow to the gaiety of your temper: your travels have improved your talent of talking, but they are not of force, I hope, to impair your morals.

*Mir.* Morals! Why, there it is again, now. "I tell thee, child, there is not the least occasion for morals in any business between you and I." Don't you know, that of all the commerce in the world, there is no such cozenage and deceit as in the traffic between man and woman? We study, all our lives long, how to put tricks upon one another. "What is your business now from the time you throw away your artificial babies, but how to get natural ones with the most advantage? No fowler lays abroad more nets for his game, nor a hunter for his prey, than you do to catch poor innocent men." Why do you sit three or four hours at your toilet in a morning? Only with a villanous design to make some poor fellow a fool before night. "What are your languishing looks, your studied airs and affectations, but so many baits and devices, to delude men out of their dear liberty and freedom?"—What d'ye sigh for? What d'ye weep for? What d'ye



pray for?—Why, for a husband: that is, you implore Providence to assist you in the just and pious design of making the wisest of his creatures a fool, and the head of the creation a slave.

*Ori.* Sir, I am proud of my power, and am resolved to use it.

*Mir.* Hold, hold, madam; not so fast. As you have variety of vanities to make coxcombs of us, so we have vows, oaths, and protestations of all sorts and sizes to make fools of you. “As you are very strange and whimsical creatures, so we are allowed as unaccountable ways of managing you.” And this, in short, my dear creature, is our present condition: I have sworn and lied briskly, to gain my ends of you; your ladyship has patched and painted violently, to gain your ends of me: but since we are both disappointed, let us make a drawn battle, and part clear on both sides.

*Ori.* With all my heart, sir; give me up my contract, and I’ll never see your face again.

*Mir.* Indeed I won’t, child.

*Ori.* What, sir, neither do one nor ’t other?

*Mir.* No, you shall die a maid, unless you please to be otherwise upon my terms.

*Ori.* What do you intend by this, sir?

*Mir.* Why, to starve you into compliance. Look ye, you shall never marry any man; and you’d as good let me do you a kindness as a stranger.

*Ori.* Sir, you’re a——

*Mir.* What am I, mistress?

*Ori.* A villain, sir.

*Mir.* I’m glad on’t. I never knew an honest fellow in my life but was a villain upon these occasions. Ha’n’t you drawn yourself now into a very pretty dilemma?—Ha, ha,

ha! the poor lady has made a vow of virginity, when she thought of making a vow to the contrary. Was ever poor woman so cheated into chastity?

*Ori.* Sir, my fortune is equal to yours, my friends as powerful, and both shall be put to the test, to do me justice.

*Mir.* What, you'll force me to marry you, will ye?

*Ori.* Sir, the law shall.

*Mir.* But the law can't force me to do any thing else, can it?

*Ori.* Pshaw! I despise thee, monster.

*Mir.* Kiss, and be friends, then. Do n't cry, child, and you shall have your sugar-plumb. Come, madam, d'ye think I could be so unreasonable as to make you fast all your life long?—No, I did but jest; you shall have your liberty. Here, take your contract, and give me mine.

*Ori.* No, I won't.

*Mir.* Eh!—What, is the girl a fool?

*Ori.* No, sir, you shall find me cunning enough to do myself justice; and since I must not depend upon your love, I'll be revenged, and force you to marry me out of spite.

*Mir.* Then I'll beat thee out of spite—and make a most confounded husband.

*Ori.* Oh, sir, I shall match you; a good husband makes a good wife at any time.

*Mir.* I'll rattle down your china about your ears.

*Ori.* And I'll rattle about the city to run you in debt for more.

*Mir.* Your face-mending toilet shall fly out of the window.

*Ori.* And your face-mending periwig shall fly after it.

*Mir.* I'll tear the furbelow off your clothes; and when you swoon for vexation, you sha'n't have a penny to buy a bottle of hartshorn.

*Ori.* And you, sir, shall have hartshorn in abundance.

*Mir.* I'll keep as many mistresses as I have coach-horses.

*Ori.* And I'll keep as many gallants as you have grooms.

*Mir.* I'll lie with a woman before your face.

*Ori.* Have a care of your valet behind your back.

*Mir.* But, sweet madam, there is such a thing as a divorce.

*Ori.* But, sweet, sir, there is such a thing as alimony; so divorce on, and spare not. [Exit.]

*Mir.* Ay, that separate maintenance is the devil—there's their refuge. O' my conscience, one would take cuckoldom for a meritorious action, because the women are so handsomely rewarded for it. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

*Changes to a large Parlour in the same House. Enter  
DURETETE and PETIT.*

*Dur.* And she is mighty peevish, you say?

*Pet.* Oh, sir, she has a tongue as long as my leg, and talks so crabbedly, you would think she always spoke Welch.

*Dur.* That's an odd language, methinks, for her philosophy.

*Pet.* But sometimes she will sit you half a day without speaking a word, and talk oracles all the while by the wrinkles of her forehead, and the motions of her eye-brows.

*Dur.* Nay, I shall match her in philosophical ogles, faith; that's my talent: I can talk best, you must know, when I say nothing.

*Pet.* But d'ye ever laugh, sir?

*Dur.* Laugh! Won't she endure laughing?

*Pet.* Why, she's a critic, sir; she hates a jest, for fear it should please her; and nothing keeps her in humour, but

what gives her the spleen. And then for logic, and all that, you know——

*Dur.* Ay, ay, I'm prepared; I have been practising hard words and no sense, this hour, to entertain her.

*Pet.* Then place yourself behind this screen, that you may have a view of her behaviour before you begin.

*Dur.* I long to engage her, lest I should forget my lesson.

*Pet.* Here she comes, sir: I must fly.

[*Exit Pet. Dur. stands peeping behind the curtain.*]

*Enter BISARRE and Maid.*

*Bis.* [*With a book.*] Pshaw, hang books! they sour our temper, spoil our eyes, and ruin our complexions.

[*Throws away the book.*]

*Dur.* Eh! the devil such a word there is in all Aristotle.

*Bis.* Come, wench, let's be free; call in the fiddle; there is nobody near us.

*Enter Fiddler.*

*Dur.* Would to the lord there was not!

*Bis.* Here, friend, a minuet—quicker time, ha!——  
Would we had a man or two.

*Dur.* [*Stealing away*] You shall have the devil sooner, my dear dancing philosopher.

*Bis.* Uds my life! here's one.

[*Runs to Duretete, and hauls him back.*]

*Dur.* Is all my learned preparation come to this?

*Bis.* Come, sir, don't be ashamed; that's my good boy. You're very welcome; we wanted such a one——Come, strike up—I know you dance well, sir; you're finely shap'd for it——Come, come, sir; quick, quick, you miss the time else.

*Dur.* But, madam, I come to talk with you.



*Bis.* Ay, ay, talk as you dance—talk as you dance:—  
Come——

*Dur.* But we were talking of dialectics.

*Bis.* Hang dialectics! mind the time—quicker, sirrah.  
[To the Fiddler.]—Come——And how d'ye find yourself  
now, sir?

*Dur.* In a fine breathing sweat, doctor.

*Bis.* All the better, patient, all the better. Come, sir,  
sing now, sing; I know you sing well; I see you have a  
singing face—a heavy, dull, sonata face.

*Dur.* Who, I sing?

*Bis.* Oh, you're modest, sir!—But come, sit down;  
closer, closer.—Here, a bottle of wine.—Come, sir, “fa, la,  
“ley;” sing, sir.

*Dur.* But, madam, I came to talk with you.

*Bis.* Oh, sir, you shall drink first!—Come, fill me a  
bumper—Here, sir, bless the king.

*Dur.* Would I were out of his dominions—By this light  
she'll make me drunk too.

*Bis.* Oh, pardon me, sir, you shall do me right!—fill it  
higher—Now, sir, can you drink a health under your leg?

*Dur.* Rare philosophy that, faith.

*Bis.* Come, off with it to the bottom—Now, how d'ye  
like me, sir?

*Dur.* Oh, mighty well, madam!

*Bis.* You see how a woman's fancy varies; sometimes  
splenetic and heavy, then gay and frolicsome.—And how  
do ye like the humour?

*Dur.* Good madam, let me sit down to answer you—for I  
am heartily tired.

*Bis.* Fie upon't! a young man, and tired!—Up, for  
shame, and walk about: action becomes us—a little faster,  
sir—What d'ye think now of my Lady La Pale, and Lady

Coquette, the duke's fair daughter, ha?—Are they not brisk lasses?—Then there is black Mrs. Bellair, and brown Mrs. Bellface.

*Dur.* They are all strangers to me, madam.

*Bis.* But let me tell you, sir, that brown is not always despicable. Oh, lard, sir, if young Mrs. Bagatelle had kept herself single till this time o'day, what a beauty there had been! And then, you know the charming Mrs. Monkeylove, the fair gem of St. Germain's?

*Dur.* Upon my soul I don't.

*Bis.* And then you must have heard of the English beau, Spleenamore; how unlike a gentleman—

*Dur.* Hey—not a syllable on't, as I hope to be saved, madam.

*Bis.* No! Why, then, play me a jig:—Come, sir.

*Dur.* By this light, I cannot; faith, madam, I have sprained my leg.

*Bis.* Then sit you down, sir; and now tell me what's your business with me? What's your errand?—Quick, quick, dispatch—Odso, may be you are some gentleman's servant that has brought me a letter, or a haunch of venison.

*Dur.* 'Sdeath, madam! do I look like a carrier?

*Bis.* Oh, cry you mercy! I saw you just now; I mistook you, upon my word: you are one of the travelling gentlemen. And, pray, sir, how do all our impudent friends in Italy?

*Dur.* Madam, I came to wait upon you with a more serious intention than your entertainment has answered.

*Bis.* Sir, your intention of waiting on me was the greatest affront imaginable, however your expressions may turn it to a compliment. Your visit, sir, was intended as a prologue to a very scurvy play, of which Mr. Mirabel and you so handsomely laid the plot.—'Marry! No, no, I'm a man

of more honour.'—Where's your honour—Where's your courage, now?—Ads my life, sir, I have a great mind to kick you. Go, go to your fellow-rake now; rail at my sex, and get drunk for vexation, and write a lampoon. But I must have you to know, sir, that my reputation is above the scandal of a libel; my virtue is sufficiently approved to those whose opinion is my interest: and, for the rest, let them talk what they will; for, when I please, I'll be what I please, in spite of you, and all mankind; and so, my dear man of honour, if you be tired con over this lesson, and sit there till I come to you. *[Runs off.]*

*Dur.* Tum ti dum. *[Sings.]* Ha, ha, ha!—'Ads my life, sir, I have a great mind to kick you'—Oons and confusion! *[Starts up.]* Was ever man so abused?—Ay, Mirabel set me on.

*Enter PETIT.*

*Pet.* Well, sir, how d'ye find yourself?

*Dur.* You son of a nine-eyed whore, do you come to abuse me? I'll kick you with a vengeance, you dog.

*[Petit runs off, and Duretete after him.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*Continues. Enter Old and Young MIRABEL.*

*Old Mirabel.*

Bob, come hither, Bob.

*Mir.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Old Mir.* Are not you a great rogue, sirrah?

*Mir.* That's a little out of my comprehension, sir; for I've heard say, that I resemble my father.

Old *Mir.* Your father is your very humble slave. I tell thee what, child, thou art a very pretty fellow, and I love thee heartily; and a very great villain, and I hate thee mortally.

*Mir.* Villain, sir! then I must be a very impudent one; for I can't recollect any passage of my life that I'm ashamed of.

Old *Mir.* Come hither, my dear friend, dost see this picture? *[Shews him a little picture.]*

*Mir.* Oriana's! Pshaw!

Old *Mir.* What, sir, won't you look upon it?—Bob, dear Bob, pr'y thee come hither now. Dost want any money, child?

*Mir.* No, sir.

Old *Mir.* Why, then, here's some for thee. Come here now. How canst thou be so hard-hearted an unnatural, an unmannerly rascal, (do n't mistake me, child; I an't angry) as to abuse this tender, lovely, good-natur'd, dear rogue? Why, she sighs for thee, and cries for thee, pouts for thee, and sobs for thee, the poor little heart of it is like to burst. Come, my dear boy, be good-natured, like your own father, be now—and then see here, read this—the effigies of the lovely Oriana, with ten thousand pounds to her portion; ten thousand pounds, you dog; ten thousand pounds, you rogue; how dare you refuse a lady with ten thousand pounds, you impudent rascal?

*Mir.* Will you hear me speak, sir?

Old *Mir.* Hear you speak, sir! If you had ten thousand tongues, you could not out-talk ten thousand pounds, sir.

*Mir.* Nay, sir, if you won't hear me, I'll begone, sir; I'll take post for Italy this moment.

Old *Mir.* Ah, the fellow knows I won't part with him! *[Aside.]* Well, sir, what have you to say?



*Mir.* The universal reception, sir, that marriage has had in the world, is enough to fix it for a public good, and to draw every body into the common cause; but there are some constitutions like some instruments, so peculiarly singular, that they make tolerable music by themselves, but never do well in a concert.

*Old Mir.* Why, this is reason I must confess, but yet it is nonsense too; for though you should reason like an angel, if you argue yourself out of a good estate, you talk like a fool.

*Mir.* But, sir, if you bind me into bondage with the riches of Cræsus, you leave me but a beggar for want of my liberty.

*Old Mir.* Was ever such a perverse fool heard?—'Sdeath, sir, why did I give you education? Was it to dispute me out of my senses? Of what colour, now, is the head of this cane? You'll say 'tis white, and, ten to one, make me believe it too. I thought that young fellows studied to get money.

*Mir.* No, sir, I have studied to despise it: my reading was not to make me rich, but happy, sir.

*Old Mir.* There he has me again now. But, sir, did not I marry to oblige you?

*Mir.* To oblige me, sir! in what respect, pray?

*Old Mir.* Why, to bring you into the world, sir; wasn't that an obligation?

*Mir.* And because I would have it still an obligation, I avoid marriage.

*Old Mir.* How is that, sir?

*Mir.* Because I would not curse the hour I was born.

*Old Mir.* Look ye, friend, you may persuade me out of my designs, but I'll command you out of yours; and though you may convince my reason that you are in the right, yet

there is an old attendant of sixty-three, called positiveness, which you nor all the wits in Italy shall ever be able to shake. So, sir, you're a wit, and, I'm a father; you may talk; but I'll be obeyed.

*Mir.* This it is to have the son a finer gentleman than the father; they first give us breeding that they don't understand, then they turn us out of doors because we are wiser than themselves. But I'm a little aforehand with the old gentleman. [*Aside.*] Sir, you have been pleased to settle a thousand pounds sterling a year upon me; in return of which I have a very great honour for you and your family, and shall take care that your only and beloved son shall do nothing to make him hate his father, or to hang himself. So, dear sir, I'm your very humble servant. [*Runs off.*]

*Old Mir.* Here, sirrah, rogue, Bob, villain!

*Enter DUGARD.*

*Dug.* Ah, sir! 't is but what he deserves.

*Old Mir.* 'T is false, sir, he don't deserve it: what have you to say against my boy, sir?

*Dug.* I shall only repeat your own words.

*Old Mir.* What have you to do with my words! I have swallowed my words already, I have eaten them up, and how can you come at them, sir?

*Dug.* Very easy, sir; 't is but mentioning your injured ward, and you will throw them up again immediately.

*Old Mir.* Sir, your sister was a foolish young flirt, to trust any such young, deceitful, rake-helly rogue, like him.

*Dug.* Cry your mercy, old gentleman! I thought we should have the words again.

*Old Mir.* And what then? 'T is the way with young fellows to slight old gentlemen's words; you never mind them

when you ought. I say that Bob's an honest fellow, and who dares deny it?

*Enter BISARRE.*

*Bis.* That dare I, sir; I say, that your son is a wild, foppish, whimsical, impertinent coxcomb; and were I abused as this gentleman's sister is, I would make it an Italian quarrel, and poison the whole family.

*Dug.* Come, sir, 't is no time for trifling; my sister is abused, you are made sensible of the affront, and your honour is concerned to see her redressed.

*Old Mir.* Look ye, Mr. Dugard, good words go farthest. I will do your sister justice, but it must be after my own rate; nobody must abuse my son but myself: for although Robin be a sad dog, yet he's nobody's puppy but my own.

*Bis.* Ay, that's my sweet-natured, kind old gentleman. [*Wheedling him.*] We will be good then, if you'll join with us in the plot.

*Old Mir.* Ah, you coaxing young baggage! what plot can you have to wheedle a fellow of sixty-three?

*Bis.* A plot that sixty-three is only good for, to bring other people together, sir; "a Spanish plot, less dangerous than that of eighty-eight; and" you must act the Spaniard, because your son will least suspect you; and if he should, your authority protects you from a quarrel, to which Oriana is unwilling to expose her brother.

*Old Mir.* And what part will you act in the business, madam?

*Bis.* Myself, sir; my friend has grown a perfect changeling: these foolish hearts of ours spoil our heads presently; the fellows no sooner turn knaves, but we turn fools. But I am still myself, and he may expect the most severe usage from me, because I neither love him nor hate him. [*Exit.*

Old *Mir.* Well said, Mrs. Paradox ; but, sir, who must open the matter to him ?

*Dug.* Petit, sir, who is our engineer-general. And here he comes.

*Enter PETIT.*

*Pet.* Oh, sir, more discoveries ! are all friends about us ?

*Dug.* Ay, ay, speak freely.

*Pet.* You must know, sir—Ods my life, I'm out of breath—You must know, sir—you must know—

Old *Mir.* What the devil must we know, sir ?

*Pet.* That I have [*Pants and blows.*] bribed, sir—bribed—your son's secretary of state.

Old *Mir.* Secretary of state ! who's that, for Heaven's sake ?

*Pet.* His valet de chambre, sir. You must know, sir, that the intrigue lay folded up with his master's clothes ; and when he went to dust the embroidered suit, the secret flew out of the right pocket of his coat, in a whole swarm of your crambo songs, short-footed odes, and long-legged Pindarics.

Old *Mir.* Impossible !

*Pet.* Ah, sir, he has loved her all along ! there was Oriana in every line ; but he hates marriage. Now, sir, this plot will stir up his jealousy ; and we shall know, by the strength of that, how to proceed farther. Come, sir, let's about it with speed.

*'Tis expedition gives our king the sway ;*

*For expedition to the French give way :*

*Swift to attack, or swift—to run away.*

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter MIRABEL and BISARRE, passing carelessly by one another.*

*Bis.* [*Aside.*] I wonder what she can see in this fellow, to like him ?



*Mir.* [*Aside.*] I wonder what my friend can see in this girl, to admire her?

*Bis.* [*Aside.*] A wild, foppish, extravagant rake-hell.

*Mir.* [*Aside.*] A light, whimsical, impertinent mad-cap.

*Bis.* Whom do you mean, sir?

*Mir.* Whom do you mean, madam?

*Bis.* A fellow that has nothing left to re-establish him for a human creature, but a prudent resolution to hang himself?

*Mir.* There is a way, madam, to force me to that resolution.

*Bis.* I'll do't with all my heart.

*Mir.* Then you must marry me.

*Bis.* Look ye, sir, don't think your ill manners to me shall excuse your ill usage of my friend; nor, by fixing a quarrel here, to divert my zeal for the absent; for I'm resolved, nay, I come prepared to make you a panegyric, that shall mortify your pride like any modern dedication.

*Mir.* And I, madam, like a true modern patron, shall hardly give you thanks for your trouble.

*Bis.* Come, sir, to let you see what little foundation you have for your dear sufficiency, I'll take you to pieces.

*Mir.* And what piece will you choose?

*Bis.* Your heart to be sure; because I would get presently rid on't; your courage I would give to a Hector, your wit to a lewd play-maker, your honour to an attorney, your body to the physicians, and your soul to its master.

*Mir.* I had the oddest dream last night of the Duchess of Burgundy: methought the furbelows of her gown were pinned up so high behind, that I could not see her head for her tail.

*Bis.* The creature don't mind me! Do you think, sir, that your humourous impertinence can divert me? No, sir, I'm above any pleasure that you can give, but that of seeing

you miserable. And mark me, sir, my friend, my injured friend, shall yet be doubly happy, and you shall be a husband as much as the rites of marriage, and the breach of them can make you.

[Here Mirabel pulls out a Virgil, and reads to himself, while she speaks.]

Mir. [Reading.] *At Regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?*

*Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide tantum—*Very true.

*Posse nefas.*

By your favour, friend Virgil, 't was but a rascally trick of your hero to forsake poor pug so inhumanly.

Bis. I don't know what to say to him. The devil—What's Virgil to do with us, sir?

Mir. Very much, madam, the most *à-propos* in the world—for, what should I chop upon, but the very place where the perjured rogue of a lover and the forsaken lady are battling it tooth and nail. Come, madam, spend your spirits no longer, we'll take an easier method; I'll be Æneas now, and you shall be Dido, and we'll rail by book. Now, for you, madam Dido.

*Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,  
Nec moritura tenet creduli funera Dido—*

Ah, poor Dido!

[Looking at her.]

Bis. Rudeness, affronts, impatience! I could almost start out even to manhood, and want but a weapon as long as his to fight him upon the spot. What shall I say?

Mir. Now she rants.

*Quæ quibus anteferam? jam, jam nec maxima Juno.*

Bis. A man! No, the woman's birth was spirited away.

*Mir.* Right, right, madam, the very words.

*Bis.* And some pernicious elf left it in the cradle with human shape to palliate growing mischief.

[*Both speak together, and raise their voices by degrees.*]

*Mir.* *Perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens  
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admorunt Ubera Tigres.*

*Bis.* Go, sir, fly to your midnight revels.—

*Mir.* Excellent!

*I sequare Italiam ventis, pete regna per undas,  
Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt.*

[*Together again.*]

*Bis.* Converse with imps of darkness of your make, your nature starts at justice, and shivers at the touch of virtue. Now the devil take his impudence, he vexes me so, I don't know whether to cry or laugh at him. [Aside.]

*Mir.* Bravely performed, my dear Libyan; I'll write the tragedy of Dido, and you shall act the part: but you do nothing at all, unless you fret yourself into a fit; for here the poor lady is stifled with vapours, drops into the arms of her maids; and the cruel, barbarous, deceitful wanderer, is, in the very next line, called pious Æneas.—There's authority for ye.

*Sorry indeed Æneas stood  
To see her in a pout;  
But forve himself, who ne'er thought good  
To stay a second bout,  
Commands him off with all his crew,  
And leaves poor Dy, as I leave you.*

[*Runs off.*]

*Bis.* Go thy ways, for a dear, mad, deceitful, agreeable fellow. O' my conscience, I must excuse Oriana.

*That lover soon his angry fair disarms,  
Whose slighting pleasures, and whose faults are charms.* [Exit.

*Enter PETIT, runs about to every door, and knocks.*

*Pet.* Mr. Mirabel! Sir, where are you? no where to be found?

*Enter MIRABEL.*

*Mir.* What's the matter, Petit?

*Pet.* Most critically met—Ah, sir, that one who has followed the game so long, and brought the poor hare just under his paws, should let a mongrel cur chop in, and run away with the puss.

*Mir.* If your worship can get out of your allegories, be pleased to tell me, in three words, what you mean.

*Pet.* Plain, plain, sir. Your mistress and mine is going to be married.

*Mir.* I believe you lie, sir.

*Pet.* Your humble servant, sir.

[Going.

*Mir.* Come hither, Petit. Married, say you?

*Pet.* No, sir, 'tis no matter; I only thought to do you a service, but I shall take care how I confer my favours for the future.

*Mir.* Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons. [Bowing low.

*Pet.* 'Tis enough, sir—I come to tell you, sir, that Oriana is this moment to be sacrificed; married past redemption.

*Mir.* I understand her; she'll take a husband out of spite to me, and then out of love to me she will make him a cuckold: " 'tis ordinary with women to marry one person " for the sake of another, and to throw themselves into the " arms of one they hate, to secure their pleasure with the " man they love."—But who is the happy man?



*Pet.* A lord, sir.

*Mir.* I'm her ladyship's most humble servant. "A train  
"and a title, hey! Room for my lady's coach! a front row  
"in the box for her ladyship! lights, lights for her ho-  
"nour!" Now must I be a constant attender at my lord's  
levee, to work my way to my lady's couchee—a countess, I  
presume, sir.

*Pet.* A Spanish count, sir, that Mr. Dugard knew abroad,  
is come to Paris, saw your mistress yesterday, marries her  
to-day, and whips her into Spain to-morrow.

*Mir.* Ay; is it so? and must I follow my cuckold over  
the Pyrenees? Had she married within the precincts of a  
billet-doux, I would be the man to lead her to church; but,  
as it happens, I'll forbid the banns. Where is this mighty  
Don?

*Pet.* Have a care, sir, he's a rough cross-grained piece,  
and there's no tampering with him; would you apply to  
Mr. Dugard, or the lady herself, something might be done,  
for it is in despite to you, that the business is carried on  
so hastily. Odso, sir, here he comes. I must be gone. [*Exit.*

*Enter Old MIRABEL, dressed in a Spanish habit, leading*  
ORIANA.

*Ori.* Good, my lord, a nobler choice had better suited  
your lordship's merit. My person, rank, and circumstance,  
expose me as the public theme of raillery, and subject me so  
to injurious usage, my lord, that I can lay no claim to any  
part of your regard, except your pity.

*Old Mir.* Breathes he vital air, that dare presume  
With rude behaviour to profane such excellence?  
Shew me the man——

And you shall see how sudden my revenge  
Shall fall upon the head of such presumption.  
Is this thing one? [*Strutting up to Mirabel.*

*Mir.* Sir!

*Ori.* Good, my lord——

*Old Mir.* If he, or any he——

*Ori.* Pray, my lord, the gentleman's a stranger.

*Old Mir.* O, your pardon, sir—but if you had—remember, sir—the lady now is mine, her injuries are mine; therefore, sir, you understand me.—Come, madam.

[*Leads Oriana to the door, she goes off, Mirabel runs to his father, and pulls him by the sleeve.*]

*Mir.* Ecoute, Monsieur le Count.

*Old Mir.* Your business, sir.

*Mir.* Boh!

*Old Mir.* Boh! What language is that, sir?

*Mir.* Spanish, my lord.

*Old Mir.* What d'ye mean?

*Mir.* This, sir. [*Trips up his heels.*]

*Old Mir.* A very concise quarrel, truly—I'll bully him—*Trinidad* Seigneur, give me fair play. [*Offering to rise.*]

*Mir.* By all means, sir. [*Takes away his sword.*—Now, Seigneur, where's that bombast look, and fustian face your Countship wore just now? [*Strikes him.*]

*Old Mir.* The rogue quarrels well, very well, my own son, right!—But hold, sirrah, no more jesting, I'm your father, sir, your father!

*Mir.* My father! Then by this light I could find in my heart to pay thee. [*Aside.*] Is the fellow mad?—Why sure, sir, I ha'n't frighted you out of your senses?

*Old Mir.* But you have, sir.

*Mir.* Then I'll beat them into you again.

[*Offers to strike him.*]

*Old Mir.* Why, rogue——Bob, dear Bob, don't you know me, child?

*Mir.* Ha, ha, ha! the fellow's downright distracted. Thou miracle of impudence! wouldst thou make me believe that

such a grave gentleman as my father would go a masquerading thus? That a person of threescore and three would run about in a fool's coat to disgrace himself and family? Why, you impudent villain, do you think I will suffer such an affront to pass upon my honoured father, my worthy father, my dear father? 'Sdeath, sir, mention my father but once again, and I'll send your soul to thy grandfather this minute!

[Offering to stab him.]

Old *Mir.* Well, well, I am not your father.

*Mir.* Why then, sir, you are the saucy, hectoring Spaniard, and I'll use you accordingly.

Old *Mir.* The devil take the Spaniards, sir, we have all got nothing but blows since we began to take their part.

*Enter DUGARD, ORIANA, PETIT, and Maid.* Dugard runs to Young Mirabel, the rest to Old Mirabel.

*Dug.* Fye, fye, Mirabel, murder your father!

*Mir.* My father! What is the whole family mad?—Give me way, sir, I won't be held.

Old *Mir.* No! nor I neither; let me be gone, pray.

[Offering to go.]

*Mir.* My father!

Old *Mir.* Ay, you dog's face! I am your father, for I have bore as much for thee, as your mother ever did,

*Mir.* O ho! then this was a trick it seems, a design, a contrivance, a stratagem—Oh! how my bones ach!

Old *Mir.* Your bones, sirrah, why yours?

*Mir.* Why, sir, ha' n't I been beating my own flesh and blood all this while. O, madam, [*To Oriana.*] I wish your ladyship joy of your new dignity. Here was a contrivance indeed!

*Pet.* The contrivance was well enough, sir, for they imposed upon us all.

*Mir.* Well, my dear Dulcinea, did your Don Quixote battle for you bravely? My father will answer for the force of my love.

*Ori.* Pray, sir, do n't insult the misfortunes of your own creating.

*Dug.* My prudence will be counted cowardice, if I stand tamely now.—[*Comes up between Mirabel and his Sister.*]  
Well, sir!

*Mir.* Well, sir! Do you take me for one of your tenants, sir, that you put on your landlord's face at me?

*Dug.* On what presumption, sir, dare you assume thus?

[*Draws.*

*Old Mir.* What's that to you, sir.

[*Draws.*

*Pet.* Help! help! the lady faints.

[*Oriana falls into her Maid's arms.*

*Mir.* Vapours! vapours! she'll come to herself.—“If it  
“be an angry fit, a dram of assafoetida—If jealousy, harts-  
“horn in water—If the mother, burnt feathers—If grief,  
“ratifia—If it be straight stays, or corns, there's nothing  
“like a dram of plain brandy.”

*Ori.* Hold off, give me air—O, my brother, would you preserve my life, endanger not your own; would you defend my reputation, leave it to itself; 'tis a dear vindication that's purchas'd by the sword; for though our champion proves victorious, yet our honour is wounded.

*Old Mir.* Ay, and your lover may be wounded, that's another thing. But I think you are pretty brisk again, my child.

*Ori.* Ay, sir, my indisposition was only a pretence to divert the quarrel; the capricious taste of your sex excuses this artifice in ours.

*For often when our chief perfections fail,*

*Our chief defects with foolish men prevail.*

[*Exit.*



*Pet.* Come, Mr. Dugard, take courage, there is a way still left to fetch him again.

*Old Mir.* Sir, I'll have no plot that has any relation to Spain.

*Dug.* I scorn all artifice whatsoever, my sword shall do her justice.

*Pet.* Pretty justice, truly! Suppose you run him through the body; you run her through the heart at the same time.

*Old Mir.* And me through the head—rot your sword—Sir, we'll have plots. Come, Petit, let's hear.

*Pet.* What if she pretended to go into a nunnery, and so bring him about to declare himself?

*Dug.* That, I must confess, has a face.

*Old Mir.* A face! a face like an angel, sir. Ad's my life, sir, 'tis the most beautiful plot in Christendom. We'll about it immediately. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

“*The Street.* DURETETE and MIRABEL.

“*Dur.* [*In a passion.*] And though I can't dance, nor sing, nor talk like you, yet I can fight, you know I can, sir.

“*Mir.* I know thou can'st, man.

“*Dur.* 'Sdeath, sir, and I will: let me see the proudest man alive make a jest of me?

“*Mir.* But I'll engage to make you amends.

“*Dur.* Danced to death! Baited like a bear! Ridiculed! Threatened to be kicked! Confusion!—Sir, you set me on, and I will have satisfaction; all mankind will point at me.

“*Mir.* [*Aside.*] I must give this thunderbolt some pas-

"sage, or 'twill break upon my own head—Look'e,  
"Duretete, what do these gentlemen laugh at?

"Enter two Gentlemen.

"Dur. At me to be sure—Sir, what made you laugh  
"at me?

"1st Gent. You are mistaken, sir; if we were merry, we  
"had a private reason.

"2d Gent. Sir, we don't know you.

"Dur. Sir, I'll make you know me; mark and observe  
"me, I won't be named; it sha'n't be mentioned, nor  
"even whispered in your prayers at church. 'Sdeath, sir,  
"d'ye smile?

"1st Gent. Not I, upon my word.

"Dur. Why then, look grave as an owl in a barn, or a  
"friar with his crown a shaving.

"Mir. [*Aside to the Gent.*] Do n't be bullied out of your  
"humour, gentlemen; the fellow's mad, laugh at him,  
"and I'll stand by you.

"1st Gent. 'Egad, and so we will.

"Both. Ha, ha, ha.

"Dur. Very pretty. [*Draws.*] She threatened to kick  
"me. Ay then, you dogs, I'll murder ye.

"[*Fights and beats them off; Mirabel runs over to his side.*]

"Mir. Ha, ha, ha! bravely done, Duretete, there you  
"had him, noble Captain. Hey, they run, they run, vic-  
"toria! victoria!—Ha, ha, ha—how happy am I in an ex-  
"cellent friend! Tell me of your virtuosos and men of  
"sense, a parcel of sour-faced splenetic rogues—a man of  
"my thin constitution should never want a fool in his com-  
"pany: I don't affect your fine things that improve the  
"understanding, but hearty laughing to fatten my carcase:  
"and in my conscience, a man of sense is as melancholy

“ without a coxcomb, as a lion without a jackall ; he hunts  
 “ for our diversion, starts game for our spleen, and perfectly  
 “ feeds us with pleasure.

*“ I hate the man who makes acquaintance nice,  
 “ And still discreetly plagues me with advice ;  
 “ Who moves by caution, and mature delays,  
 “ And must give reasons for whate’er he says.  
 “ The man, indeed, whose converse is so full,  
 “ Makes me attentive, but it makes me dull :  
 “ Give me the careless rogue, who never thinks,  
 “ That plays the fool as freely as he drinks.  
 “ Not a buffoon, who is buffoon by trade,  
 “ But one that nature, not his wants have made ;  
 “ Who still is merry, but does ne’er design it ;  
 “ And still is ridicul’d, but ne’er can find it.  
 “ Who, when he’s most in earnest is the best ;  
 “ And his most grave expressions is a jest.”* [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Old Mirabel’s House. Enter Old MIRABEL and DUGARD.*

*Dugard.*

THE lady abbess is my relation, and privy to the plot :  
 “ your son has been there, but had no admittance beyond  
 “ the privilege of the grate, and there my sister refus’d to  
 “ see him. He went off more nettled at his repulse, than I  
 “ thought his gaiety could admit.”

Old Mir. Ay, ay, this nunnery will bring him about, I warrant ye.

*Enter DURETETE.*

*Dur.* Here, where are ye all?—O, Mr. Mirabel! you have done fine things for your posterity.—And you, Mr. Dugard, may come to answer this—I come to demand my friend at your hands; restore him, sir, or— [*To Old Mir.*

*Old Mir.* Restore him!—What, d'ye think I have got him in my trunk, or my pocket?

*Dur.* Sir, he's mad, and you are the cause on't.

*Old Mir.* That may be; for I was as mad as he when I begot him.

*Dug.* Mad, sir! what d'ye mean?

*Dur.* What do you mean, sir, by shutting up your sister yonder to talk like a parrot through a cage? or a decoy duck, to draw others into the snare?—Your son, sir, because she has deserted him, he has forsaken the world; and in three words has——

*Old Mir.* Hanged himself!

*Dur.* The very same——turned friar.

*Old Mir.* You lie, sir, 'tis ten times worse. Bob turned friar!—Why should the fellow shave his foolish crown, when the same razor may cut his throat?

*Dur.* If you have any command, or you any interest over him, lose not a minute: he has thrown himself into the next monastery, and has ordered me to pay off his servants, and discharge his equipage.

*Old Mir.* Let me alone to ferret him out; I'll sacrifice the abbot, if he receives him; I'll try whether the spiritual or the natural father has the most right to the child. But, dear captain, what has he done with his estate?

*Dur.* Settled it upon the church, sir.

*Old Mir.* The church!—Nay, then the devil won't get him out of their clutches——Ten thousand livres a year



upon the church! 'Tis downright sacrilege.—Come, gentlemen, all hands to work; for half that sum, one of these monasteries shall protect you a traitor from the law, a rebellious wife from her husband, and a disobedient son from his own father. [Exit.

Dug. But will ye persuade me that he's gone to a monastery?

Dur. Is your sister gone to the *filles repentis*? I tell you, sir, she's not fit for the society of repenting maids.

Dug. Why so, sir?

Dur. Because she's neither one nor t'other; she's too old to be a maid, and too young to repent.

[Exit, Dugard after him.]

SCENE II.

*The Inside of a Monastery: ORIANA in a Nun's Habit, and BISARRE.*

Ori. I hope, Bisarre, there is no harm in jesting with this religious habit.

Bis. To me, the greatest jest in the habit is taking it in earnest: I don't understand this imprisoning people with the keys of Paradise, nor the merit of that virtue which comes by constraint—"Besides, we may own to one another that we are in the worst company when among ourselves; for our private thoughts run us into those desires, which our pride resists from the attack of the world; and, you may remember, the first woman met the devil when she retired from her man."

"Ori. But I'm reconciled, methinks, to the mortification of a nunnery; because I fancy the habit becomes me."

"Bis. A well contrived mortification, truly, that makes a

“ woman look ten times handsomer than she did before !—  
“ Ay, my dear, were there any religion in becoming dress,  
“ our sex’s devotion were rightly plac’d ; for our toilets  
“ would do the work of the altar ; we should all be  
“ canonized.

“ *Ori.* But don’t you think there is a great deal of merit  
“ in dedicating a beautiful face and person to the service of  
“ religion ?

“ *Bis.* Not half so much as devoting them to a pretty  
“ fellow : if our feminality had no business in this world,  
“ why was it sent hither ? Let us dedicate our beautiful  
“ minds to the service of Heaven ; and, for our handsome  
“ persons, they become a box at the play, as well as a pew  
“ in the church.

“ *Ori.* But the vicissitude of fortune, the inconstancy of  
“ man, with other disappointments of life, require some  
“ place of religion, for a refuge from their persecution.

“ *Bis.* Ha, ha, ha ! and do you think there is any devo-  
“ tion in a fellow’s going to church, when he takes it only  
“ for a sanctuary ? Don’t you know that religion consists  
“ in charity with all mankind ; and that you should never  
“ think of being friends with Heaven till you have quar-  
“ relled with all the world.” Come, come, mind your bu-  
“ siness, Mirabel loves you, ’tis now plain, and hold him  
“ to’t ; give fresh orders that he sha’n’t see you : we get  
“ more by hiding our faces sometimes, than by exposing them.  
“ A very mask, you see, whets desire ; but a pair of keen  
“ eyes, through an iron grate, fire double upon them, with  
“ view and disguise. But I must be gone upon my affairs ; I  
“ have brought my captain about again.

“ *Ori.* But why will you trouble yourself with that coxcomb ?

“ *Bis.* Because he is a coxcomb. Had I not better have a  
“ lover like him, that I can make an ass of, than a lover like

your's, to make a fool of me. [*Knocking below.*] A message from Mirabel, I'll lay my life. [*She runs to the door.*] Come hither, run, thou charming nun, come hither.

*Ori.* What's the news?

[*Runs to her.*]

*Bis.* Do n't you see who's below?

*Ori.* I see nobody but a friar.

*Bis.* Ah! thou poor blind Cupid! "O' my conscience," these hearts of ours spoil our heads "instantly! the fellows "no sooner turn knaves, than we turn fools."—A friar!—Do n't you see a villanous genteel mien under that cloak of hypocrisy?—the loose, careless air of a tall, rake-helly fellow?

*Ori.* As I live, Mirabel turned friar! I hope, in Heaven, he's not in earnest.

*Bis.* In earnest: ha, ha, ha! are you in earnest?—"Now's your time; this disguise has he certainly taken "for a passport, to get in and try your resolution; stick to "your habit, to be sure; treat him with disdain, rather "than anger—for pride becomes us more than passion." Remember what I say, if you would yield to advantage, and hold out the attack: to draw him on, keep him off to be sure.

*The cunning gamesters never gain too fast,*

*But lose at first, to win the more at last.*

[Exit.

"*Ori.* His coming puts me into some ambiguity. I don't "know how; I do n't fear him, but I mistrust myself.— "Would he were not come; yet I would not have him gone "neither; I'm afraid to talk with him, but I love to see "him though.

"*What a strange power has this fantastic fire,*

"*That makes us dread even what we most desire!*"

*Enter MIRABEL in a Friar's habit.*

*Mir.* Save you, sister—Your brother, young lady, having a regard for your soul's health, has sent me to prepare you for the sacred habit by confession.

*Ori.* That's false—the cloven foot already. [*Aside.*] My brother's care I own; and to you, sacred sir, I confess, that the great crying sin which I have long indulged, and now prepare to expiate, was love.—My morning thoughts, my evening prayers, my daily musings, nightly cares, was love! “My present peace, my future bliss, the joy of earth, and “hopes of Heaven, I all condemned for love!”

*Mir.* She's downright stark mad in earnest. Death and confusion, I have lost her! [*Aside.*] You confess your fault, madam, in such moving terms, that I could almost be in love with the sin.

*Ori.* Take care, sir; crimes, like virtues, are their own rewards; my chief delight became my only grief: he, in whose breast I thought my heart secure, turned robber, and despoiled the treasure that he kept.

*Mir.* Perhaps that treasure he esteems so much, that, like the miser, though afraid to use it, he reserves it safe.

*Ori.* No, holy father: who can be miser in another's wealth, that's prodigal of his own? His heart was open, shar'd to all he knew; and what, alas! must then become of mine? But the same eyes that drew this passion in, shall send it out in tears, to which now hear my vow.

*Mir.* [*Discovering himself.*] No, my fair angel, but let me repent; here on my knees behold the criminal that vows repentance his.—Ha! no concern upon her!

“*Ori.* This turn is odd, and the time has been, that “such a sudden change would have surprised me into some “confusion.



“ *Mir.* Restore that happy time, for I am now returned  
“ to myself, for I want but pardon to deserve your favour,  
“ and here I’ll fix till you relent and give it.

“ *Ori.* Grovelling, sordid man; why would you act a  
“ thing to make you kneel, monarch in your pleasures, to  
“ be slave to your faults?—Are all the conquests of your  
“ wandering sway, your wit, your humour, fortune, all re-  
“ duced to the base cringing of a bended knee? Servile and  
“ poor!—Pray Heaven this change be real. [*Aside.*]

“ *Mir.* I come not here to justify my fault, but my sub-  
“ mission, for though there be a meanness in this humble  
“ posture, ’t is nobler still to bend when justice calls, than  
“ to resist conviction.

“ *Ori.* No more—Thy oft repeated violated words re-  
“ proach my weak belief, ’t is the severest calumny to hear  
“ thee speak; that humble posture which once could raise,  
“ now mortifies my pride. How canst thou hope for pardon  
“ from one whom you affront by asking it?

“ *Mir.* [*Rises.*] In my own cause I’ll plead no more;  
“ but give me leave to intercede for you against the hard  
“ injunctions of that habit, which, for my fault, you wear.

“ *Ori.* Surprising insolence! My greatest foe pretends to  
“ give me counsel; but I am too warm upon so cool a sub-  
“ ject. My resolutions, sir, are fixed! but as our hearts  
“ were united with the ceremony of our eyes, so I shall  
“ spare some tears to the separation. [*Weeps.*] That’s all;  
“ farewell.

“ *Mir.* And must I lose her? No. [*Runs and catches her.*]  
“ Since all my prayers are vain, I’ll use the nobler argument  
“ of man, and force you to the justice you refuse; you are  
“ mine by pre-contract; and where’s the vow so sacred to  
“ disannul another? I’ll urge my love, your oath, and  
“ plead my cause against all monastic shifts upon the earth.

“*Ori.* Unhand me, ravisher!—Would you profane these holy walls with violence?—Revenge for all my past disgrace now offers; thy life shall answer this, would I provoke the law: urge me no farther, but be gone.

“*Mir.* Inexorable woman! let me kneel again. [*Kneels.*”

*Enter Old MIRABEL.*

*Old Mir.* Where, where’s this counterfeit nun?

*Ori.* Madness! Confusion! I’m ruined!

*Mir.* What do I hear? [*Puts on his hood.*] What did you say, sir?

*Old Mir.* I say she’s a counterfeit, and you may be another for ought I know, sir; I have lost my child by these tricks, sir.

*Mir.* What tricks, sir?

*Old Mir.* By a pretended trick, sir. A contrivance to bring my son to reason, and it has made him stark mad; I have lost him and a thousand pounds a year.

*Mir.* [*Discovering himself.*] My dear father I’m your most humble servant.

*Old Mir.* My dear boy. [*Runs and kisses him.*] Welcome *ex inferis*, my dear boy; ’t is all a trick; she’s no more a nun than I am.

*Mir.* No!

*Old Mir.* The devil a bit.

*Mir.* Then kiss me again, my dear dad, for the most happy news—And now, most venerable holy sister! [*Kneels.*

*Your mercy and your pardon I implore,  
For the offence of asking it before.*

“Look ’e, my dear counterfeiting nun, take my advice: be a nun in good earnest; women make the best nuns always when they can’t do otherwise. Ah, my dear father!

“ there is a merit in your son’s behaviour that you little  
“ think ; the free deportment of such fellows as I, make  
“ more ladies religious than all the pulpits in France.”

*Ori.* Oh, sir, how unhappily have you destroyed what  
was so near perfection!—He is the counterfeit that has de-  
ceived you.

*Old Mir.* Ha!—Look ’e, sir, I recant, she is a nun.

*Mir.* Sir, your humble servant, then I’m a friar this  
moment.

*Old Mir.* Was ever an old fool so bantered by a brace  
o’ young ones? Hang you both; you’re both counterfeits;  
and my plot’s spoiled, that’s all.

*Ori.* Shame, and confusion, love, anger, and disappoint-  
ment, will work my brain to madness.

[*Takes off her habit, and exit.*]

*Mir.* Ay, ay, throw by the rags, they have served a turn  
for us both, and they shall e’en go off together.

[*Takes off his habit.*]

“ Thus the sick wretch, when tortur’d by his pain,  
“ And finding all essays for life are vain ;  
“ When the physician can no more design,  
“ Then call the other doctor, the divine.  
“ What vows to Heaven, would Heaven restore his health !  
“ Vows all to Heaven, his thoughts, his actions, wealth !  
“ But if restor’d to vigour as before,  
“ His health refuses what his sickness swore.  
“ The body is no sooner rais’d and well,  
“ But the weak soul relapses into ill ;  
“ To all its former swing of life is led,  
“ And leaves its vows and promises in bed.”

[*Exit, throwing away the habit.*]

SCENE III.

*Changes to Old Mirabel's House. DURETETE with a Letter.*

*Dur.* [*Reads.*] 'My rudeness was only a proof of your humour, which I have found so agreeable, that I own myself penitent, and willing to make any reparation upon your first appearance to  
BISARRE.'

Mirabel swears she loves me, and this confirms it; then farewell gallantry, and welcome revenge; 't is my turn now to be upon the sublime; I'll take her off, I warrant her.

*Enter BISARRE.*

Well, mistress, do you love me?

*Bis.* I hope, sir, you will pardon the modesty of——

*Dur.* Of what? Of a dancing devil?—Do you love me, I say?

*Bis.* Perhaps I——

*Dur.* What?

*Bis.* Perhaps I do not.

*Dur.* Ha! abused again!—Death, woman, I'll——

*Bis.* Hold, hold, sir, I do, I do!

*Dur.* Confirm it then by your obedience; stand there, and ogle me now as if your heart, blood, and soul were like to fly out at your eyes——First, the direct surprise. [*She looks full upon him.*] Right; next the *deux yeux par oblique*. [*She gives him the side glance.*] Right; now depart, and languish. [*She turns from him, and looks over her shoulder.*] Very well; now sigh. [*She sighs.*] Now drop your fan on purpose. [*She drops her fan.*] Now take it up again. [*She takes it up.*] Come now, confess your faults——Are not you a proud——say after me.



*Bis.* Proud.

*Dur.* Impertinent.

*Bis.* Impertinent.

*Dur.* Ridiculous.

*Bis.* Ridiculous.

*Dur.* Flirt.

*Bis.* Puppy.

*Dur.* Zoons ! woman don't provoke me ; we are alone, and you don't know but the devil may tempt me to do you a mischief ; ask my pardon immediately.

*Bis.* I do, sir ; I only mistook the word.

*Dur.* Cry then. Have you got e'er a handkerchief ?

*Bis.* Yes, sir.

*Dur.* Cry then, handsomely ; cry like a queen in a tragedy.

[*She pretending to cry, bursts out a laughing, and enter two Ladies laughing.*

*Bis.* Ha, ha, ha, ha !

*Both ladies.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Dur.* Hell broke loose upon me, and all the furies fluttered about my ears !—Betrayed again ?

*Bis.* That you are, upon my word, my dear captain ; ha, ha, ha !

*Dur.* The Lord deliver me !

“ 1st Lady. What ! Is this the mighty man with the bull-face that comes to frighten ladies ? I long to see him angry ; come, begin.”

*Dur.* Ah, madam, I'm the best natured fellow in the world.

“ 2d Lady. A man ! We're mistaken, a man has manners ; the aukward creature is some tinker's trull in a periwig.”

*Bis.* Come, ladies, let's examine him.

[*They lay hold on him.*

*Dur.* Examine ! the devil you will.

*Bis.* I'll lay my life, some great dairy maid in man's clothes.

*Dur.* They will do't; look'e, dear Christian women, pray hear me.

*Bis.* Will you ever attempt a lady's honour again?

*Dur.* If you please to let me get away with my honour, I'll do any thing in the world.

*Bis.* Will you persuade your friend to marry mine?

*Dur.* Oh, yes, to be sure.

*Bis.* And will you do the same by me?

*Dur.* Burn me, if I do, if the coast be clear. [*Runs out.*]

*Bis.* Ha, ha, ha, the visit, ladies, was critical for our diversion, we'll go make an end of our tea. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Young MIRABEL and Old MIRABEL.*

*Mir.* Your patience, sir, I tell you I won't marry; and though you send all the bishops in France to persuade me, I shall never believe their doctrine against their practice.

*Old Mir.* But will you disobey your father, sir?

*Mir.* Would my father have his youthful son lie lazing  
 " here, bound to a wife, chained like a monkey to make  
 " sport to a woman, subject to her whims, humours, long-  
 " ings, vapours, and caprices, to have her one day pleased,  
 " to-morrow peevish; the next day mad, the fourth rebel-  
 " lions: and nothing but this succession of impertinence  
 " for ages together. Be merciful, sir, to your own flesh  
 " and blood.

*Old Mir.* But, sir, did not I bear all this, why should  
 " not you?

*Mir.* Then you think that marriage, like treason,  
 " should attain the whole body; pray consider, sir, is it  
 " reasonable because you throw yourself down from one  
 " story, that I must cast myself headlong from the garret

"window?" You would compel me to that state, which I have heard you curse yourself, when my mother and you have battled it for a whole week together.

Old *Mir.* Never but once, you rogue, and that was when she longed for six Flanders mares: ay, sir, then she was breeding of you, which shewed what an expensive dog I should have of you.

*Enter PETIT.*

Well, Petit, how does she now?

*Pet.* Mad, sir, *con pompos*—Ay, Mr. Mirabel, you'll believe that I speak truth now, when I confess that I have told you hitherto nothing but lies; our jesting is come to a sad earnest, she's downright distracted.

*Enter BISARRE.*

*Bis.* Where is this mighty victor!—This great exploit is done; "go triumph in the glory of your conquest, inhuman, "barbarous man!" Oh, sir, [*To the old Gentleman.*] your wretched ward has found a tender guardian of you, where her young innocence expected protection, here has she found her ruin.

Old *Mir.* Ay, the fault is mine, for I believe that rogue won't marry, for fearing of begetting such another disobedient son as his father did. I have done all I can, madam, and now can do no more than run mad for company. [*Cries.*

*Enter DUGARD with his sword drawn.*

*Dug.* Away! Revenge, revenge.

Old *Mir.* Patience, patience, sir. [*Old Mirabel holds him.*]

Bob, draw.

[*Aside.*

*Dug.* Patience! The coward's virtue, and the brave man's failing, when thus provoked—Villain!

*Mir.* Your sister's frenzy shall excuse your madness; and to shew my concern for what she suffers, I'll bear the villain from her brother. Put up your anger with your sword; I have a heart like yours, that swells at an affront received, but melts at an injury given; and if the lovely Oriana's grief be such a moving scene, 'twill find a part within this breast, perhaps as tender as a brother's.

*Dug.* To prove that soft compassion for her grief, endeavour to remove it. There, there, behold an object that's infective; I cannot view her, but I am as mad as she.

*Enter ORIANA, held by two maids, who put her in a chair.*

A sister that my dying parents left, with their last words and blessing, to my care.—Sister, dearest sister. [*Goes to her.*]

*Old Mir.* Ay, poor child, poor child, d'ye know me?

*Ori.* You! you are *Amadis de Gaul*, sir;—Oh! Oh, my heart! Were you never in love, fair lady? And do you never dream of flowers and gardens?—I dream of walking fires, and tall gigantic sights. Take heed, it comes now—What's that? Pray stand away: I have seen that face, sure. How light my head is!

*Mir.* What piercing charms has beauty, even in madness! “these sudden starts of undigested words shoot through my soul, with more persuasive force than all the studied art of laboured eloquence.” Come, madam, try to repose a little.

*Ori.* I cannot; for I must be up to go to church, and I must dress me, put on my new gown, and be so fine, to meet my love. Heigho!—Will not you tell me where my heart lies buried?

*Mir.* My very soul is touched—Your hand, my fair.

*Ori.* How soft and gentle you feel? I'll tell you your fortune, friend.



*Mir.* How she stares upon me!

*Ori.* You have a flattering face; but 'tis a fine one—I warrant you have five hundred mistresses—Ay, to be sure, a mistress for every guinea in his pocket—Will you pray for me? I shall die to-morrow—And will you ring my passing bell?

*Mir.* “Oh, woman, woman, of artifice created! whose nature, even distracted, has a cunning: in vain let man his sense, his learning boast, when woman’s madness over-rules his reason.” Do you know me, injured creature?

*Ori.* No; but you shall be my intimate acquaintance in the grave. [Weeps.]

*Mir.* Oh, tears, I must believe you! Sure there is a kind of sympathy in madness; for even I, obdurate as I am, do feel my soul so tossed with storms of passion, that I could cry for help as well as she. [Wipes his eyes.]

*Ori.* What, have you lost your lover? No, you mock me. I’ll go home and pray.

*Mir.* Stay, my fair innocent, and hear me own my love so loud, that I may call your senses to their place, restore them to their charming happy functions, and reinstate myself into your favour.

*Bis.* Let her alone, sir: 'tis all too late; she trembles; hold her, her fits grow stronger by her talking. Don’t trouble her; she don’t know you, sir.

Old *Mir.* Not know him! What then? she loves to see him, for all that.

*Enter DURETETE.*

*Dur.* Where are you all? What the devil! melancholy, and I here! Are ye sad, and such a ridiculous subject, such a very good jest among you as I am?

*Mir.* Away with this impertinence! this is no place for *bagatelle*: I have murdered my honour, destroyed a lady, and my desire of reparation is come at length too late. See there.

*Dur.* What ails her?

*Mir.* Alas! she's mad!

*Dur.* Mad! dost wonder at that? By this light, they're all so; they're cozening mad, they're brawling mad, they're proud mad; I just now came from a whole world of mad women, that had almost—What, is she dead?

*Mir.* Dead! Heavens forbid!

*Dur.* Heavens further it! for till they be as cold as a key, there's no trusting them; you're never sure that a woman's in earnest, till she is nailed in her coffin. Shall I talk to her? Are you mad, mistress?

*Bis.* What's that to you, sir?

*Dur.* Oons, madam, are you there? [Runs off.]

*Mir.* Away, thou wild buffoon! how poor and mean this humour now appears! His follies and my own I here disclaim; this lady's frenzy has restor'd my senses; and was she perfect now, as once she was, (before you all I speak it) she should be mine; and as she is, my tears and prayers shall wed her.

*Dug.* How happy had this declaration been some hours ago!

*Bis.* Sir, she beckons to you, and waves us to go off.—Come, come, let's leave them. [Exeunt all but *Mir.* & *Ori.*]

*Ori.* Oh, sir!

*Mir.* Speak, my charming angel, if your dear senses have regained their order; speak, fair, and bless me with the news.

*Ori.* First let me bless the cunning of my sex, that happy counterfeited frenzy, that has restored to my poor labouring breast the dearest, best beloved of men.

*Mir.* Tune, all ye spheres, your instruments of joy, and carry round your spacious orbs the happy sound of Oriana's health! her soul, whose harmony was next to yours, is now in tune again; the counterfeiting fair has played the fool.

*She was so mad to counterfeit for me;  
I was so mad to pawn my liberty;  
But now we both are well, and both are free.*

*Ori.* How, sir, free!

*Mir.* As air, my dear bedlamite. What, marry a lunatic! Look ye, my dear, you have counterfeited madness so very well this bout, that you'll be apt to play the fool all your life long. Here, gentlemen——

*Ori.* Monster! you won't disgrace me?

*Mir.* O' my faith, but I will—here, come in, gentlemen——A miracle, a miracle! the woman's dispossessed! the devil's vanished!

*Enter Old MIRABEL and DUGARD.*

*Old Mir.* Bless us! was she possessed?

*Mir.* With the worst of dæmons, sir; a marriage-devil, a horrid devil. Mr. Dugard, don't be surprised; I promised my endeavours to cure your sister; no mad-doctor in Christendom could have done it more effectually. Take her into your charge; and have a care she don't relapse; if she should, employ me not again; for I am no more infallible than others of the faculty; I do cure sometimes.

*Ori.* Your remedy, most barbarous man, will prove the greatest poison to my health; for though my former frenzy was but counterfeit, I shall now run into a real madness.

*[Exit Old Mir. after.]*

*"Dug.* This was a turn beyond my knowledge. I'm so  
"confus'd, I know not how to resent it. *[Exit.]*

*Mir.* What a dangerous precipice have I escaped ! Was not I just now upon the brink of destruction ?

*“ Enter DURETETE.*

*“ Oh, my friend, let me run into thy bosom ! no lark, escaped from the devouring pounces of a hawk, quakes with more dismal apprehension.*

*“ Dur.* The matter, man ?

*“ Mir.* Marriage, hanging ; I was just at the gallows foot, the running noose about my neck, and the cart wheeling from me. Oh, I sha’n’t be myself this month again !

*“ Dur.* Did not I tell you so ? They are all alike, saints or devils : their counterfeiting can’t be reputed a deceit ; for ’tis the nature of the sex, not their contrivance.

*“ Mir.* Ay, ay ; there’s no living here with security ; this house is so full of stratagems and designs, that I must abroad again.

*“ Dur.* With all my heart ; I’ll bear thee company my lad. I’ll meet you at the play, and we’ll set out for Italy to-morrow morning.

*“ Mir.* A match ; I’ll go pay my compliment of leave to my father presently.

*“ Dur.* I’m afraid he’ll stop you.

*“ Mir.* What, pretend a command over me, after his settlement of a thousand pounds a year upon me ! No, no, he has passed away his authority with the conveyance ; the will of a living father is chiefly obeyed for the sake of the dying one.

*“ What makes the world attend and croud the great ?*

*“ Hopes, interest, and dependence make their state.*



*" Behold the anti-chamber fill'd with beaux ;  
" A horse's levee crown'd with courtly crows.  
" Though grumbling subjects make the crown their sport,  
" Hopes of a place will bring the sparks to court.  
" Dependance ev'n a father's sway secures ;  
" For though the son rebels, the heir is yours." [Exeunt.*

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ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Street before the Play-house. Enter MIRABEL and  
DURETETE, as coming from the Play.*

*Duretete.*

How do you like this play?

*Mir.* I liked the company ; the lady, the rich beauty, in the front box had my attention. These impudent poets bring the ladies together to support them, and to kill every body else.

*For death's upon the stage the ladies cry ;*

*But ne'er mind us that in the audience die.*

*The poet's hero should not move their pain ;*

*But they should weep for those their eyes have slain.*

*Dur.* Hoity toity ! did Phillis inspire you with all this?

*Mir.* Ten times more ; the play-house is the element of poetry, because the region of beauty ; the ladies, methinks, have a more inspiring triumphant air in the boxes than any where else ; they sit commanding on their thrones, with all their subject slaves about them ; their best clothes, best looks, shining jewels, sparkling eyes, the treasure of the world in a ring. " Then there's such a hurry of

"pleasure to transport us; the bustle, noise, gallantry, "equipage, garters, feathers, wigs, bows, smiles, ogles, "love, music, and applause." I could wish that my whole life long were the first night of a new play.

*Dur.* The fellow has quite forget this journey. Have you bespoke post horses?

*Mir.* Grant me but three days, dear captain, one to discover the lady, one to unfold myself, and one to make me happy, and then I'm yours to the world's end.

*Dur.* Hast thou the impudence to promise thyself a lady of her figure and quality in so short a time?

*Mir.* Yes, sir; I have a confident address, no disagreeable person, and five hundred louis d'ors in my pocket.

*Dur.* Five hundred louis d'ors! You an't mad?

*Mir.* I tell you she's worth five thousand; one of her black brilliant eyes is worth a diamond as big as her head. I compared her necklace with her looks, and the living jewels out-sparkled the dead ones by a million.

*Dur.* But you have owned to me, that, abating Oriana's pretensions to marriage, you loved her passionately: then how can you wander at this rate?

*Mir.* I longed for partridge t' other day off the king's plate; but, d'ye think, because I could not have it, I must eat nothing?

*Dur.* Pr'ythee, Mirabel, be quiet; you may remember what narrow escapes you have had abroad, by following strangers; you forget your leap out of the courtesan's window at Bologna, to save your fine ring there.

*Mir.* My ring's a trifle; there's nothing we possess comparable to what we desire. Be shy of a lady, barefaced, in the front box, with a thousand pounds in jewels about her neck! For shame! no more——

*Enter ORIANA in boy's clothes, with a letter.*

*Ori.* Is your name Mirabel, sir?

*Mir.* Yes, sir.

*Ori.* A letter from your uncle in Picardy. [*Gives the letter.*

*Mir.* [*Reads.*] 'The bearer is the son of a Protestant gentleman, who, flying for his religion, left me the charge of this youth.' A pretty boy. 'He's fond of some handsome service that may afford him an opportunity of improvement. Your care of him will oblige

Your's.

Hast a mind to travel, child?

*Ori.* 'Tis my desire, sir; I should be pleased to serve a traveller in any capacity.

*Mir.* A hopeful inclination. You shall along with me into Italy as my page.

*Dur.* I don't think it safe; the rogue's too handsome.—  
[*Noise without.*] The play is done, and some of the ladies come this way.

*Enter LAMORCE, with her train borne up by a Page.*

*Mir.* Duretete, the very dear, identical she!

*Dur.* And what then?

*Mir.* Why, 'tis she.

*Dur.* And what then, sir?

*Mir.* Then! Why—Look ye, sirrah, the first piece of service I put you upon, is to follow that lady's coach, and bring me word where she lives. [*To Oriana.*

*Ori.* I don't know the town, sir, and am afraid of losing myself.

*Mir.* Pshaw! —

*Lam.* Page, what's become of all my people?

*Page.* I can't tell, madam; I can see no sign of your ladyship's coach.

*Lam.* That fellow is got into his old pranks, and fallen drunk somewhere—None of my footmen there?

*Page.* Not one, madam.

*Lam.* These servants are the plague of our lives. What shall I do?

*Mir.* By all my hopes, Fortune pimps for me! Now, Duretete, for a piece of gallantry.

*Dur.* Why, you won't, sure?

*Mir.* Won't, brute!—Let not your servants' neglect, madam, put your ladyship to any inconvenience; for you can't be disappointed of an equipage whilst mine waits below; and would you honour the master so far, he would be proud to pay his attendance.

*Dur.* Ay, to be sure.

[*Aside.*

*Lam.* Sir, I won't presume to be so troublesome; for my habitation is a great way off.

*Dur.* Very true, madam; and he is a little engaged: besides, madam, a hackney-coach will do as well, madam.

*Mir.* Rude beast, be quiet. [*To Duretete.*—The farther from home, madam, the more occasion you have for a guard—Pray, madam—

*Lam.* Lard, sir!—

[*He seems to press, she to decline it, in dumb show.*

*Dur.* Ah, the devil's in his impudence!—Now he wheedles, she smiles; he flatters, she simpers; he swears, she believes; he's a rogue, and she's a w—— in a moment.

*Mir.* Without there! my coach!—Duretete, wish me joy.

[*Hands the lady out.*

*Dur.* Wish you a surgeon—Here, you little Picard, go follow your master, and he'll lead you—

*Ori.* Whither, sir?



*Dur.* To the academy, child ; 'tis the fashion with men of quality to teach their pages their exercises—Go.

*Ori.* Won't you go with him too, sir ? That woman may do him some harm ; I don't like her.

*Dur.* Why, how now, Mr. Page ? Do you start up to give laws of a sudden ? Do you pretend to rise at court, and disapprove the pleasure of your betters ? Look ye, sirrah, if ever you would rise by a great man, be sure to be with him in his little actions : and, as a step to your advancement, follow your master immediately, and make it your hope that he goes to a bawdy-house.

*Ori.* Heavens forbid !

[*Exit.*

*Dur.* Now would I sooner take a cart in company of the hangman, than a coach with that woman. What a strange antipathy have I taken against these creatures ! a woman to me is aversion upon aversion ; a cheese, a cat, a breast of mutton, the squalling of children, the grinding of knives, and the snuff of a candle.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*A handsome Apartment. Enter MIRABEL and LAMORCE.*

*Lam.* To convince me, sir, that your service was something more than good breeding, please to lay out an hour of your company upon my desire, as you have already upon my necessity.

*Mer.* Your desire, madam, has only prevented my request. My hours ! make them your's, madam ; eleven, twelve, one, two, three, and all that belong to those happy minutes.

*Lam.* But I must trouble you, sir, to dismiss your retinue ; because an equipage at my door, at this time of night, will not be consistent with my reputation.

*Mir.* By all means, madam, all but one little boy. Here, page, order my coach and servants home, and do you stay; 't is a foolish country boy, that knows nothing but innocence.

*Lam.* Innocence, sir! I should be sorry if you made any sinister constructions of my freedom.

*Mir.* Oh, madam, I must not pretend to remark upon any body's freedom, having so entirely forfeited my own.

*Lam.* Well, sir, 't were convenient towards our easy correspondence, that we entered into a free confidence of each other, by a mutual declaration of what we are, and what we think of one another. Now, sir, what are you?

*Mir.* In three words, madam—I am a gentleman, I have five hundred pounds in my pocket, and a clean shirt on.

*Lam.* And your name is——

*Mir.* Mustapha——Now, madam, the inventory of your fortunes.

*Lam.* My name is Lamorce; my birth noble; I was married young, to a proud, rude, sullen, impetuous fellow; the husband spoiled the gentleman; crying ruined my face, till at last I took heart, leaped out of a window, got away to my friends, sued my tyrant, and recovered my fortune. I lived from fifteen to twenty to please a husband; from twenty to forty I'm resolved to please myself, and from thence upwards I'll humour the world.

*Mir.* The charming wild notes of a bird broke out of its cage.

*Lam.* I marked you at the play, and something I saw of a well-furnished, careless, agreeable *tour* about you. Methought your eyes made their mannerly demands with such an arch modesty, that I don't know how—but I'm elop'd. Ha, ha, ha! I'm elop'd.

*Mir.* Ha, ha, ha! I rejoice in your good fortune with all my heart.

*Lam.* Oh, now I think on't, Mr. Mustapha, you have got the finest ring there ; I could scarcely believe it right ; pray, let me see it.

*Mir.* Hum!—Yes, madam, 'tis, 'tis right—but, but, but, but, but it was given me by my mother ; an old family ring, madam, an old-fashioned family ring.

*Lam.* Ay, sir—if you can entertain yourself “ with a “ song” for a moment, I’ll wait on you immediately. “ Come in here.”

“ *Enter Singers.*

“ Call what you please, sir.”

[*Exit.*

*Mir.* “ The new song——‘ Pr’ythee, Phillis.’—[*Song.*”] Certainly the stars have been in a strange intriguing humour when I was born. Ay, this night should I have had a bride in my arms, and that I should like well enough ; but what should I have to-morrow night ? The same. And what next night ?—The same. And what next night ?—The very same——Soup for breakfast, soup for dinner, soup for supper, and soup for breakfast again——But here’s variety.

*I love the fair who freely gives her heart,  
That’s mine by ties of nature, not of art ;  
Who boldly owns whate’er her thoughts indite,  
And is too modest for a hypocrite.*

LAMORCE appears at the door : as he runs towards her, four  
Bravoes step in before her. He starts back.

She comes, she comes!—Hum, hum—Bitch—Murdered, murdered to be sure ! The cursed strumpet, to make me send away my servants ! Nobody near me—These cut-throats

always make sure work. What shall I do? I have but one way. Are these gentlemen your relations, madam?

*Lam.* Yes, sir.

*Mir.* Gentlemen, your most humble servant. Sir, your most faithful; yours, sir, with all my heart; your most obedient. Come, gentlemen, [*Salutes all round.*] please to sit—no ceremony—next the lady, pray, sir.

*Lam.* Well, sir, and how d'ye like my friends?

[*They all sit.*]

*Mir.* Oh, madam, the most finished gentlemen! I was never more happy in good company in my life. I suppose, sir, you have travelled?

*1st Bra.* Yes, sir.

*Mir.* Which way, sir, may I presume?

*1st Bra.* In a western barge, sir.

*Mir.* Ha, ha, ha, very pretty! facetious pretty gentleman.

*Lam.* Ha, ha, ha! Sir, you have got the prettiest ring upon your finger there——

*Mir.* Ah, madam, 't is at your service with all my heart!

[*Offering the ring.*]

*Lam.* By no means, sir; a family ring! [*Takes it.*]

*Mir.* No matter, madam. Seven hundred pounds by this light!

[*Aside.*]

*2d Bra.* Pray, sir, what's o'clock?

*Mir.* Hum!—Sir, I have left my watch at home.

*2d Bra.* I thought I saw the string of it just now.

*Mir.* Ods my life, sir, I beg your pardon, here it is! but it don't go.

[*Putting it up.*]

*Lam.* Oh, dear sir, an English watch! Tompion's, I presume.

*Mir.* D'ye like it, madam?—No ceremony—'t is at your service with all my heart and soul—Tompion's! Hang ye!

[*Aside.*]



1st Bra. But, sir, above all things, I admire the fashion and make of your sword-hilt.

Mir. I am mightily glad you like it, sir.

1st Bra. Will you part with it, sir?

Mir. Sir, I won't sell it,

1st Bra. Not sell it, sir!

Mir. No, gentlemen; but I'll bestow it with all my heart. [Offering it.]

1st Bra. Oh, sir, we shall rob you!

Mir. That you do, I'll be sworn. [Aside.] I have another at home; pray, sir—Gentlemen, you're too modest: have I any thing else that you can fancy? Sir, will you do me a favour? [To the 1st Bravo.] I am extremely in love with that wig which you wear; will you do me the favour to change with me?

1st Bra. Look ye, sir, this is a family wig, and I would not part with it; but if you like it——

Mir. Sir, your most humble servant. [They change wigs.]

1st Bra. Madam, your most humble slave.

[Goes up foppishly to the lady, and salutes her.]

2d Bra. The fellow's very liberal; shall we murder him?

[Aside.]

1st Bra. What, let him escape to hang us all, and I to lose my wig! No, no; I want but a handsome pretence to quarrel with him; for you know we must act like gentlemen. [Aside.] Here, some wine. [Wine here.] Sir, your good health. [Pulls Mirabel by the nose.]

Mir. Oh, Sir, your most humble servant! A pleasant frolic enough, to drink a man's health, and pull him by the nose. Ha, ha, ha! the pleasantest, pretty-humoured gentleman!

Lam. Help the gentleman to a glass. [Mir. drinks.]

1st Bra. How d'ye like the wine, sir?

*Mir.* Very good o' the kind, sir. But I tell ye what; I find we are all inclined to be frolicsome, and 'egad, for my own part, I was never more disposed to be merry. Let's make a night on't, ha!—This wine is pretty; but I have such Burgundy at home—Look ye, gentlemen, let me send for half a dozen flasks of my Burgundy, I defy France to match it—'T will make us all life, all air; pray, gentlemen—

2d *Bra.* Eh—shall us have the Burgundy?

1st *Bra.* Yes, faith, we'll have all we can. Here, call up the gentleman's servant—What think you, Lamorce?

*Lam.* Yes, yes. Your servant is a foolish country boy, sir; he understands nothing but innocence.

*Mir.* Ay, ay, madam. Here, page!

*Enter ORIANA.*

Take this key, and go to my butler, order him to send half a dozen flasks of the red Burgundy, marked a thousand; and be sure you make haste: I long to entertain my friends here, my very good friends.

*Omnes.* Ah, dear sir!

1st *Bra.* Here, child, take a glass of wine—Your master and I have changed wigs; honey, in a frolic.—Where had you this pretty boy, honest Mustapha?

*Ori.* Mustapha!

*Mir.* Out of Picardy. This is the first errand he has made for me, and if he does it right, I'll encourage him.

*Ori.* The red Burgundy, sir?

*Mir.* The red, marked a thousand; and be sure you make haste.

*Ori.* I shall, sir.

[*Exit.*

1st *Bra.* Sir, you were pleased to like my wig, have you

any fancy for my coat? Look ye, sir, it has served a great many honest gentlemen very faithfully.

*Mir.* Not so faithfully, for I am afraid it has got a scurvy trick of leaving all its masters in necessity.—The insolence of these dogs is beyond their cruelty. [*Aside.*

*Lam.* You're melancholy, sir.

*Mir.* Only concerned, madam, that I should have no servant here but this little boy; he'll make some confounded blunder, I'll lay my life on't: I would not be disappointed of my wine for the universe.

*Lam.* He'll do well enough, sir. But supper's ready; will you please to eat a bit, sir?

*Mir.* Oh, madam, I never had a better stomach in my life!

*Lam.* Come, then; we have nothing but a plate of soup.

*Mir.* [*Aside.*] Ah, the marriage-soup I could dispense with now! [*Exit, banding the lady.*

*2d Bra.* That wig won't fall to your share.

*1st Bra.* No, no, we'll settle that after supper; in the mean time the gentleman shall wear it.

*2d Bra.* Shall we dispatch him?

*3d Bra.* To be sure. I think he knows me.

*1st Bra.* Ay, ay, dead men tell no tales; I wonder at the impudence of the English rogues, that will hazard the meeting a man at the bar, whom they have encountered upon the road. I ha'n't the confidence to look a man in the face after I have done him an injury; therefore we'll murder him.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Changes to Old Mirabel's House. Enter DURÉTETE.*

*Dur.* My friend has forsaken me. I have abandoned my mistress, my time lies heavy upon my hands, and my money

burns in my pocket. But, now I think on't, my Myrmidons are upon duty to-night; I'll fairly stroll down to the guard, and nod away the night with my honest Lieutenant, over a flask of wine, a rakehelly story, and a pipe of tobacco.

*Going off, BISAKRE meets him.*

*Bis.* Who comes there? Stand!

*Dur.* Hey-day! now she's turn'd dragoon.

*Bis.* Look ye, sir, I'm told you intend to travel again. I design to wait on you as far as Italy.

*Dur.* Then I'll travel into Wales.

*Bis.* Wales! What country's that?

*Dur.* The land of mountains, child, where you're never out of the way, because there's no such thing as a high road.

*Bis.* Rather always in a high road, because you travel all upon hills. But be it as it will, I'll jog along with you.

*Dur.* But we intend to sail to the East-Indies.

*Bis.* East or West, 'tis all one to me? I'm tight and light, and the fitter for sailing.

*Dur.* But suppose we take through Germany, and drink hard.

*Bis.* Suppose I take through Germany, and drink harder than you.

*Dur.* Suppose I go to a bawdy-house.

*Bis.* Suppose I shew you the way.

*Dur.* 'Sdeath, woman, will you go to the guard with me, and smook a pipe?

*Bis.* *Allons donc!*

*Dur.* The devil's in the woman! Suppose I hang myself.

*Bis.* There I'll leave you.

*Dur.* And a happy riddance; the gallows is welcome.

*Bis.* Hold, hold, sir; [*Catches him by the arm, going.*] one word before we part.



*Dur.* Let me go, madam, or I shall think that you are a man, and perhaps examine you.

*Bis.* Stir if you dare; I have still spirits to attend me; and can raise such a muster of fairies as shall punish you to death. Come, sir, stand there now and ogle me. [*He frowns upon her.*] Now a languishing sigh. [*He groans.*] Now run and take my fan—faster. [*He runs and takes it up.*] Now play with it handsomely.

*Dur.* Ay, ay. [*He tears it in pieces.*]

*Bis.* Hold, hold, dear humourous coxcomb! Captain, spare my fan, and I'll—Why, you rude, inhuman monster, don't you expect to pay for this?

*Dur.* Yes, madam, there's twelve pence; for that is the price on't.

*Bis.* Sir, it cost a guinea.

*Dur.* Well, madam, you shall have the sticks again.

[*Throws them to her, and exit.*]

*Bis.* Ha, ha, ha! ridiculous, below my concern. I must follow him, however, to know if he can give me any news of Oriana. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

*Changes to Lamorce's Lodgings. Enter MIRABEL.*

*Mir.* Bloody hell-hounds! I over-heard you. Was not I two hours ago, the happy, gay, rejoicing Mirabel? How did I plume my hopes in a fair coming prospect of a long scene of years? Life courted me with all the charms of vigour, youth, and fortune; and to be torn away from all my promised joys, is more than death—the manner too, by villains. Oh, my Oriana, this very moment might have bless'd me in thy arms! and my poor boy, the innocent boy!—

Confusion!—But hush, they come; I must dissemble still.  
—No news of my wine, gentlemen?

*Enter the four Bravoes.*

1st *Bra.* No, sir; I believe your country booby has lost himself, and we can wait no longer for it—True, sir, you are a pleasant gentleman; but I suppose you understand our business.

*Mir.* Sir, I may go near to guess at your employments; you, sir, are a lawyer, I presume; you a physician, you a scrivener, and you a stock-jobber—All cut-throats, 'egad.

*[Aside.*

4th *Bra.* Sir, I am a broken officer; I was cashiered at the head of the army for a coward; so I took up the trade of murder to retrieve the reputation of my courage.

3d *Bra.* I am a soldier too, and would serve my king; but I don't like the quarrel: and I have more honour than to fight in a bad cause.

2d *Bra.* I was bred a gentleman, and have no estate; but I must have my whore and my bottle, through the prejudice of education.

1st *Bra.* I am a ruffian too, by the prejudice of education; I was bred a butcher. In short, sir, if your wine had come, we might have trifled a little longer. Come, sir, which sword will you fall by?—Mine, sir?

*[Draws.*

2d *Bra.* Or mine?

*[Draws.*

3d *Bra.* Or mine?

*[Draws.*

4th *Bra.* Or mine?

*[Draws.*

*Mir.* I scorn to beg my life; but to be butcher'd thus!  
*[Knocking.]* Oh, there's the wine!—This moment for my life or death.

*Enter ORIANA.*

Lost, for ever lost! Where's the wine, child? *[Faintly.*

*Ori.* Coming up, sir.

*[Stamps.*

*Enter DURETETE with his sword drawn, and six of the Grand Musqueteers with their pieces presented; the Ruffians drop their swords. Oriana goes off.*

*Mir.* The wine, the wine, the wine! Youth, pleasure, fortune, days and years are now my own again! Ah, my dear friends! did not I tell you this wine would make me merry?—Dear Captain, these gentlemen are the best-natured, facetious, witty creatures, that ever you knew.

*Enter LAMORCE.*

*Lam.* Is the wine come, sir?

*Mir.* Oh, yes, madam, the wine is come—See there! [*Pointing to the soldiers.*] Your ladyship has got a very fine ring upon your finger.

*Lam.* Sir, 't is at your service.

*Mir.* Oh, ho! is it so? Thou dear seven hundred pounds, thou'rt welcome home again with all my heart—ad's my life, madam, you have got the finest built watch there! Tompion's I presume.

*Lam.* Sir, you may wear it.

*Mir.* Oh, madam, by no means, 'tis too much—rob you of all! [*Taking it from her.*] Good dear time, thou'rt a precious thing, I'm glad I have retrieved thee. [*Putting it up.*] What, my friends neglected all this while! Gentlemen, you'll pardon my complaisance to the lady. How now—is it civil to be so out of humour at my entertainment, and I so pleased with yours? Captain, you are surprized at all this! but we're in our frolics, you must know—Some wine here.

*Enter Servants with wine.*

Come, Captain, this worthy gentleman's health.—[*Tweaks the first Bravo by the nose; he roars.*] But now, where—where's my dear deliverer, my boy, my charming boy

1st *Bra.* I hope some of our crew below stairs have dispatched him.

*Mir.* Villain, what sayest thou? Dispatched! I'll have you all tortured, racked, torn to pieces alive, if you have touched my boy—Here, Page! Page! Page! [*Runs out.*]

*Dur.* Here, gentlemen, be sure you secure those fellows.

1st *Bra.* Yes, sir, we know you and your guard will be very civil to us.

*Dur.* Now for you, madam—he, he, he. I'm so pleased to think that I shall be revenged of one woman before I die—Well, Mistress Snap-Dragon, which of these honourable gentlemen is so happy to call you wife?

1st *Bra.* She should have been mine to-night, because Sampre here had her last night. Sir, she's very true to us all four.

*Dur.* Take them to justice.

[*The Guards carry off the Bravoes.*]

*Enter Old MIRABEL, DUGARD, and BISARRE.*

Old *Mir.* Robin, Robin, where's Bob? Where's my boy?—What, is this the lady? a pretty whore, faith? Hark 'e, child, because my son was so civil as to oblige you with a coach, I'll treat you with a cart, indeed I will.

*Dug.* Ay, madam, and you shall have a swinging equipage, three or four thousand footmen at your heels at least.

*Dur.* No less becomes her quality.

*Bis.* Faugh! the monster!

*Dur.* Monster! ay, you're all a little monstrous, let me tell you.

*Enter MIRABEL.*

Old *Mir.* Ah, my dear Bob, art thou safe, man?

*Mir.* No, no, sir, I am ruin'd, the saviour of my life is lost.

Old *Mir.* No, he came and brought us the news.

*Mir.* But where is he?—



*Enter ORIANA.*

Ha! [*Runs and embraces her.*] My dear preserver, what shall I do to recompense your trust?—"Father, friends, gentlemen, behold the youth that has relieved me from the most ignominious death, from the scandalous poniards of these bloody ruffians, where to have fallen would have defamed my memory with vile reproach—My life, estate, my all, is due to such a favour." Command me, child: before you all, before my late so kind indulgent stars, I swear to grant whate'er you ask.

*Ori.* To the same stars, indulgent now to me, I will appeal as to the justice of my claim; I shall demand but what was mine before—the just performance of your contract to Oriana. [*Discovering herself.*

*Omnes.* Oriana!

*Ori.* In this disguise I resolved to follow you abroad, counterfeited that letter that got me into your service, and so, by this strange turn of fate, I became the instrument of your preservation; few common servants would have had such cunning; my love inspired me with the meaning of your message, because my concern for your safety made me suspect your company.

*Dur.* Mirabel, you're caught.

*Mir.* Caught! I scorn the thought of imposition, "the tricks and artful cunning of the sex I have despised, and broke through all contrivance."—Caught!—No, 'tis my voluntary act; this was no human stratagem, but by my providential stars design'd, to show the dangers wandering youth incurs by the pursuit of an unlawful love, to plunge me headlong in the snares of vice, and then to free me by the hands of virtue.—Here, on my knees, I humbly beg my fair preserver's pardon; my thanks are needless, for myself I owe. And now for ever do protest me yours

Old *Mir.* Tall, all, di, dall. [*Sings.*] Kiss me, daughter—No, you shall kiss me first, [*To Lamorce.*] for you're the cause on't.—Well, Bizarre, what say you to the captain?

*Bis.* I like the beast well enough, but don't understand his paces so well as to venture him in a strange road.

Old *Mir.* But marriage is so beaten a path that you can't go wrong.

*Bis.* Ay, 't is so beaten that the way is spoiled.

*Dur.* There is but one thing should make me thy husband—I could marry thee to-day for the privilege of beating thee to-morrow.

Old *Mir.* Come, come, you may agree for all this.—Mr. Dugard, are not you pleased with this?

*Dug.* So pleased, that if I thought it might secure your son's affection to my sister, I would double her fortune.

*Mir.* Fortune!—Has she not given me mine, my life, estate, my all—and what is more, her virtuous self?—  
 “Virtue, in this so advantageous life, has her own sparkling  
 “charms, more tempting far than glittering gold or glory.”  
 Behold the foil [*Pointing to Lamorce.*] that sets this brightness off! [*To Oriana.*] Here view the pride, [*To Oriana.*] and scandal of her sex. [*To Lam.*] “There, [*To Lam.*] the  
 “false meteor whose deluding light leads mankind to destruction. Here, [*To Oriana.*] the bright shining star  
 “that guides to a security of happiness. A garden, and a  
 “single she, [*To Oriana.*] was our first father's bliss; the  
 “tempter, [*To Lam.*] and to wander, was his curse.”

*What liberty can be so tempting there,* [To Lam.

*As a soft, virtuous, am'rous bondage here?* [To Ori.

[Exeunt Omnes.]

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## EPILOGUE.

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Written by NATHANIEL ROWE, Esq.

*FROM Fletcher's great original, to-day,  
We took the hint of this our modern play :  
Our author, from his lines, has strove to paint  
A witty, wild, inconstant, free gallant :  
With a gay soul, with sense, and will to rove,  
With language, and with softness fram'd to move,  
With little truth, but with a world of love.  
Such forms on maids in morning slumbers wait,  
When fancy first instructs their hearts to beat,  
When first they wish, and sigh for what they know not yet.  
Frown not, ye fair, to think your lovers may  
Reach your cold hearts by some unguarded way ;  
Let Villeroy's misfortune make you wise,  
There's danger still in darkness and surprise ;  
Though from his rampart he defy'd the foe,  
Prince Eugene found an aqueduct below.  
With easy freedom, and a gay address,  
A pressing lover seldom wants success :  
Whilst the respectful, like the Greek, sits down,  
And wastes a ten years siege before one town.  
For her own sake let no forsaken maid,  
Our wanderer, for want of love, upbraid ;  
Since 't is a secret, none should e'er confess,  
That they have lost the happy power to please.  
If you suspect the rogue inclin'd to break,  
Break first, and swear you 've turn'd him off a week ;  
As princes, when they resty statesmen doubt,  
Before they can surrender, turn them out.*

---

*Whate'er you think, grave uses may be made,  
And much even for inconstancy be said.  
Let the good man for marriage-rites design'd,  
With studious care and diligence of mind,  
Turn over every page of womankind;  
Mark every sense, and how the readings vary,  
And, when he knows the worst on't—let him marry.*

---

7 JUL 52

THE END.



7 JU 52

Act IV.

EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

Sc. IV.



Robert del.

Long sculps

MR HULL as GLOSTER.

Gloster. Upon guilty Towers.

London, Printed for G. Cawthorne, British Library, Strand, 1785.



*See above del.*

*Hand engr.*

London. Printed for G. Cawthorn, British Library, Strand. Nov: 1796.

7 JU 52



EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

A

TRAGEDY,

ALTERED FROM

JAMES THOMSON,

AND ADAPTED TO THE STAGE

BY THOMAS HULL.

AS PERFORMED AT

THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

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Sequiturque Patrem non possibus aequis.

VIRGIL.

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LONDON:

*Printed for, and under the Direction of*  
GEORGE CAWTHORN, *British Library*, STRAND,

M DCC XCV.



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## PREFACE.

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THOMSON'S Writings in general are so replete with moral and religious instruction, as well as sentiment and poetry, that they ought, surely, to be as familiar to the ear of those who have not means or leisure for reading, as they are to the contemplation of those who are possessed of such elegant advantages. It had long been matter of regret to the present Editor of this Play, that so striking an event in the annals of England, and such an exemplary instance of conjugal heroism, should have been excluded the Stage, that extensive record of noble actions, and witness against vicious ones. Mrs. Barry hinted a wish to restore it: a desire to oblige that excellent actress, and furnish her with a new opportunity of displaying her abilities, as well as an ardour to be the means of producing to an audience another work of our amiable and elegant Thomson, induced the present Editor to undertake an alteration. The omission of too prolix passages rendered some additions indispensably necessary; such as they are, particularly the scene at the opening of the last act, he submits them with deference and timidity, to a candid public, hoping that his motives to this attempt will constitute some degree of merit, and conciliate mild judgment and gentle criticism.

March 25, 1775.

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## PROLOGUE.

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Written and spoken by Mr. HULL.

*TO-NIGHT* your favour and your praise we claim,  
For lo! the page bears Thomson's honour'd name.  
'Tis your own Thomson—he whose lib'ral mind  
Breath'd love to all—the friend of human kind!  
Through all the various year his genius ran,  
And prov'd the poet, while it grac'd the man.  
Spring comes from him in loveliest tints array'd,  
He gives her beauties that can never fade;  
In deathless roses is his Summer dress'd,  
And ever-cheering verdure robes her breast;  
His fields with stores exhaustless Autumn crowns,  
And with unwonted pride majestic Winter frowns.

Oft on these boards bath Coriolanus bled,  
And Sigismunda tears of virtue shed;  
True to his fame, we usher to the stage  
This long-neglected, well-deserving page;  
'Wherein old English honour lives anew,  
'Your great first Edward rising to your view.'  
Where Eleonora's firmness beams a grace,  
A dignity o'er all the female race.  
'These scenes would wide humanity impart,  
'Would breathe extensive candour through the heart.  
'If your lov'd poet paints a noble strife  
'Twixt the fond husband and the generous wife,  
'If all the father in his voice complains,  
'And all the mother in her tender strains,



---

*' If these best passions prompt the pleasing woe,  
' Indulge it freely——Nature bids it flow——  
' Where parent nature leads you cannot stray,  
' For what she wills, 't is virtue to obey.'\**

*While then, with feeble aid, we strive to raise  
From dark oblivion these neglected lays,  
Let judgment, blind to us, alone regard  
The genuine beauties of the gentle Bard;  
And to that wreath, which must for ever bloom,  
Bestow one laurel more t' adorn his tomb.*

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\* The Lines marked with inverted Commas are taken from the original Prologue to the Play.

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Dramatis Personæ.

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COVENT-GARDEN.

*Men.*

EDWARD, Prince of England,	- - -	Mr. Lewis.
Earl of GLOSTER,	- - -	Mr. Hull.
THEALD, Archdeacon of Liege,	-	Mr. Clarke.
SELIM, Sultan of Jaffa,	- - -	Mr. Barry.
ASSASSIN,	- - - -	Mr. L'Estrange.
OFFICER,	- - - -	Mr. Thompson.

*Women.*

ELEONORA, Princess of England,	-	Mrs. Barry.
DARAXA, an Arabian Princess,	-	Mrs. Mattocks.

SCENE, Edward's Tent in the Camp before Jaffa, a City on  
the Coast of Palestine.

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## EDWARD AND ELEONORA.

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### *ACT I. SCENE I.*

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*A Camp.* Prince EDWARD, THEALD Archdeacon of Liege,  
and the Earl of GLOSTER enter.

*Edward.*

I WILL no longer doubt. 'Tis plain, my friends,  
That with our little band of English troops,  
By all allies, all western powers deserted,  
(All but the noble knights that guard this land,  
The flower of Europe and of Christian valour,)  
Nought can be done, nought worthy of our cause,  
Worthy of England's heir, and of the name  
Of Lion-hearted Richard; whose renown,  
After almost a century elaps'd,  
Shakes through its wide extent this eastern world.  
What else could bend the Saracen to peace,  
Who might, with better policy, refuse  
To grant it us? Yes, to the prince of Jaffa  
I will accord the peace he has demanded;  
And though my troops, impatient, wait the signal  
To storm yon walls, yet will I not expose,  
In vain attempts, valour that should be sav'd  
For better days, and for the public welfare.  
Rash fruitless war, from wanton glory wag'd,

Is only splendid murder—What says Theald?  
Approves my reverend father of my purpose?

*Thea.* Edward, illustrious heir of England's crown,  
I must indeed be blinded with the zeal  
Of this our holy cause, to think your arms,  
Thus all-forsaken, thus betray'd, sufficient  
To reach the grandeur of your first design,  
And, from the yoke of infidels, to free  
The sacred city, object of our vows.  
Yet this, methinks, this Jaffa might be seiz'd :  
That still were something, an auspicious omen  
Of future conquest—But, unskill'd in war,  
To you, my lord, and Gloster's wise experience,  
I this submit.

*Edw.* Speak, Gloster, your advice,  
Before I fix my latest resolution.

*Glos.* You know, my lord, I never was a friend  
To this Crusado. My unchang'd advice  
Is strenuous then for peace. Nor urge I this  
From your deserted circumstance alone,  
But from the state of our unhappy country.  
Behold her, Edward, with a filial eye,  
Behold her bleeding still from savage war,  
And say, is this a time for these adventures?  
Return, return; lose not a day, an hour,  
Before this city. Though your cause be holy,  
believe me, 'tis a much more pious office,  
To tend your father's old and broken years,  
And fold his care-worn heart in downy peace :  
A nobler office far ! on the firm base  
Of well-proportion'd liberty, to build  
The common quiet, happiness and glory,  
Of king and people, England's rising grandeur.



*Thea.* Gloster, thy stronger arguments have won me  
To join thy cause—nay add one reason more  
For peace, immediate peace—should blind misfortune,  
In this far-distant hostile land, oppress us ;  
(A chance to which our weakness stands expos'd :)  
What, Edward, of thy princess would become,  
Thy Eleonora ; she, whose tender love  
Through stormy seas, and in fierce camps, attends thee ?  
What of thy blooming offspring ? Charg'd with these,  
To give our courage scope were cruel rashness.

*Edw.* Enough, my lord, I stand resolv'd on peace ;  
If Selim offer honourable terms,  
Such as may suit our dignity and glory ;  
Such as without a blush we may proclaim,  
When, on arrival at our native coast,  
Flush'd with gay hope the people round us press  
To learn by what exploits we have sustain'd  
The fame of Richard and of English valour.  
We wait his last appeal. Meanwhile, good Gloster,  
See that the captive princess, fair Daraxa,  
Be yielded to the sultan of this city,  
Whose bride she is. We wage not war with women.

*An Officer enters belonging to the Prince.*

*Off.* One from the prince of Jaffa, sir, demands  
Your secret ear on some important message.

*Edw.* Conduct him to my tent—— [*Officer goes out.*]  
He brings, I judge,  
This Sultan's last instructions for this peace.

Here wait : I may require your faithful counsel. [*Exit.*]

*Thea.* Whatever woes, of late, have clouded England ;  
Yet must I, Gloster, call that nation happy,

On whose horizon smiles a dawning prince  
Of Edward's worth and virtues.

*Glos.* True, my friend ;

Edward has great, has amiable virtues,  
That virtue chiefly which befits a prince :  
He loves the people he must one day rule ;  
With fondness loves them, with a noble pride ;  
Esteems their good, esteems their glory his.

*Thea.* But let me ask thee, Gloster, whence the motive,  
That bids thee wear the chains of court attendance,  
At these grey years ; that should in calm retirement  
Pass the soft evening of a bustling life,  
And plume thy parting soul for better worlds ?

*Glos.* Amidst his many virtues, youthful Edward  
Is lofty, warm, and absolute of temper :

I therefore seek to moderate his heat,  
To guide his fiery virtues, hence I attend him  
In expeditions which I ne'er approv'd,  
In holy wars—you pardon, reverend father——  
I must declare I think such wars the fruit  
Of idle courage or mistaken zeal.

*Thea.* I venerate this land. Its sacred hills,  
Its vales, its cities, trod by saints and prophets,  
By God himself, the scenes of heavenly wonders,  
Inspire me with a certain awful joy.

*Glos.* But the same God, my friend, pervades, sustains,  
Surrounds and fills this universal frame ;  
And every land where spreads his vital presence,  
His all-enlivening breath, to me is holy.

*Edw.* [*Behind the scenes.*] Inhuman villain ! is thy mes-  
sage murder !

*Thea.* Ha ! heard you not the prince exclaiming murder ?

Glos. Should this barbarian messenger—

[Moving towards the noise.

'Tis so!

Prince EDWARD enters, wounded in the Arm, and dragging in the Assassin.

Edw. Detested wretch! and doth the prince of Jaffa  
Send base assassins to transact his treaties?  
Take then a villain's due—Yet hold my fury!  
Let not the blood that fills a ruffian's veins  
Pollute a prince's hand! Justice, not rage,  
Shall vindicate my wrongs. Guards, take him hence,  
And let our equal laws decide his fate.

Assa. Hear me, thou base destroyer of the faithful!  
What though my erring dagger miss'd thy heart,  
Yet hath it fir'd thy veins with mortal poison,  
Whose very touch is death. Allah! be prais'd!  
Know, I can triumph, Christian, in the worst  
Thou can'st decree, or thy vile slaves inflict. [Assa. borne off.

Glos. Ha! Poison did he say?

Thea. The prince of Jaffa?  
Could he act thus?

Edw. Read here the certain proof  
Of his abhorr'd intent. [Gives Theald a letter.

Glos. O, wound to England!  
Then is at once my prince and country lost.

Edw. Why stare ye pale amazement on each other?  
Are we not men, to whom the various chances  
Of fickle life are known?

Thea. My dearest lord,  
Retire, and seek relief, without delay,  
Ere the fell poison can diffuse its rage,  
And deeply taint your blood.

*Edw.* The princess comes !  
O save me from her tenderness !

Princess ELEONORA enters.

*Ele.* My Edward !  
Support me !—Oh !

*Edw.* She faints—My Eleonora !  
Look up, and bless me with thy gentle eyes !—  
'The colour comes, her cheeks resume their beauty,  
And all her charms revive—

*Ele.* And lives my Edward, lives my dearest lord,  
From this assassin sav'd !—Alas ! you bleed !

*Edw.* 'Tis nought, my lovely princess ! a slight wound—

*Ele.* But ah ! methought, I entering heard of poison  
Tainting the blood—What ! was the dagger poison'd ?—  
Ha ! silent all ? will none relieve my fears ?—

*Glos.* Princess, restrain your tenderness a moment—  
The prince delays too long—Let him retire.  
Meanwhile the troubled camp shall be my care ;  
Lest the base foe should make a sally,  
While yet our troops are stunn'd with this disaster.

*Edw.* I thank thee, noble Gloster. Nor, alone,  
Support my troops ; go, rouse them to revenge.  
Tell them their injur'd prince will try their love,  
Their valour soon—And you, my friend, good Theald,  
Attend the princess—Chear thee, Eleonora !  
I cannot, will not, leave thee long, to vex  
Thy tender soul with aggravated fears. [*Exit with Glos.*

*Thea.* Behold Daraxa, the false sultan's bride.

DARAXA enters.

*Dar.* Princess of England, let me share thy grief.



Whence flow these tears, and what this wild alarm,  
This noise of murder and assassination?

*Ele.* Alas! the prince is wounded by a ruffian;  
And with a poison'd dagger, as I fear.  
Yet none will ease me of this racking thought —  
Nay, tell me, Theald, since to know the worst  
Is oft a kind of miserable comfort;  
What hath befall'n the prince? for this slight wound  
Could never thus o'ercast the brave with terror.

*Thea.* I dare not, princess, dally with your fate.  
An impious villain, from the sultan Selim,  
Pretended to the prince a secret message,  
About the peace in treaty; dreading nought,  
He left us here, and to his tent retir'd,  
There to receive this execrable envoy.  
Strait with the prince alone, the fierce assassin  
Attempted on his life; but, in his arm,  
He took, it seems, the blow, and from the villain  
Wresting the dagger, gave him to the law.  
This last we saw, and heard th' inhuman bigot,  
(Who deem'd himself a martyr in their cause,)  
Tauntingly boast, the prince's wound was poison'd —

*Ele.* Then all I fear'd is true! then am I wretched,  
Beyond even hope!

*Dar.* A villain from the sultan!

*Ele.* Ah, the distracting thought! And is my life!  
My love! my Edward! on the brink of fate!  
Of fate that may this moment snatch him from me!

*Dar.* What! Selim send assassins! and beneath  
A name so sacred! Selim, whose renown  
Is incense breathing o'er the sweeten'd east;  
For each humane, each generous virtue fam'd;  
Selim! the rock of faith, and sun of honour!

*Ele.* O, complicated woe! The Christian cause  
Hath now no more a patron, and restorer;  
England no more a prince, in whom she plac'd  
Her glory, her delight, her only hope;  
These desolated troops no more a chief;  
No more a husband, a protector, I,  
A friend, a lover! and my helpless children  
No more a father!

*Dar.* Pardon, gentle princess,  
If in this whirlwind of revolving passions,  
That snatch my soul by turns, I have forgot  
To pay the tribute which I owe thy sorrows—  
But I myself, alas! am more unhappy!

*Ele.* What woes can equal mine? who lose, thus vilely,  
The best! the bravest! loveliest of mankind!—

*Dar.* You lose the lover, I must learn to hate him,  
To scorn what once was all my pride and transport!  
Should Edward die by this accursed crime,  
You with his image, with his virtues, still,  
Amidst the pensive gloom, may converse hold:  
While I—Ah! nothing meets my blasted sight  
But a black view of infamy and horror!  
What is the loss of life to loss of virtue!  
He is bely'd—some villain hath abus'd him.

*Thea.* I honour, princess, this your virtuous grief,  
But that the sultan did employ th' assassin  
Is past all doubt—Behold the false instructions,  
By which he gain'd admittance.

[*Giving her the letter the Prince had given him.*]

*Dar.* Ha!—'T is so!  
His hand! his seal!—From my detesting heart,  
I tear him thus for ever!—Perish Selim!  
Perish the feeble wretch, who more bewails him!

That were to share his guilt.—Unhappy princess !  
Now let me turn my soul to thy assistance——

There is a cure, 'tis true——

*Ele.* A cure, Daraxa !

O say, what cure ?

*Dar.* No ; it avails not, princess ;

None can be found to risque it.

*Ele.* None to risque it ?

Quick tell me what it is, my dear Daraxa !

*Dar.* To find some person, who, with friendly lip,  
May draw the poison forth ; at least, its rage  
And mortal spirit. This will bring the wound  
Within the power of art ; but certain death  
Attends the generous deed.

*Ele.* [*Kneeling.*] Then hear me, Heaven ?  
Prime source of love ! Ye saints and angels, hear !  
I here devote me for the best of men,  
Of princes and of husbands. On this cross  
I seal the cordial vow : confirm it, Heaven !  
And grant me courage in the hour of trial !

*Thea.* O tenderness unequal'd !

*Dar.* Glorious princess !

*Ele.* Go, Theald, quickly find the Earl of Gloster,  
And with him break this matter to the prince ;  
Yet tell him but a part ; inform him, Theald,  
He hath a zealous friend, who well hath weigh'd  
The value of his life, the debt he owes  
To England, to his father, to his children ;  
A friend, who, by a solemn vow engag'd,  
Resolves to die for Edward—Say thus much,  
But name not Eleonora—Haste, my friends,  
And leave the rest to me. [*Exit Theald and Daraxa.*  
Immortal shades

Of godlike heroes and exalted matrons,  
 Who for the cause of loyalty and love,  
 Have greatly suffered, and have nobly died,  
 Be present to me, that I may discharge  
 The pious office with beseeeming firmness!  
 That, this great duty paid, I may become  
 More worthy to partake that heavenly bliss,  
 Which can alone compensate for the pangs,  
 The bitter pangs of parting from my Edward. [Exit.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Edward's Tent. GLOSTER and THEALD enter.

*Gloster.*

No, Theald, no; he never will consent——  
 I know him well—he will not purchase life  
 At such a rate: besides, in aid of love,  
 His generous pride would come, and deem it baseness.

*Thea.* Then is yon sun his last. The blackening wound  
 Begins already to confess the poison——  
 Mean time, my lord, both friendship and allegiance  
 Demand, at least, the trial. Well I know,  
 That, poise his life with hers, he would as nothing  
 Esteem his own: but sure the life of thousands,  
 The mingled cause at once of Heaven and Earth,  
 Should o'er the best, the dearest ties prevail.

*Glos.* Alas! my friend, you reason, Edward loves.  
 How weak the head contending with the heart!  
 Yet be the trial made——Behold he comes.



EDWARD *enters.*

*Edw.* O, thou bright sun! now hast'ning to those climes,  
That parent isle, which I no more shall see;  
O, thither bear, resplendent orb of day,  
To that dear spot of earth, my last farewell!

And thee, Eternal Providence! whose course,  
Amidst the various maze of life, is fix'd,  
By boundless wisdom, and by boundless love,  
I follow thee, with resignation, hope,  
With confidence and joy; for thou art good,  
And of thy rising goodness is no end!

Welcome, my dearest friends! the villain's threatening  
It was too true, and now I nearly touch  
That awful hour which every man must prove.  
Come then, and let us fill the space between  
These last important moments, whence we take  
Our latest tincture for eternity,  
With solemn converse and exalting friendship——  
Nay, Theald—Gloster—wound me not with tears,  
With tears that fall o'er venerable cheeks!  
What could the princess more? —Ah! there, indeed,  
At every thought of her I feel a weight,  
A dreadful weight of tenderness, that shakes  
My firmest resolution——Where is she?

*Thea.* She burns with fond impatience to attend you.

*Edw.* And how, brave Gloster, did you leave the camp?

*Glos.* The camp, sir, is secure: each soldier there  
From indignation draws new force and spirit.  
O! 't is a glorious, an affecting sight!  
Those furrow'd cheeks, that never knew before  
The dew of tears, now in a copious shower  
Are bath'd. Around your tent they, various, crowd,

Rank over rank : some pressing for a look ;  
Some sadly musing, with dejected eye,  
Some on their knees, preferring vows to Heaven,  
And, with extended arms, some breathing vengeance.

*Edw.* What unbought love and generous valour fire  
The free-born heart !—Yet moderate their zeal,  
And let the sword of justice only strike  
The faithless Selim, and his guilty creatures.  
My new-departed spirit, just escap'd  
From the low fev'rish passion of this life,  
Would grieve to see the blood of innocence,  
With that of guilt confounded, stain my tomb.

*Thea.* Permit me, sir, the hope, that you yourself—  
I speak it on just cause—may live to punish  
This breach of all the sacred rights of men.

*Edw.* Why will you turn my thoughts, from earth enlarg'd,  
To soft enfeebling views of life again ?

*Thea.* Not to a vain desire of life, my lord,  
Would I recal them ; but inspire each hope,  
Advise each possibility to save it.  
And there is yet a remedy.

*Edw.* Delusion !

*Thea.* The fair Arabian princess mentioned one.

*Edw.* She one !—Daraxa !—something to complete  
Her lover's crime.

*Thea.* You could not wrong her thus,  
Had you beheld the tempest of her soul,  
Her grief, her rage, confusion, when she heard  
Of Selim's baseness ; had you seen that honour,  
That glorious fire that darted from her eyes ;  
Till in a flood of virtuous sorrow sunk,  
She almost equall'd Eleonora's tears.

*Edw.* What was it she propos'd ?

*Thea.* It was, my lord,  
To find some person, who, with friendly lip,  
Might draw the deadly spirit——

*Edw.* I have heard  
Of such a cure ; but is it not, good Theald,  
An action fatal to the kind performer ?

*Thea.* Yes, surely fatal.

*Edw.* Name it then no more :  
I should despise the paltry life it purchas'd.  
Besides, what mortal can dispose so rashly  
Of his own life ? Talk not of low condition,  
And of my public rank ; when life or death  
Becomes the question, all distinctions vanish ;  
Then the first monarch and the lowest slave  
On the same level stand, in this the sons  
Of equal nature all.

*Thea.* Allow me, sir,  
If 'tis a certain, an establish'd duty,  
Than duty more, the height of human virtue,  
To sacrifice a transitory life  
For that kind source from whence it is deriv'd,  
And all its guarded joys, our dearest country ;  
To sacrifice it in the cause of Heaven,  
Author of every good : by the same reason,  
It may be justly sacrific'd for those  
On whom depends the welfare of the public.  
And there is one, my lord, who stands devoted,  
By solemn and irrevocable vows,  
To die for you.

*Edw.* To die for me !——Kind Nature !  
Thanks to thy forming hand, I can myself,  
Chearful, submit to pay this debt I owe thee,  
Without the borrow'd sufferings of another.

No, Theald, urge this argument no more.  
I love not life to that degree, to purchase,  
By the sure death of some brave guiltless friend,  
A few uncertain days, that often rise,  
Like this, serene and gay, when, with swift wing,  
A moment wraps them in disastrous fate.

*Thea.* Did we consult to save your single life,  
Was that the present question, thy refusal  
Were just, were generous. But, my lord, this person,  
Who stands for you devoted, should, in that,  
Be deem'd devoted for the Christian cause,  
The common cause of Europe and thy country.  
For that this martyr dies ; dies for thy children ;  
Dies for the brave companions of thy fortune,  
Who, weeping now around thy tent, conjure thee  
To live for them, and England's promis'd glory.

*Glos.* O, save our country, Edward ! save a nation,  
The chosen land, the last retreat of freedom,  
Amidst a broken world—Cast back thy view,  
And trace from farthest times her old renown.  
Think of the blood that, to maintain her rights,  
And nurse her shelt'ring laws, hath flow'd in battle,  
Or on the patriot's scaffold. Think what cares,  
What vigilance, what toils, what bright contention,  
In councils, camps, and well-disputed senates,  
It cost our generous ancestors, to raise  
A matchless plan of freedom : whence we shine,  
The happiest of mankind, the first of nations.

*Thea.* Thy father sinks in years ; ev'n while we speak,  
He may be summon'd to a higher state ;  
Should it be so, say, must we lose thee too ?  
Wilt thou not, Edward, stay to guard the rights,  
The liberty, the glory of thy country ?



Wilt thou not live for her? for her subdued  
 A graceful pride, I own, but still a pride,  
 That more becomes thy courage and thy youth  
 Than birth and public station? Nay, for her,  
 Say, wouldst thou not resign the dearest passions?

*Edw.* O! there is nothing which for thee, my country,  
 I, in my proper person, could not suffer!  
 But thus to skulk behind another's life,  
 'Tis what I have not courage to support,  
 It makes a kind of coward of me, Gloster.  
 Let me, at least,  
 Ere yet I sink in death, let me behold,  
 And wond'ring thank the friend, whose breast is fraught  
 With such high ardour for the public weal,  
 To give this instance of exalted virtue.  
 Conduct him hither, Theald. [*Exit Thea.*] Ah, my Gloster,  
 You have not touch'd on something that pleads here  
 For longer life, beyond the force of reason,  
 Perhaps too powerful pleads—my Eleonora!  
 To thee, my friend, I will not be ashamed  
 Even to avow my love in all its fondness.  
 For oh, there shines in this my dearer self!  
 This partner of my soul! so mild a light  
 Of careless charms, of unaffected beauty,  
 Such more than beauty, such endearing goodness,  
 That when I meet her eye, where cordial faith  
 And every gentle virtue mix their lustre,  
 I feel a transport that partakes of anguish!  
 How shall I then behold her, on the point  
 To leave her, Gloster, in a distant land?  
 For ever in a stormy world to leave her?  
 There is no misery to be fear'd like that,  
 Which from our greatest happiness proceeds!

THEALD enters, introducing the Princess ELEONORA as the  
Person he went to bring; DARAXA following.

Edw. Ye Powers!—What do I see?—I am betray'd!—  
[Turning away.]

Ele. Edward!

Edw. O, 'tis too much!—O, spare me, Nature!

Ele. Not look upon me, Edward!

Edw. Eleonora!

How on this dreadful errand canst thou come?

Ele. Behold me kneel——

Edw. Why kneel, thou best of women?

Thou never hast, not ev'n in thought, offended!

Thou art all truth, and love, and angel-goodness?

Why dost thou kneel?—O, rise, my Eleonora!

Ele. Let me fulfil my vow.

Edw. O, barbarous vow!

Ele. Let me preserve a life, in which is wrapt

The lives of thousands, dearer than my own!

Live thou, and let me die for thee, my Edward!

Edw. For me! thy words are daggers to my soul.

And wouldst thou have me then thus meanly save

A despicable life? a life expos'd

To that worst torment, to my own contempt!

A life still haunted by the cruel image

Of thy last pangs, thy agonizing throes,

The dire convulsions of these tender limbs;

And all for one——O, infamy!——for one,

By love, by duty bound, each manly tie,

Even by a peasant's honour to protect thee?

Ele. This ne'er can blemish thee. I know full well,

There is no danger, pain, no form of death,

Thou wouldst not meet with transport to protect me,

But I, alas ! an unimportant woman,  
 Whose only boast and merit is to love thee ;  
 Ah, what am I, with nameless numbers weigh'd ?  
 With myriads yet unborn ? All ranks, all ages,  
 All arts, all virtues, all a state comprizes ;  
 These have a higher claim to thy protection.  
 Live then for them. O, make a noble effort !  
 What none but heroes can, bid the soft passions,  
 The private stoop to those that grasp a public.  
 Live to possess the pleasure of a god,  
 To bless a people trusted to thy care.  
 Live to fulfil thy long career of glory,  
 But just begun. To die for thee be mine.  
 I ne'er can find a brighter, gentler fate ;  
 And fate will come at last, inglorious fate !  
 O, grudge me not a portion of thy fame !  
 As mix'd in love, O, share with me thy glory !

*Edw.* In vain is all thy eloquence. The more  
 Thou wouldst persuade, I, with increasing horror,  
 Fly from thy purpose.

*Ele.* Dost thou love me, Edward ?

*Edw.* Oh !—If I love thee ?—Witness, Heaven and Earth !  
 Angels of death that hover round me, witness !  
 Witness these eyes suffus'd, these trembling arms,  
 This heart that beats unutterable fondness,  
 To what delightful agony I love thee !

*Ele.* Then wilt thou save me, sure, from greater pain.

*Edw.* O, that I could from all engross thy sufferings !  
 Pain felt for thee were pleasure !

*Ele.* Hear me, Edward.

I speak the strictest truth, no flight of passion,  
 I speak my naked heart.—To die, I own,  
 Is a dread passage, terrible to nature,

Chiefly to those who have, like me, been happy.

But to survive thee——'t is greatly worse !

'T is a continual death ! I cannot bear

The very thought—O, leave me not behind thee !

*Edw.* Since nought can alter my determin'd breast,

Why dost thou pierce me with this killing image ?

*Ele.* Ah ! selfish that thou art ! with thee the toil,

The tedious toil of life will soon be o'er ;

Thou soon wilt hide thee in the quiet grave :

While I, a lonely widow, with her orphans,

Am left defenceless to a troubled world,

A false, ungrateful, and injurious world !

Oh ! if thou lov'st me, Edward, I conjure thee,

By that celestial flame which blends our souls !

By all a father, all a mother feels !

By every holy tenderness, I charge thee !

Live to protect the pledges of our love,

Our children !——

*Edw.* Oh !——

*Ele.* Our young, our helpless——

*Edw.* Oh !——

Distraction !——Let me go !

*Ele.* Nay, drag me with thee

To the kind-tomb—Thou canst not leave our children !

Expos'd, by being thine, beyond the lowest !

Surrounded with the perils of a throne !——

*Edw.* Cruel ! no more embitter thus our last,

Our parting moments ! Set no more the terrors

Of these best passions in array against me !

For by that power, I swear, Father of Life !

Whose universal love embraces all

That breathes this ample air ; whose perfect wisdom

Brings light from darkness, and from evil good ;



To whom I recommend thee, and my children :  
By him I swear ! I never will submit  
To what thy horrid tenderness proposes !

*Glos.* My lord——

*Edw.* Oh !—these emotions are too much——  
I feel a heavy languor steal upon me :  
Conduct me to my couch——Ah ! Eleonora !  
If we ne'er meet again——This one embrace——  
Absolute Nature ! thou must be obeyed. [Exit.

*Ele.* I will not, cannot quit thee !——

*Dar.* Princess, stay.

Resistless sleep now rushes on his powers :  
For so the various poison oft begins  
To spread its dark malignity.——

*Ele.* Ha !—sleep !——

Thanks, gracious Heaven, who pointest out the moment,  
The happy moment teeming with success !  
From thy blest throne, propitious, Oh ! look down,  
Approve and sanctify my pious purpose ! [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Edward's Tent. GLOSTER enters.

*Gloster.*

O MIRACLE of love ! O wondrous princess !  
Souls such as thine alone preserve the flame,  
That animates society, alive,  
That makes the dwellings of mankind delightful.  
What is vain life ? An idle flight of days,  
A still delusive round of sickly joys,  
A scene of little cares and trifling passions,

If not ennobled by such deeds of virtue?  
And yet this matchless virtue! what avails it?  
The deadly venom hath forsaken Edward,  
And now pours all its torments on the princess.  
The poison leaves him—But he must awake  
To keener evils than the body knows,  
Which minds alone, and generous minds can feel.  
O, Virtue! Virtue! as thy joys excel,  
So are thy woes transcendant, the gross world  
Knows not the bliss or misery of either——

EDWARD enters.

*Edw.* Hail to the fresher earth and brighter day!  
I feel me lighten'd of the mortal load  
That lay upon my spirits. This kind sleep  
Hath shed a balmy quiet through my veins.  
Whence this amazing change?  
But be my first chief care, Author of Good!  
To bend my soul in gratitude to thee!

*Glos.* How fares my honour'd lord?

*Edw.* To health restor'd.  
Only a kind of lassitude remains,  
A not unpleasing weakness hangs upon me:  
Like the soft trembling of the settled deep,  
After a storm.

*Glos.* Father of Health be prais'd!

*Edw.* The moment that I sunk upon my couch,  
A sick and troubled slumber fell upon me.  
Chaos of gloomy unconnected thought!  
That, in black eddy whirl'd, made sleep more dreadful  
Than the worst waking pang. While thus I toss'd,  
Ready to bid farewell to suffering clay,  
Methought an angel came and touch'd my wound.

At this the parting gloom clear'd up apace;  
 My slumbers soften'd; and, with health, return'd  
 Serenity of mind, and order'd thought,  
 And fair ideas gladdening all the soul.  
 Aerial music too, by fancy heard,  
 Sooth'd my late pangs and harmoniz'd my breast.  
 Through shades of bliss I walk'd, where heavenly forms  
 Sung to their lutes my Eleonora's love——  
 But where, where is she? glory of her sex!  
 O dearer, justly dearer, far than ever!  
 Quick, let me find her, pour into her bosom  
 My full full soul, with tenderness o'ercharg'd,  
 With glad surprize, with gratitude and wonder——  
 Ha! why this silence? this dejected look?  
 You cast a drooping eye upon the ground.  
 Where is the princess?

*Glos.* She, my lord, reposes.

*Edw.* Reposes!—No!—It is not likely, Gloster,  
 That she would yield her weeping eyes to sleep  
 While I lay there in agonies——Away!  
 I am too feeble then to know the truth.  
 Say, is she well?

*Glos.* Now, show thy courage, Edward——

*Edw.* O all my fears! I shall start out to madness!  
 What! while I slept?

*Glos.* Yes——

*Edw.* Misery! distraction!

My peace, my honour is betray'd for ever!  
 Inhuman men! why did ye suffer this?  
 Angels of Light, could ye, could ye look on,  
 While it was done? behold her balmy lips  
 Drain the foul poison from my tainted veins,  
 To bring me back to a detested life?

*Glos.* Yet hear, my lord !

*Edw.* Away, I'm all despair.

O love ! O shame ! O murder'd Eleonora ! [Exit.

*Glos.* Unhappy prince ! go find thy Eleonora,  
And in heart-easing grief exhale thy passion :  
All other comfort, now, were to talk down  
The winds and raging seas.—But yonder comes  
Th' Arabian princess. From her tears I learn  
The moving scene within.

*DARAXA enters, with a Messenger from Selim, who attends at some distance.*

*Dar.* Oh ! 'tis too much !  
I can no more support it.

*Glos.* Generous mourner,  
How is it with the princess Eleonora ?

*Dar.* Struck by the poison, on her couch she lies,  
A rose soft-drooping in Sabean vales,  
Beneath the fiery dog-star's noxious rage.  
O, Christian chief, I never shall forget  
The scene these melting eyes have just beheld,  
With mingled tears of tenderness and wonder.

*Glos.* How was it, princess ?

*Dar.* When this pride of woman,  
This best of wives, which in his radiant course  
The sun beholds, when first she, sickening, felt  
Th' imperious summons of approaching fate,  
All rob'd in spotless white she sought her altars ;  
And, prostrate there, for her departing soul,  
The prince her husband, and her orphan-children,  
Implor'd th' Eternal Mind.—As yet she held  
Her swelling tears, and in her bosom kept  
Her sighs repress'd : nor did the near approach



Of the pale King of Terrors dim her beauty ;  
 No, rather adding to her charms, it breath'd  
 A certain mournful sweetness through her features.  
 But as th' increasing bane more desperate grew,  
 Wild to her bed she rush'd, and then, indeed,  
 The lovely fountains of her eyes were open'd,  
 Then flow'd her tears.—‘ Connubial bed, (she cry'd)  
 ‘ Chaste witness of my tenderness for him,  
 ‘ To save whose life I unrepining die,  
 ‘ In bloom of youth, farewell !—Thou shalt, perhaps,  
 ‘ Receive a fairer, a more happy bride ;  
 ‘ But never a more faithful, never one  
 ‘ Who loves her husband with a fonder passion.’  
 Here flow'd her tears afresh ; with burning lip  
 She press'd the humid couch, and wept again.  
 At last, while weary sorrow paus'd, she rose,  
 And, fearing lest immediate death might seize her,  
 Demanded to be led to see the prince ;  
 But fear of chasing from his eyes, too soon,  
 The salutary sleep that heal'd his pangs,  
 Restrain'd her trembling footsteps. On her couch,  
 Abandon'd to despair, she sunk anew,  
 And for her children call'd. Her children came.  
 A while, supported on her arm, she ey'd them,  
 With tears pursuing tears a-down her cheek,  
 With all the speechless misery of woe——

*Glos.* Proceed, Daraxa !

Check not, nor try to hide those virtuous drops ;  
 How bright, how graceful is the tear that flows  
 From sympathetic pity !

*Dar.* Then starting up, she went  
 'To snatch them to a mother's last embrace ;  
 When straight reflecting that the piercing poison

Might taint their tender years, she sudden shrunk  
With horror back——‘ O, wretched Eleonora!

‘ (She weeping cry’d) am I forbid to taste  
‘ The poor remaining comfort of the dying,  
‘ To see a husband, clasp my dearest children,  
‘ And mix my parting soul with theirs I love?’  
Her sad attendants, that till then had mourn’d  
In silent sorrow, all, at this, gave way  
To loud laments——She rais’d her languid eye,  
And casting on them round a gracious smile,  
To each by name she call’d, even to the lowest,  
To each extended mild her friendly hand,  
Gave, and, by turns, receiv’d a last farewell.

*Glos.* Why were my lingering years reserv’d for this?

*Dar.* Come nearer, thou, the messenger of Selim,  
And bear him back this answer—His chief aim,  
He says, in stooping to solicit peace,  
Was from the chains of infidels to save me.  
What! was it then to rescue me he sent,  
Beneath an all-rever’d and sacred name,  
Beneath the shelter of his hand and seal,  
A murdering wretch, a sacrilegious bigot,  
Basely to slay the gallant prince of England?  
So sure the poison work’d, the Christian prince  
Had now been mingled with the mighty dead,  
If his bright princess, glorious Eleonora,  
Had not redeem’d his dearer life with hers.  
You heard in what extremity she lies.  
Go, tell the tyrant then—O, Heaven and Earth!  
O, vanity of virtue! that Daraxa  
Should e’er to Selim send so fell a message——  
I will suppress its bitterness——Yet tell him,  
This crime has plac’d eternal bars betwixt us.

See my last tear to love——Arabian wilds  
Shall bury 'midst their rocks the lost Daraxa.

Away! [Exit Messenger.]

*Glos.* Behold, they bear this way the princess,  
Once more to hail the radiance of the sun,  
Ere yet to mortal light she bid farewell.

*THEALD, EDWARD, and ELEONORA enter, borne in by her Attendants.*

*Ele.* [Entering.] A little on, a little further on,  
Bear me, my friends, into the cooling air.  
O chearful sun! O vital light of day!

O clouds that roll your tempest through the sky!  
*Edw.* That sun is witness of our matchless woes,  
Is witness of our innocence——Alas!

What have we done to merit this disaster?

*Ele.* O earth! O genial roofs! O the dear coast  
Of Albion's isle! which I no more shall see!——

*Edw.* Nay, yield not to thy weakness, Eleonora!  
Sustain thyself a little, nor desert me!  
Th' all-ruling Goodness may relieve us still.

*Ele.* Edward! I tremble! Terror seizes on me!  
Through the rent veil of this surrounding sky,  
I had a glimpse, I saw th' eternal world.  
They call, they urge me hence——Yes, I obey.  
But O forgive me, Heaven! if 'tis with pain,  
With agonies, I tear my soul from his!

*Edw.* Heavens! what I suffer!——How thy plaintive voice  
Shoots anguish through my soul!

*Ele.* Some power unseen——  
Thy hand, my Edward——some dark power unseen  
Is dragging me away——O yet a little,

Stern tyrant, spare me! Ah! how shall I leave  
My weeping friends, my husband and my children?

*Edw.* Unhappy friends! O, greatly wretched husband!  
And O poor careless orphans, who not feel  
The depth of your misfortune!

*Ele.* Lay me down;  
Soft, lay me down—my powers are all dissolv'd—  
A little forward bend me—oh!

*Edw.* O Heaven!  
How that soft frame is torn with cruel pangs!  
Pangs robb'd from me!

*Ele.* 'Tis thence they borrow ease!—  
My children! O, my children! you no more  
Have now a mother!

*Edw.* What desolating words  
Are these! more bitter than a thousand deaths!

*Ele.* Edward, I feel an interval of ease;  
And, ere I die, have something to impart  
That will relieve my sufferings.

*Edw.* Speak, my soul!  
Speak thy desire: I live but to fulfil it.

*Ele.* Thou seest in what a hopeless state I lie,  
I who this morning rose in height of youth,  
High-blooming, promis'd many happy years.  
I die for thee, I self-devoted die.

Think not from this, that I repent my vow;  
Or that, with little vanity, I boast it:

No; what I did from unrepenting love  
I cheerful did, from love that knows no fear,  
No pain, no weak remission of its ardor.

And what, alas! what was it but the dictate  
Of honour, and of duty?

Two fears yet stand betwixt my soul and peace:



One is for thee, lest thou disturb my grave  
 With tears of wild despair. Grieve not like those  
 Who have no hope. We yet shall meet again;  
 We still are in a kind Creator's hand;  
 Eternal Goodness reigns. Besides, this parting,  
 This parting, Edward, must have come at last,  
 When years of friendship had, perhaps, exalted  
 Our love, if that can be, to keener anguish.  
 Think what thy station, what thy fame demand;  
 Nor yield thy virtue even to worthy passions.  
 My other care—Ah! wherefore should I name it?  
 From that thy equal tenderness with mine,  
 Thy love and generosity secure me.  
 Our children——

*Edw.* On this hand, O! dying sweetness!  
 This cold pale hand I vow, our children never,  
 Shall never call another by the name  
 Sacred to thee! my Eleonora's children  
 Shall never feel the hateful power thou fear'st.  
 Where can I find such beauty? where such grace,  
 Where such a soft divinity of goodness?  
 Such faith? such love? such tenderness unequal'd?  
 Such all that Heaven could give—to make me wretched!  
 The moment that I lose thee—Oh! I know not!  
 I dare not think!—But these unhappy orphans  
 Shall now be doubly mine; to shelter them,  
 These pledges of our love, for their dear sakes  
 Thy Edward shall exert his utmost strength  
 To brave the horrors of loath'd life without thee.

*Ele.* Enough! enough! upon this solemn compact  
 Receive them from my hands.

*Edw.* Dear hands! dear gift!

Dear, precious, dying, miserable gift!

With transport once receiv'd, but now with anguish!

*Ele.* What darksome ways I tread!—O sun!—O earth!

*Edw.* Stay, cruel, stay!—Thou leav'st me, Eleonora!

*Ele.* Ah! the strong hand of iron fate compels me!

*Edw.* Raise, raise, my Eleonora, thy sweet eyes,  
Nor quit thy children!

*Ele.* With what pain I quit them!

O Heaven!—receive my last adieu——

*Edw.* Again,

O yet again behold them!

*Ele.* Oh!—'T is darkness!——

A deadly weight——

*Edw.* Thou leav'st me then for ever!——

*Ele.* Not yet—I still remain a slave to torment.

The quivering flame of life leaps up a little.

Grant me, my Edward, grant this last request;

Leave me a moment, while I yet enjoy

A parting gleam of thought—Leave me to Heaven!

Gloster—farewell—Be careful of the prince——

Attend him hence—and double now thy friendship!

*Edw.* Barbarian off!—Ah! whither would'st thou drag  
me!

*Glos.* My lord, in pity to the princess——

*Edw.* Oh!

*Ele.* Farewell! a long farewell!

*Edw.* O word of horror!——

There, take me, lead me, hurl me to perdition!

[Exit with Gloster.

*Ele.* 'T is past, the bitterness of death is past——

Alas! Daraxa, I can ne'er requite

Thy generous cares for me. Thou art the cause

My Edward lives, my children have a father,

Thy heaven-inspired proposal——Tell him, Theald,  
 That, in the troubled moments of our parting,  
 I had forgot to beg he would restore  
 Th' Arabian princess to her friends and country—  
 A deed like this, howe'er in faith we differ,  
 Humanity, the soul of all religion,  
 May well permit.

*Dar.* By virtue's sacred fire!  
 Our paradise, the garden of the blest,  
 Ne'er smil'd upon a purer soul than thine.  
 For me, think not of me; such are my woes,  
 That I disdain all care, detest relief:  
 My name is trod in dust; thine beams for ever,  
 The richest gem that crowns the worth of woman.

*Ele.* The guilt of Selim cannot stain thy virtues:  
 It rather lends them lustre—Bear me back,  
 My dear attendants: and, good Theald, come,  
 Come, aid my mounting soul to spring aloft,  
 From the lov'd fetters of this kindred clay,  
 To the bright realms of everlasting day. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Continues.* THEALD and a Gentleman enter.

*Theald.*

To me a Dervise? Through the furious camp,  
 Yet raging at the perfidy of Selim,  
 How did he safely pass?

*Gent.* Sir, he had fallen  
 A victim to their vengeance: but he told them,  
 His life was of importance to the prince,

That he who struck him, stabb'd the heart of Edward.  
 This stay'd their rage; then, after a strict search,  
 They let him pass through ranks of glaring eyes.  
 I have besides to say, an English ship  
 And one from Italy are just arriv'd:  
 The first brings great dispatches to prince Edward;  
 The other, holy father, these to you. [Kneeling.

*Thea.* Go, bid this dervise enter. [Exit Gent.

[*He opens and looks on the dispatches.*] Awful Heaven!  
 Great Ruler of the various heart of man!  
 Since thou hast rais'd me to conduct thy church,  
 Without the base cabal too often practis'd,  
 O, beam upon my mind the holy light,  
 The virtues which that sacred trust requires:  
 A loving, lov'd, unterrifying power,  
 Such as becomes a father; humble wisdom;  
 Plain primitive sincerity; kind zeal,  
 For truth and virtue rather than opinions;  
 And above all, the charitable soul  
 Of healing peace and Christian moderation——  
 The Dervise comes.

*SELIM enters, disguised as a Dervise.*

*Thea.* With me, what would'st thou, Dervise?

*Selim.* The princess Eleonora, lives she still?

*Thea.* She lives, and that is all.

*Selim.* Allah be prais'd!

Then lives the honour of the brightening name  
 Of Saracen and Mussulman.

*Thea.* How, Dervise?

What can wipe out the horror of this deed?

*Selim.* The deed was execrable; but my hand  
 This instant shall prevent the dire effects.



I bring a certain remedy for poison ;  
Nor can it come too late, while wand'ring life  
Yet with faint impulse stirs along the veins.

*Thea.* Ha ! Dervise ! Art thou sure of what thou say'st ?

*Selim.* Christian, I am ; and therefore am I here.

Haste, lead me to the princess : Though she lay  
Even in the last extremity, though call'd  
By the fierce angel who compels the dead,  
Yet bold experience gives me room to hope.  
Say, wilt thou trust me with the trial, Christian ?

*Thea.* Thou know'st, we have great reason for distrust ;  
But fear in those who can no longer hope  
Were idle and absurd.

*Selim.* Bright Heaven ! what fear ?  
Is there a slave of such inhuman baseness  
Nurs'd on the sick'ning bosom of this earth,  
Could add fresh outrage to that dying softness ?  
For Virtue dying ? Look into my eye :  
Does one weak ray there shun thy keenest gaze ?

*Thea.* No ; seeming truth and generous candour shine  
In what thou say'st. Come, follow me, good Dervise.

*Selim.* A moment yet.—Should Heaven accord success,  
I have, besides the life of Eleonora,  
My injur'd sultan's wounded name to save ;  
Whose soul abhors the crime imputed to him.  
Then let me be the first who to the prince  
Imparts the happy news ; that Selim's honour,  
Enforc'd by Edward's joy, may strike more deep,  
With strong conviction.

*DARAXA enters.*

*Dar.* The departing princess  
Sees the delivering moment, and demands  
Thy presence, reverend Christian.

*Thea.* Dervise, come,  
 Forbid it, Heaven, this aid should be too late!

[*Exit with Selim.*]

*Dar.* O my astonish'd fancy!—can it be?—  
 In his fierce looks, methought, I mark'd the Sultan;  
 And, as he shot athwart me, from his eye  
 Flash'd the proud lightening of affronted virtue.  
 He must be innocent; his being here  
 Is radiant proof he must—O, weak Daraxa!  
 What man of virtue more would deign to lodge  
 His image in thy breast? Ah! what avails  
 The light unfounded love, the treacherous friendship,  
 That, credulous and rash, gives up unheard  
 A worthy man to infamy and slander?  
 They talk'd of aid—what aid? [*A groan heard within.*]  
 Alas! 'tis past!  
 For death was in that sound;—and now her soul,  
 Exulting, quits the coil of this dim world.  
 Alas! what refuge for Daraxa then—  
 Where must she guide her lonely step?—Confusion!  
 Despair and desolation frown around me.  
 Soft, soft, awhile; I will explore my fate—  
 Seek out this Dervise—if he prove my Selim,  
 I've wrong'd his honour; and when justice claims,  
 The noble mind feels triumph in concession;  
 But should his haughty and resentful soul  
 Insult my tears, and scorn my supplication,  
 It matters not what wayward Fate betides,  
 Or whither wanders then the lost Daraxa. [*Exit.*]

*EDWARD enters from the Tent.*

*Edw.* She is no more! the soul of every grace,  
 Of every virtue! tenderness itself!  
 The matchless Eleonora is no more

Where am I? Heavens!—Ah! what a hideous desert  
 Is now this world, this blasted world, around me?  
 O, Eleonora! perish'd, Eleonora!  
 Pour not so fast thy beauties on my heart:  
 Ah! whither shall I fly from thy perfections?—  
 Where go?—That tent! Ah! that way madness lies!—  
 I dare not enter there. There Death displays  
 His utmost terrors.  
 The grave too is shut up, that last retreat  
 Of wretched mortals—Yes, my word is pass'd,  
 To Eleonora pass'd. Our orphan-children  
 Bind me to life—O dear, O dangerous passions!  
 The valiant, by himself, what can he suffer?  
 Or what does he regard his single woes?  
 But when, alas! he multiplies himself  
 To dearer selves, to the lov'd tender fair,  
 To those whose bliss, whose beings hang upon him,  
 To helpless children! then, O then! he feels  
 The point of misery fest'ring in his heart,  
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward.

*GLOSTER enters.*

*Edw.* My lord of Gloster,  
 I thought my orders were to be alone.

*Glos.* Forgive my fond intrusion—But I cannot  
 Be so regardless of thy welfare, Edward,  
 As to obey these orders.

*Edw.* But they must,  
 Shall be obey'd—I will enjoy my sorrows,  
 All that is left me now.

*Glos.* The more thy grief  
 Seeks aggravating solitude, the more  
 It suits my love and duty to attend thee.  
 To try to sooth—

*Edw.* Away! thou never shalt.  
 Not all that idle wisdom can suggest,  
 All the vain talk of proud unfeeling reason,  
 Shall rob me of one tear.

*Glos.* Of Nature's tears  
 I would not rob thee: they invigorate virtue,  
 Soften, at once, and fortify the heart.

*Edw.* Hence! leave me to my fate—You have undone me;  
 You have made shipwreck of my peace, among you,  
 My happiness and honour; and I now  
 Roam the detested world a careless wretch!

*Glos.* Thy honour yet is safe; O, still preserve it!  
 Ye great, ye pitying Powers that rule mankind!  
 Who so unworthy but may proudly deck him  
 With this fair-weather virtue, that exults,  
 Glad, o'er the summer main? the tempest comes,  
 The bold winds speak aloud; when from the helm  
 This virtue shrinks, and on the rock of passion  
 Bliss, fame, and reason, all are wreck'd and lost.  
 Heavens! how debas'd, if privileg'd from trial,  
 How cheap a thing were virtue!

*Edw.* Rail—insult—  
 Thou canst not make me feel thee—all is past—  
 I have no more connection with mankind?

*Glos.* Insult thee, Edward? Do these tears insult thee?  
 These old man's tears!—Friendship, my Prince, can weep,  
 As well as love—But while I weep thy fortune,  
 Let me not weep thy virtue sunk beneath it—  
 Thou hast no more connection with mankind?  
 Put off thy craving senses, the deep wants  
 And infinite dependencies of nature;  
 Put off that strongest passion of the soul,  
 Soul of the soul, love to society;  
 Put off all gratitude for what is past,



All generous hope of what is yet to come :  
 Then use this language—Let me tell thee, Edward,  
 Thou hast connections with mankind, and great ones,  
 Thou know'st not of; connections! that might rouse  
 The smallest spark of honour in thy breast,  
 To wide-awaken'd life and fair ambition.

*Edw.* What dost thou mean?

*Glos.* What mean?—this day, in England,  
 How many ask of Palestine their king,  
 Edward their king!—Read these—Returning reason,  
 O guide, conduct him by thy friendly ray  
 To that high sense of dignity and fame  
 Whence frenzy hath misled him!

*Edw.* [*Perusing the dispatches.*] Gloster!—Gloster!  
 Alas! my royal father is no more!  
 The gentlest of mankind—O! why, affliction,  
 Why thus pursue me with unwearied steps,  
 And with fresh torments load my harrass'd breast?  
 Thus weak of heart, thus desolate of soul,  
 Ah! how unfit am I, with steady hand,  
 To rule a troubled state!—She, she is gone,  
 Softner of care, the dear reward of toil,  
 The source of virtue! She, who to a crown  
 Had lent new splendor, who had grac'd a throne  
 Like the sweet seraph Mercy tempering Justice.  
 O Eleonora! she is now no more.

*Glos.* Now is the time; now lift thy soul to virtue!  
 Behold a crisis, sent by Heaven, to save thee—  
 Whate'er my prince can touch, or can command,  
 Can quicken or exalt the heart of man,  
 Now speaks to thine—Thy children claim their father,  
 Nay, more than father, claim their double parent;  
 For such thy promise was to Eleonora:

Thy subjects claim their king, thy troops their chief:  
The manes of thy ancestors consign  
Their long-descended glory to thy hands;  
And thy dejected country calls upon thee  
To save her, raise her, and protect her honour.  
Angels themselves might envy thee the joy,  
That waits thy will of doing general good;  
Of spreading virtue, chearing lonely worth;  
Of dashing down the proud; of guarding arts,  
The sacred rights of industry and freedom;  
Of making a whole generous people happy.  
And need I add—Thy Eleonora's death  
Calls out for vengeance——

*Edw.* Ha!

*Glos.* If thou, indeed,

Dost honour thus her memory, then show it,  
Not by soft tears and womanish complaints,  
But show it like a man!

*Edw.* I will!

*Glos.* Yon towers!——

*Edw.* 'Tis true!

*Glos.* Yon guilty towers!——

*Edw.* Insult us still!

*Glos.* The murderer of thy princess riots there!——

*Edw.* But shall not long!—Thou art my better genius,  
Thou brave old man! thou hast recall'd my virtue—  
I was benumb'd with sorrow—what—or where—  
I know not—never to have thought of this.  
Bright virtue, welcome! Vigour of the mind!  
The flame from Heaven that lights up higher being!  
Thrice welcome! with thy comrade, resolution!  
And just revenge! Hence, let us to the camp,  
And there transfuse our soul into the troops.  
This sultan's blood will ease my fever'd breast.

Yes I will take such vengeance on this city,  
That all mankind shall turn their eyes to Jaffa;  
And, as they see her turrets sunk in dust,  
Shall dread the terrors of eternal justice.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Camp. SELIM and DARAXA enter.*

*Daraxa.*

INDIGNANT Selim, turn—yet turn and hear me.

*Selim.* Indignant! Yes, and false Daraxa's guilt  
Hath made me so—What! credit the vile tale  
That mingled Selim's name with foul dishonour?  
O! light of faith! O! credulous of soul!  
Where then, injurious woman, where was fled  
Thy firm affiance here? My crime thou saidst  
Had plac'd eternal bars between our hearts;  
Such was the haughty answer to my zeal  
To rescue thee from bondage—Yes, I bade  
My pride submit to love, to give thee freedom.  
'Eternal bars!' Remember, nor complain  
To feel the misery thou meant'st for me.

*Dar.* O! I acknowledge, I repent my crime:  
But let the wild distraction of my soul  
Wherewith I then was torn, obtain my pardon!  
Hadst thou, like me, beheld the virtuous princess,  
Lost Eleonora, breathing out her spirit  
In agonizing pangs!—

*Selim.* Away, away!  
Thou shouldst have seen the Christian race expire  
With unchang'd visage, and unruffled mind,  
Ere doubted Selim's honour.

*Dar.* Lo! again

I bow to earth in sorrow and remorse.

Think what my heart endures, while thus I sue

For what I thought I never could have lost,

My Selim's love!

*Selim.* Thy Selim!

*Dar.* Kill me not

With thy contempt, but rather let thy poignard

Infiict the punishment my crime deserves,

And let me die at least like Selim's wife.

*Selim.* Like Selim's wife!

And art thou she? Is't possible

Her generous bosom could descend so low,

Where noblest confidence——

*Dar.* One erring moment

Made me unworthy of the name—but cannot

A life of sorrow and unceasing tears

Obtain thy pardon for one fatal rashness?

O! I will never quit these honour'd knees,

Ne'er cease to fix these flowing eyes on thine,

Till thou relent, and speak the voice of pardon

To thy once lov'd Daraxa!

*Selim.* Oh! that look!

It melts my best resolves!

*Dar.* Assist me, prophet,

To win his yielding soul! Now, now he looks,

He speaks himself—Oh! the delightful break

Of tenderness in those melodious notes,

The dawn of Heavenly pity in those eyes!

Indulge! indulge it, Selim!

Hast thou not often said, the self-accus'd

Deserve no deeper wound, but claim compassion

Ev'n from the breast they injure? Such thy precepts

When, in soft intercourse and sweetest converse,



Our hearts first mix'd ; when Selim's virtues, blown  
To full perfection in their native soil,  
(Like that kind plant whose bending head creates  
A second root) bow'd down with graceful sweetness,  
And took fresh growth in his Daraxa's breast.

*Selim.* O ! lovelier far, than the fair promis'd virgins  
Wherewith our prophet's paradise is stor'd !  
Take my returning love, accept it all,  
In this full burst of tenderness and tears !  
Lift up thine eyes—let clearest confidence  
Calm and assure thy heart !

*Dar.* It doth, it doth !  
Selim hath spoke it, and my heart obeys.  
But wherefore here, in this disguise ?

*Selim.* I come  
To clear my injur'd name——  
Nay, cease—I meant not  
To wake the painful feelings of thy mind.

*Thea.* [*Within.*] The dervise—shew me to him !

*Selim.* Theald's voice !  
He comes to lead me to the prince. Retire  
Awhile, my love ; this interview compleats  
My business here—these Christians must be taught  
What Selim is—they shall behold him break  
Through the foul mist, suspicion cast around him,  
(As bursts the sun from momentary clouds)  
And pour a brighter radiance wide abroad.

*Dar.* Cheer'd by that welcome radiance, thy Daraxa  
Feels vivifying joy expand her breast ;  
As the soft flower, that droop'd a while beneath  
Fast-falling rains, revives and blooms anew,  
Cheer'd by the comfort of returning rays. [Exit Daraxa.

*Selim.* O, my Daraxa ! thou hast charm'd my soul !

This reconciling interview has sooth'd  
My troubled bosom into tender joy ;  
As when the spring first, on the soften'd top  
Of Lebanon, unbinds her lovely tresses,  
And shakes her blooming sweets from Carmel's brow——

THEALD enters.

*Thea.* I sought thee, worthy Dervise.

*Selim.* Reverend Christian,

My toiling thoughts can find no fix'd repose,  
Till the wrong'd sultan's vindicated honour  
Shine out as bright as yon unsully'd sky.  
Conduct me to the prince—I claim thy promise.—  
It stings my conscious soul with sick impatience,  
To think what Selim suffers. For a man,  
Who loves the ways of truth and open virtue,  
To lie beneath the burning imputation  
Of baseness, and of crimes—such horrid crimes !—  
O, 'tis a keen unsufferable torment !  
Come, let me then discharge this other part  
Of my commission.

*Thea.* Thou soon shalt see him.

He strait will come this way, the king of England,  
Such now he is. Mean time, 'tis fit to tell thee,  
He must be manag'd softly ; for his passions  
Are all abroad, in wild confusion hurl'd :  
The winds, the floods, and lightning mix together.  
I need not say how little, in this uproar,  
Avails the broken thwarted light of reason.

*Selim.* Fear not. I trust in innocence and truth.

*Thea.* He cannot long delay, for, as I enter'd,  
I saw him parting from the hurried camp,  
That lighten'd wide around him : burnish'd helms,

And glittering spears, and ardent thronging soldiers,  
Demanding all the signal, when to storm  
These walls, devoted to their vengeance.——

*Selim.* Ha!

Then let us quickly find him—But he comes.

EDWARD and GLOSTER enter.

*Edw.* Whence is it those barbarians, here again,  
Those base, those murdering cowards, dare be seen?  
What new accurs'd attempt is now on foot?  
What new assassination?—Start not, Dervise,  
Tinge not thy caitiff cheek with red'ning honour.  
What thou!—Dost thou pretend to feel reproach?  
Art thou not of a shameless race of people,  
Harden'd in arts of cruelty and blood,  
Perfidious all? Yes, have ye not profan'd  
The faith of nations? broke the holy tie  
That binds the families of earth together,  
That gives even foes to meet with hostile joy,  
And teaches war security? Your prince,  
Your prince has done it!

*Thea.* Sir, this Dervise comes,  
To clear the Sultan Selim from that crime,  
Which you, with strong appearance, charge upon him.

*Edw.* Appearance, Theald? with unquestion'd proof.  
Doubtless the villain would be glad to change  
The course by nature fix'd, enjoy his crimes  
Without their evil—But he shall not 'scape me!

*Selim.* If, King of England, in this weighty matter,  
On which depends the weal and life of thousands,  
You love and seek the truth, let reason judge;  
Cool, steady, quiet, and dispassion'd reason:

For never yet, since the proud selfish race  
Of men began to jar, did passion give,  
Nor ever can it give, a right decision.

*Edw.* Reason hath judg'd, and passion shall chastise,  
Shall make you howl, ye cowards of the east !  
What can be clearer ? This vile Prince of Jaffa !  
This infamy of princes ! sends a ruffian,  
By his own hand and seal commission'd, sends him,  
To treat of peace : and, as I read his letters,  
The villain stabs me—This, if this wants light,  
There is no certainty in human reason ;  
If this not shines with all-convincing truth,  
Yon sun is dark—And yet these cowards come  
With lying shifts, and low elusive arts——  
O, it flames my anger into madness !  
This added insult on our understanding,  
This treacherous attempt to steal away  
The only joy and treasure of my life,  
Sweet sacred vengeance for my murder'd princess !

*Selim.* The cursed wretch who did assail thy life,  
O, King of England ! was indeed an envoy  
Sent by the Prince of Jaffa : This we own.  
But then he was an execrable bigot,  
Who, for such horrid purposes, had crept  
Into the cheated Sultan's court and service ;  
As by the traitor's papers we have learn'd.  
For know, there lives upon the craggy cliffs  
Of wild Phenician mountains, a dire race,  
A nation of assassins. Dreadful zeal,  
Fierce and intolerant of all religion  
That differs from their own, is the black soul  
Of that infernal state. Soon as their chief,  
The Old Man (so they style him) of the Mountains,



Gives out his baleful will, however fell,  
 However wicked and abhorr'd it be,  
 Though cloth'd in danger, the most cruel death,  
 They, swift and silent, glide through every land,  
 As fly the gloomy ministers of vengeance  
 Famine and plague ;  
 And never fail to execute his orders.  
 Of these the villain was, these ruffian saints,  
 The curse of earth, the terror of mankind :  
 And thy engagement, Prince, in this Crusado,  
 That was the reason whence they sought thy life.

*Edw.* False, false as hell ! the lie of guilty fear !  
 You are all bigots, robbers, ruffians all !  
 It is the very genius of your nation.  
 Vindictive rage, the thirst of blood consumes you :  
 You live by rapine, thence your empire rose ;  
 And your religion is a mere pretence  
 To rob and murder in the name of Heaven.

*Selim.* Be patient, prince ; be more humane and just.  
 You have your virtues, have your vices too ;  
 And we have ours. The liberal hand of Nature  
 Has not created us, nor any nation,  
 Beneath the blessed canopy of Heaven,  
 Of such malignant clay, but each may boast  
 Their native virtues, and their maker's bounty.  
 You call us bigots.—Oh ! canst thou with that  
 Reproach us, Christian Prince ? What brought thee hither ?  
 What else but bigotry ? What dost thou here ?  
 What else but persecute ?—The truth is great,  
 Greater than thee, and I will give it way ;  
 Even thou thyself, in all thy rage wilt hear it.

*Edw.* Away ! restrain thy foul licentious speech !  
 With thee, vile dervise, what have I to do ?

I lose my hour of vengeance, I debase me,  
To hold this talk with thee.

*Selim.* While truth and reason  
Speak from my tongue, vile dervise as I am,  
Yet am I greater than the highest monarch,  
Who, from blind fury, grows the slave of passion.  
Besides, I come to justify a prince,  
Howe'er in other qualities below thee,  
In love of goodness, truth, humanity,  
And honour, sir, thy equal—yes, thy equal!

*Edw.* My equal, saidst thou?—Ha! presumptuous dervise!  
Thou gnaw'st thy quivering lip—A smother'd passion  
Shakes through thy frame.—What villany is that  
Thou dar'st not utter?—Wert thou not a wretch,  
Protected by the habit!—Hence! away!  
Go tell thy master that I hold him base,  
Beyond the power of words to speak his baseness!  
A coward! an assassinating coward!  
And when I once have dragg'd him from his city,  
Which I will straitway do—I then will make him,  
In all the gall and bitterness of guilt,  
Will make the traitor own it.

*Selim.* [*Discovering himself.*] Never!

*Edw.* Ha!

*Selim.* Thou canst not, haughty monarch!—I am he,  
I am this Selim! this insulted Selim!  
Yet clear as day, and will confound thy passion.

*Edw.* Thou Selim!

*Selim.* I.

*Edw.* Was ever guilt so bold?

*Selim.* Did ever innocence descend to fear?

*Edw.* This bears some show of honour. Wilt thou then  
Decide it by the sword?

*Selim.* I will do more——

*Edw.* How more?

*Selim.* Decide it by superior reason.

*Edw.* No weak evasions.

*Selim.* If I not convince thee,

If by thy self I am not of this crime

Acquitted, then I grant thee thy demand.

Nay more, yon yielded city shall be thine:

For know, hot prince, I should disdain a throne

I could not fill with honour. Were I guilty,

I would not tremble at thy threatening voice;

No, 'tis myself I fear.

*Edw.* What shall I think?

*Selim.* Hear but one witness, and I ask no more,

To clear my name. The witness is a woman.

Her looks are truth; fair uncorrupted faith

Beams from eyes. Thou ne'er canst doubt such beauty;

For 'tis th' expression of a spotless soul.

*Edw.* Curse on thy mean luxurious eastern arts

Of cowardice!—Thou wouldst seduce my vengeance——

But I detest all beauty——Barbarous Sultan!

Ah! thou hast murder'd beauty! thy fell crime——

Haste, Gloster, haste——In sight of camp and city,

Prepare the lists—Now show thyself a prince,

Or die in shameful tortures like a slave.

*Selim.* I came not hither, Prince, to dread thy wrath,

Or court thy mercy.

*Glos.* Sir, you cannot, justly,

Refuse him his demand. The fervent soul

Of undissembled innocence, methinks,

Is felt in what he says. First hear this person,

And if she gives not clear and full conviction,

Have then recourse to what should always be

The last appeal of reasonable beings,  
Brute force.

*Edw.* Enough—conduct her hither, Sultan.—

[*Selim goes out.*]

Ah ! my disorder'd mind ! from thought to thought,  
Uncertain, toss'd, the wreck of stormy passion !  
This rage awhile supports me ; but I feel  
It will desert me soon, and I again  
Shall soon relapse to misery and weakness.  
O, Eleonora ! little didst thou think,  
How deeply wretched thy dire gift of life  
Would make me !

*SELIM enters, conducting ELEONORA, DARAXA, and  
THEALD.*

*Selim.* Raise thine eyes, O, King of England !  
To the bright witness of my blameless honour.

*Edw.* No ; beauty shall no more engage my eyes,  
It shall no more profane the shrine devoted  
To the sweet image of my Eleonora !  
Let her declare her knowledge in this matter.

*Ele.* Will not my Edward bless me with a look ?

*Edw.* What angel borrows Eleonora's voice !——  
O, thou pale shade of her I weep for ever !  
Permit me thus to worship thee—Thou art !——  
Amazing Heaven !—Thou art my Eleonora !  
My dear, my lov'd,  
My living Eleonora !—What—to whom  
Owe I this miracle ? this better life ?  
Oppressive joy !—owe I my Eleonora ?

*Ele.* To him, that generous prince, who put his life,  
His honour on the desperate risque to save me,  
When number'd with the dead ; who brought, himself,



A swift and powerful remedy, by which  
I am to light restor'd—to thee, my Edward!

*Edw.* To him! to him!—O, monstrous! whom I, thus,  
Have with such inhumanity insulted!  
Blind, brutish rage! And canst thou then forgive me,  
Thou who hast o'er me gain'd that noblest triumph,  
The triumph of humanity?—Thou canst.  
'Tis easier for the generous to forgive  
Than for offence to ask it.

*Selim.* Use not, prince,  
So harsh a word. More than forgive, I love  
Thy noble heat, thy beautiful disorder.  
O! I am too much man, I feel, myself,  
Too much the charming force of human passions,  
E'er to pretend with supercilious brow,  
With proud affected virtue, to disdain them.

*Ele.* Exalted, glorious chief! hence let us learn,  
(Deficient in ourselves!) coolly to judge,  
And cautiously arraign another's heart.  
Misled by warmth, by prejudice, or pride,  
How oft hath passion's hasty tongue proclaim'd  
What cool reflection shudder'd to repeat!  
Join then, my Edward, join in grateful thanks  
To this our guardian angel, gen'rous Selim;  
To him and Heaven! whose wonder-working hand  
Turns tears to smiles, affliction to delight.

*Edw.* Take, with the o'er-flowings of a grateful heart,  
Thy good, thy lov'd Daraxa, whom I meant  
To have restor'd, when this misfortune happen'd;  
But secret-working Heaven ordain'd her stay,  
To save us all.

*Selim.* Wert thou the lord of earth,  
Thou couldst not give me more!—My dear Daraxa!

*Dar.* Ah! why from me conceal this blest event?  
Yet pardon!—Ev'ry painful thought is lost  
In Selim's love and Eleonora's safety.

*Edw.* Hence, to the camp, my Gloster—Bid the soldiers  
Forsake the trenches—Let unbounded joy  
Reign, fearless, o'er the mingled camp and city—  
Go, tell my faithful soldiers, that their queen,  
My Eleonora lives! a prize beyond  
The chance of war to give! She lives to soften  
My too imperious temper, and to make them,  
To make my people happy.

*Ele.* Transporting bliss!—How bountiful is Heaven!  
Depressing often, but to raise us more.  
Let never those despair who follow virtue.

*Edw.* Love—gratitude—divide me—Once more, Sultan,  
Forgive me; pardon my mistaken zeal,  
That left my country, cross'd the stormy seas,  
To war with thee, brave prince, to war with honour.  
Now that my passions give me leave to think—  
The hand of Heaven appears in what I suffer'd.

*Selim.* It does, O king. And venerable Christian,  
I know thy moderation will excuse me.  
“But since by ruling wisdom, (who unweigh'd,  
“Unmeant, does nought) men are so various made,  
“So various turn'd, that in opinion they  
“Must blindly think, or take a different way;”  
And, spite of force, since judgment will be free,  
This righteous medium be our future guide!  
Let holy rage, let persecution cease,  
Let the head argue, but the heart be peace.  
Let all mankind in love of what is right,  
In virtue and humanity unite. [Exeunt omnes.

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## EPILOGUE.

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Written by R. SHERIDAN, Esq.---Spoken by Mrs. MATTOCKS.

*WE wedded critics,\* who have mark'd our tale,  
How say you? Does our plot in Nature fail?  
May we not boast that many a modern wife,  
Would lose her own to save a husband's life?  
Would gladly die—O, monstrous and ill-bred,  
There's not a husband here but shakes his head!*

*But you, my gall'ry friends†—Come, what say you?  
Your wives are with you—shake their noddles too!*

*Above there—hey, lads‡—You'll not treat us so—  
You side with us?—They grin and grumble no!*

*Yet hold—though these plain folks traduce their doxies,  
Sure we have Eleonora's in the boxes!*

*Inhuman beaux! why thà' ill-natur'd sneer?  
What then you think there's no such ideot here?*

*There are, no doubt, though rare to find I know,  
Who could love husbands, yet survive the blow;  
Two years a wife—view Lesbia, sobbing, crying,  
Her chair is waiting—but my lord is dying;  
Preparing for the worst! she tells her maid  
To countermand her points and new brocade;  
For O! if I should lose the best of men,  
Heaven knows when I shall see the club again.*

---

\* To the Pit.

† First Gallery.

‡ Second Gallery.

' So, Lappet, should he die while I am out,  
 ' You'll send for me at Lady Basto's rout ;  
 ' The doctor said he might hold out till three,  
 ' But I ha'n't spirits for the Coterie !'

Now change the scene—place madam in the fever,  
 My lord, for comfort, at the SCAVOIR VIVRE :  
 His valet enters—shakes his meagre head,  
 ' CHAPEAU—what news ?'—' Ah, sir, me lady dead !'  
 ' The deuce ! 't is sudden, faith—but four days sick !——  
 ' Well, seven's the main—(poor Kate)—eleven's a nick.

But hence reflections on a senseless train,  
 Who, lost to real joy, should feel no pain :  
 'Mongst Britain's daughters still can Hymen's light  
 Reveal the love which charm'd your hearts to-night ;  
 Shew beauteous martyrs who would each prefer,  
 To die for him, who long has liv'd for her ;  
 Domestic heroines, who, with fondest care  
 Outsmile a husband's griefs—or claim a share :  
 Search where the rankling evils most abound,  
 And heal, with cherub-lip, the poison'd wound.

Nay, such bright virtues in a royal mind  
 Were not alone to Edward's days confin'd ;  
 Still, still they beam around Britannia's throne,  
 And grace an Eleonora of our own.

---

7 JU 52

THE END.



7 JU 52



Roberts del.

Wilson sc.

MISS HEARD as AURELIA.

—And I like him for his affection to my young person.

London Printed for G. Cawthorn, British Library, St. 2nd, Est. 1736.



Burney del

London Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, July 25, 95

Fuller sculp

7 JU 52



THE  
*TWIN RIVALS.*

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A  
*COMEDY,*

---

*BY MR. GEORGE FARQUHAR.*

---

ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,  
AS PERFORMED AT  
*THE THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.*

---

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

*By Permission of the Manager.*

---

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

---

LONDON:

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*Printed for the Proprietor, under the Direction of JOHN BELL,*  
*British Library, STRAND,*  
Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

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MDCCXCV.

THE  
TWO RIVALS

COMEDY

BY MR. GEORGE FARQUHAR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION

OF THE THEATRE OF THE PATENT



LONDON

Printed by the Theatre of the Patent, under the Direction of John Bland

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LONDON

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TO  
HENRY BRETT, Esq.

---

*THE Commons of England have a right of petitioning; and since, by your place in the senate, you are obliged to hear and redress the subject, I presume upon the privilege of the people, to give you the following trouble.*

*As prologues introduce plays on the stage, so dedications usher them into the great theatre of the world; and as we chose some staunch actor to address the audience, so we pitch upon some gentleman of undisputed ingenuity to recommend us to the reader. Books, like metals, require to be stamped with some valuable effigies before they become popular and current.*

*To escape the critics, I resolved to take sanctuary with one of the best; one who differs from the fraternity in this, that his good-nature is ever predominant; can discover an author's smallest faults, and pardon the greatest.*

*Your generous approbation, sir, has done this play service, but has injured the author; for it has made him insufferably vain, and he thinks himself authorised to stand up for the merit of his performance, when so great a master of wit has declared in his favour.*

*The muses are the most coquetish of their sex, fond of being admired, and always putting on their best airs to the finest gentleman; but, alas, sir! their addresses are stale, and their fine things but repetition; for there is nothing new in wit, but what is found in your own conversation.*

*Could I write by the help of study, as you talk without it, I would venture to say something in the usual strain of dedication; but as you have too much wit to suffer it, I too little to undertake it, I hope the world will excuse my deficiency, and you will pardon the presumption of,*

*Sir,*

*Your most obliged, and*

*Most humble servant,*

Dec. 23, 1702.

---

G. FARQUHAR.

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## PREFACE.

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THE success and countenance that debauchery has met with in plays, was the most severe and reasonable charge against their authors in Mr. Collier's Short View; and indeed this gentleman had done the drama considerable service, had he arraigned the stage only to punish its misdemeanors, and not to take away its life. But there is an advantage to be made sometimes of the advice of an enemy, and the only way to disappoint his designs, is to improve upon his invectives, and to make the stage flourish, by the virtue of that satire by which he thought to suppress it.

I have, therefore, in this piece, endeavoured to shew, that an English comedy may answer the strictness of poetical justice: but indeed the greater share of the English audience (I mean that part which is no farther read than in plays of their own language) have imbibed other principles, and stand up as vigorously for the old poetic licence, as they do for the liberty of the subject. They take all innovations for grievances; and let a project be never so well laid for their advantage, yet the undertaker is very likely to suffer by it. A play without a beau, cully, cuckold, or coquet, is as poor an entertainment to some palates, as their Sunday's dinner would be without beef and pudding. And this I take to be one reason that the galleries were so thin during the run of this play. I thought indeed to have soothed the splenetic zeal of the city, in making a gentleman a knave, and punishing their great grievance---a whoremaster: but a certain virtuoso of that fraternity has told me since, that the citizens were never more disappointed in any entertainment; for (said he) however pious we may appear to be at home, yet we never go to that end of the town but with an intention to be lewd.

There was an odium cast upon this play, before it appeared, by some persons who thought it their interest to have it suppressed. The ladies were frighted from seeing it, by formidable stories of a mid-wife, and were told, no doubt, that they must expect no less than a labour upon the stage; but I hope the examining into that aspersion will be enough to wipe it off, since the character of the mid-wife is only so far touched as is necessary for carrying on the plot, she being principally decyphered in her procuring capacity; and I dare not affront the ladies so far, as to imagine they could be offended at the exposing of a bawd.

Some critics complain, that the design is defective for want of Clelia's appearance in the scene; but I had rather they should find this fault, than I forfeit my regard to the fair, by shewing a lady of figure under a misfortune; for which reason I only made her nominal, and chose to expose the person that injured her. And if the ladies don't agree that I have done her justice in the end, I am very sorry for it.

Some people are apt to say, that the character of Richmore points at a particular person; though I must confess, I see nothing but what is very general in his character, except his marrying his own mistress; which by the way he never did, for he was no sooner off the stage, but he changed his mind, and the poor lady is still in *statu quo*: but upon the whole matter 'tis application only makes the ass; and characters in plays, are like Long-lane clothes, not hung out for the use of any particular person, but to be bought by only those they happen to fit.

The most material objection against this play is the importance of the subject, which necessarily leads into sentiments too great for diversion, and supposes vices too great for comedy to punish. 'Tis said, I must own, that the business of comedy is chiefly to ridicule folly, and that the punishment of vice falls rather into the province of tragedy; but if there be a middle sort of wickedness, too high for the sock, and too low for the buskin, is there any reason that it should go unpunished? What are more obnoxious to humane society, than the villains exposed in this play, the frauds, plots and contrivances upon the fortunes of men, and the virtue of women? But the persons are too mean for heroic; then what must we do with them? Why, they must of necessity drop into comedy: for 'tis unreasonable to imagine that the law-givers in poetry would tie themselves up from executing that justice which is the foundation of their constitution; or to say, that exposing vice is the business of the drama, and yet make rules to screen it from persecution.

Some have asked the question, why the elder Wou'dbe, in the fourth act, should counterfeit madness in his confinement? Don't mistake; there was no such thing in his head; and the judicious could easily perceive that it was only a start of humour put on to divert his melancholy; and when gaiety is strained to cover misfortune, it may very naturally be overdone, and rise to a semblance of madness, sufficient to impose on the constable, and perhaps on some of the audience; who taking every thing at sight, impute that as a fault, which I am bold to stand up for, as one of the most masterly strokes of the whole piece.

---

This I think sufficient to obviate what objections I have heard made; but there was no great occasion for making this defence, having had the opinion of some of the greatest persons in England, both for quality and parts, that the play has merit enough to hide more faults than have been found; and I think their approbation sufficient to excuse some pride that may be incident to the author upon this performance.

I must own myself obliged to Mr. Longueville for some lines in the part of Teague, and something of the lawyer; but above all, for his hint of the Twins, upon which I formed my plot: but having paid him all due satisfaction and acknowledgment, I must do myself the justice to believe, that few of our modern writers have been less beholden to foreign assistance in their plays, than I have been in the following scenes.

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## PROLOGUE.

---

By Mr. MOTTEUX. [An Alarm sounded.]

*WITH drums and trumpets in this warring age,  
A martial prologue should alarm the stage.  
New plays—e'er acted, a full audience near,  
Seem towns invested, when a siege they fear.  
Prologues are like a forlorn hope sent out  
Before the play, to skirmish and to scout :  
Our dreadful foes, the critics, when they spy,  
They cock, they charge, they fire—then back they fly.  
The siege is laid—their gallant chiefs abound,  
Here—foes intrench'd, there—glittering troops around,  
And the loud batt'ries roar—from yonder rising ground.  
In the first act, brisk sallies, (miss or hit)  
With volleys of small shot, or snip-snap wit,  
Attack, and gall the trenches of the pit.  
The next—the fire continues, but at length  
Grows less, and slackens like a bridegroom's strength.  
The third, feints, mines, and countermines abound,  
Your critic engineers, safe under-ground,  
Blow up our works, and all our art confound.  
The fourth—brings on most action, and 't is sharp,  
Fresh foes crowd on, at your remissness carp,  
And desp'rate, tho' unskill'd, insult our counterscarp.  
Then comes the last ; the general storm is near,  
The poet-governor now quakes for fear ;  
Runs wildly up and down, forgets to uff,  
And would give all he's plunder'd—to get off.  
So—Don, and Monsieur—Bluff, before the siege,  
Were quickly tam'd—at Venlo, and at Liege :*



---

'Twas *Viva Spagna! Vive France!* before;  
Now, *Quartier: Monsieur! Quartier! Ah! Senor!*  
*But what your resolution can withstand?*  
*You master all, and awe the sea and land.*  
*In war—your valour makes the strong submit;*  
*Your judgment humbles all attempts in wit.*  
*What play, what fort, what beauty can endure*  
*All fierce assaults, and always be secure!*  
*Then grant 'em gen'rous terms who dare to write,*  
*Since now—that seems as desp'rate as to fight:*  
*If we must yield—yet e'er the day be fix'd,*  
*Let us hold out the third—and, if we may, the sixth.*

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**Dramatis Personae.**

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**COVENT-GARDEN.**

---

*Men.*

ELDER WOU'DEE,	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
YOUNG WOU'DEE,	-	-	Mr. Lee Lewes.
RICHMORE,	-	-	Mr. Whitfield.
TRUEMAN,	-	-	Mr. Lewis.
SUBTLEMAN,	-	-	Mr. Wewitzer.
BALDERDASH, an Alderman,	-	-	Mr. Booth.
CLEAR-ACCOUNT, a Steward,	-	-	Mr. Lestrangle.
FAIRBANK, a Goldsmith,	-	-	Mr. Fearon.
TEAGUE,	-	-	Mr. Egan.

*Women.*

CONSTANCE,	-	-	Mrs. Jackson.
AURELIA,	-	-	Mrs. Bulkley.
MIDNIGHT,	-	-	Mrs. Pitt.
Steward's Wife,	-	-	Mrs. Poussin.

Constables, Watch, &c.

SCENE, London.

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THE  
TWIN RIVALS.

---

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Lodgings. The Curtain drawn up, discovers Young Wou'dbe dressing, and his Valet buckling his shoes.*

*Young Wou'dbe.*

THERE is such a plague every morning with buckling shoes, gartering, combing, and powdering——Pshaw! cease thy impertinence, I'll dress no more to-day.——Were I an honest brute that rises from his litter, shakes himself, and so is drest, I could bear it.

*Enter RICHMORE.*

*Rich.* No farther yet, Wou'dbe! 'Tis almost one.

*Y. Wou.* Then blame the clock-makers, they made it so——Pr'ythee, what have we to do with time?——Can't we let it alone as nature made it? Can't a man eat when he's hungry, go to bed when he's sleepy, rise when he wakes, dress when he pleases, without the confinement of hours to enslave him?

*Rich.* Pardon me, sir, I understand your stoicism——You have lost your money last night.

*Y. Wou.* No, no, fortune took care of me there——I had none to lose.

*Rich.* 'Tis that gives you the spleen.

" Y. Wou. Yes, I have got the spleen and something  
 " else——Heark 'e——

" Rich. How!

[*Whispers.*]

" Y. Wou. Positively. The lady's kind reception was  
 " the most severe usage I ever met with.—Sha'n't I break  
 " her windows, Richmore?

" Rich. A mighty revenge, truly. Let me tell you,  
 " friend, that breaking the windows of such houses are no  
 " more than writing over a vintner's door as they do in  
 " Holland——*Vin te koop*. 'Tis no more than a bush to the  
 " tavern, a decoy to the trade, and to draw in customers:  
 " but, upon the whole matter, I think a gentleman should put  
 " up an affront got in such little company; for the pleasure,  
 " the pain, and the resentment, are all alike, scandalous.

" Y. Wou. Have you forgot, Richmore, how I found you  
 " one morning with the Flying-Post in your hand, hunting  
 " for physical advertisements?

" Rich. That was in the days of dad, my friend, in the  
 " days of dirty linen, pit-masks, hedge-taverns, and beef-  
 " steaks: but now I fly at nobler game, the Ring, the  
 " Court, Paulet's, and the Park. I despise all women that  
 " I apprehend any danger from, less than the having my  
 " throat cut; and should scruple to converse even with a  
 " lady of fortune, unless her virtue were loud enough to  
 " give me pride in exposing it. Here's a letter I received  
 " this morning; you may read it. " [*Gives a letter.*]

" Y. Wou. [*Reads.*]

" If there be solemnity in protestation, justice in Hea-  
 " ven, or fidelity on earth, I may still depend on the faith  
 " of my Richmore. Though I may conceal my love, I no  
 " longer can hide the effects on't from the world——Be  
 " careful of my honour, remember your vows, and fly to  
 " the relief of the disconsolate

CLELIA.



“ The fair, the courted, blooming Clelia !

“ *Rich.* The credulous, troublesome, foolish Clelia. Did  
 “ you ever read such a fulsome harangue ?—Lord, sir, I am  
 “ near my time, and want your assistance.—Does the silly  
 “ creature imagine that any man would come near her in  
 “ those circumstances, unless it were doctor Chamberlain  
 “ —You may keep the letter.

“ *Y. Wou.* But why would you trust it with me ?—You  
 “ know I can’t keep a secret that has any scandal in ’t.

“ *Rich.* For that reason I communicate it. I know thou  
 “ art a perfect Gazette, and will spread the news all over  
 “ the town : for you must understand that I am now besieg-  
 “ ing another ; and I would have the fame of my conquest  
 “ upon the wing, that the town may surrender the sooner.

“ *Y. Wou.* But if the report of your cruelty goes along  
 “ with that of your valour, you ’ll find no garrison of any  
 “ strength will open their gates to you.

“ *Rich.* No, no, women are cowards, the terror prevails  
 “ upon them more than clemency ; my best pretence to my  
 “ success with the fair, is my using them ill ; ’tis turning  
 “ their own guns upon them, and I have always found it the  
 “ most successful battery to assail one reputation by sacri-  
 “ ficing another.

“ *Y. Wou.* I could love thee for thy mischief, did I not  
 “ envy thee for thy success in it.”

*Rich.* You never attempt a woman of figure.

*Y. Wou.* How can I ? This confounded hump of mine is  
 such a burden to my back, that it presses me down here in  
 the dirt and diseases of Covent-Garden, the low suburbs of  
 pleasure—Curs’d fortune ! I am a younger brother, and  
 yet cruelly deprived of my birth-right, a handsome person ;  
 seven thousand a year in a direct line, would have straight-  
 ened my back to some purpose—But I look, in my present

circumstances, like a branch of another kind, grafted only upon the stock, which makes me grow so crooked.

*Rich.* Come, come, 't is no misfortune, your father is so as well as you.

*Y. Wou.* Then why should not I be a lord as well as he? Had I the same title to the deformity, I could bear it.

*Rich.* But how does my Lord bear the absence of your twin-brother?

*Y. Wou.* My twin-brother? Ay, 't was his crowding me that spoiled my shape, and his coming half an hour before me that ruined my fortune. My father expelled me his house some two years ago, because I would have persuaded him that my twin-brother was a bastard. He gave me my portion, which was about fifteen hundred pounds, and I have spent two thousand of it already. As for my brother, he don't care a farthing for me.

*Rich.* Why so, pray?

*Y. Wou.* A very odd reason—Because I hate him.

*Rich.* How should he know that?

*Y. Wou.* Because he thinks it reasonable it should be so.

*Rich.* But did your actions ever express any malice to him?

*Y. Wou.* Yes: I would fain have kept him company; but being aware of my kindness, he went abroad. He has travelled these five years, and I am told, is a grave, sober fellow, and in danger of living a great while: all my hope is, that when he gets into his honour and estate, the nobility will soon kill him by drinking him up to his dignity. But come, Frank, I have but two eye-sores in the world, a brother before me, and a hump behind me, and thou art still laying them in my way: let us assume an argument of less severity. Can'st thou lend me a brace of hundred pounds?

*Rich.* What would you do with them?

*Y. Wou.* Do with them! There's a question, indeed—  
Do you think I would eat them.

*Rich.* Yes, o' my troth would you, and drink them together. Look 'e, Mr. Wou'dbe, whilst you kept well with your father, I could have ventured to have lent you five guineas. But as the case stands, I can assure you, I have lately paid off my sister's fortune, and——

*Y. Wou.* Sir, this put-off looks like an affront, when you know I do n't use to take such things.

*Rich.* Sir, your demand is rather an affront, when you know I don't use to give such things.

*Y. Wou.* Sir, I'll pawn my honour.

*Rich.* That's mortgaged already for more than it is worth; you had better pawn your sword there, 't will bring you forty shillings.

*Y. Wou.* 'Sdeath, sir—— [*Takes his sword off the table.*]

*Rich.* Hold, Mr. Wou'dbe——suppose I put an end to your misfortunes all at once.

*Y. Wou.* How, sir?

*Rich.* Why, go to a magistrate, and swear you would have robbed me of two hundred pounds.—“Look 'e, sir, “you have been often told, that your extravagance would “some time or other be the ruin of you; and it will go a “great way in your indictment, to have turned the pad “upon your friend.”

*Y. Wou.* This usage is the height of ingratitude from you, in whose company I have spent my fortune.

*Rich.* I'm therefore a witness, that it was very ill spent—Why would you keep company, be at equal expences with me that have fifty times your estate? What was gallantry in me, was prodigality in you: mine was my health, because I could pay for it; yours a disease, because you could not.

*Y. Wou.* And is this all I must expect from our friendship?

*Rich.* Friendship! Sir, there can be no such thing without an equality.

*Y. Wou.* That is, there can be no such thing when there occasion for 't.

*Rich.* Right, sir, our friendship was over a bottle only; and whilst you can pay your club of friendship, I'm that way your humble servant; but when you once come borrowing, I'm this way—your humble servant. [Exit.

*Y. Wou.* Rich, big, proud, arrogant villain! I have been twice his second, thrice sick of the same love, and thrice cured by the same physic, and now he drops me for a trifle—That an honest fellow in his cups should be such a rogue when he is sober!—The narrow-hearted rascal has been drinking coffee this morning. Well, thou dear solitary half-crown, adieu!—Here, Jack, take this, pay for a bottle of wine, and bid Balderdash bring it himself. [Exit Serv.] How melancholy are my poor breeches; not one chink!—Thou art a villanous hand, for thou hast picked my pocket. —This vintner now has all the marks of an honest fellow, a broad face, a copious look, a strutting belly, and a jolly mien. I have brought him above three pounds a night for these two years successively. The rogue has money, I'm sure, if he would but lend it.

*Enter BALDERDASH, with a bottle and glass.*

Oh, Mr. Balderdash, good-morrow.

*Bald.* Noble Mr. Wou'dbe, I'm your most humble servant. I have brought you a whetting-glass, the best Old Hock in Europe; I know 'tis your drink in a morning.

*Y. Wou.* I'll pledge you, Mr. Balderdash.

*Bald.* Your health, sir. [Drinks.

*Y. Wou.* Pray, Mr. Balderdash, tell me one thing, but first sit down: now tell me plainly what you think of me?



*Bald.* Think of you, sir! I think that you are the honestest, noblest gentleman, that ever drank a glass of wine; and the best customer that ever came into my house.

*Y. Wou.* And do you really think as you speak?

*Bald.* May this wine be my poison, sir, if I don't speak from the bottom of my heart. [Drinks.]

*Y. Wou.* And how much money do you think I have spent in your house?

*Bald.* Why, truly, sir, by a moderate computation, I do believe, that I have handled of your money, the best part of five hundred pounds within these two years.

*Y. Wou.* Very well! And do you think that you lie under any obligation for the trade I have promoted for your advantage?

*Bald.* Yes, sir; and if I can serve you in any respect, pray command me to the utmost of my ability.

*Y. Wou.* Well! thanks to my stars, there is still some honesty in wine. Mr. Balderdash, I embrace you and your kindness: I am at present a little low in cash, and must beg you to lend me a hundred pieces.

*Bald.* Why truly, Mr. Wou'dbe, I was afraid it would come to this; I have had it in my head several times to caution you upon your expences: but you were so very genteel in my house, and your liberality became you so very well, that I was unwilling to say any thing that might check your disposition; but truly, sir, I can forbear no longer to tell you, that you have been a little too extravagant.

*Y. Wou.* But since you reaped the benefit of my extravagance, you will, I hope, consider my necessity.

*Bald.* Consider your necessity; I do with all my heart; and must tell you, moreover, that I will no longer be necessary to it: I desire you, sir, to frequent my house no more.

*Y. Wou.* How, sir!

*Bald.* I say, sir, that I have an honour for my good lord your father, and will not suffer his son to run into any inconvenience: Sir, I shall order my drawers not to serve you with a drop of wine. Would you have me connive at a gentleman's destruction?

*Y. Wou.* But methinks, sir, that a person of your nice conscience should have cautioned me before.

*Bald.* Alas! sir, it was none of my business: would you have me be saucy to a gentleman that was my best customer? Lack-a-day, sir, had you money to hold it out still, I had been hanged rather than be rude to you—But truly, sir, when a man is ruined, 'tis but the duty of a Christian to tell him of it.

*Y. Wou.* Will you lend me money, sir?

*Bald.* Will you pay me this bill, sir?

*Y. Wou.* Lend me the hundred pound, and I'll pay the bill—

*Bald.* Pay me the bill, and I will—not lend you the hundred pound, sir.—But pray consider with yourself, now, sir; would not you think me an errant coxcomb, to trust a person with money that has always been so extravagant under my eye? whose profuseness I have seen, I have felt, I have handled? Have not I known you, sir, throw away ten pounds a-night upon a covey of pit-partridges and a setting-dog? Sir, you have made my house an ill house: my very chairs will bear you no longer.—In short, sir, I desire you to frequent the Crown no more, sir.

*Y. Wou.* Thou sophisticated ton of iniquity: have I fattened your carcass, and swelled your bags with my vital blood? Have I made you my companion to be thus saucy to me? But now I will keep you at your due distance.

[Kicks him.

*Ser.* Welcome, sir!

[Kicks him.

Y. Wou. Well said, Jack. [Kicks him again.]

Ser. Very welcome, sir! I hope we shall have your company another time. Welcome, sir! [He is kicked off.]

Y. Wou. Pray wait on him down stairs, and give him a welcome at the door too. [Exit Serv.] This is the punishment of hell; the very devil that tempted me to sin now upbraids me with the crime. I have villanously murdered my fortune, and now its ghost, in the lank shape of poverty, haunts me. Is there no charm to conjure down the fiend?

*Re-enter Servant.*

Ser. Oh, sir! here's sad news.

Y. Wou. Then keep it to thyself, I have enough of that already.

Ser. You will hear it too soon.

Y. Wou. What! is Broad below?

Ser. No, no, sir; better twenty such as he were hanged. Sir, your father's dead.

Y. Wou. My father!—Good night, my lord. Has he left me any thing?

Ser. I heard nothing of that, sir.

Y. Wou. Then I believe you heard all there was of it. Let me see—my father dead, and my elder brother abroad—If Necessity be the mother of Invention, she was never more pregnant than with me. [Pauses.] Here, sirrah, run to Mrs. Midnight, and bid her come hither presently. [Exit Servant.] That woman was my mother's midwife when I was born, and has been my bawd these ten years. I have had her endeavours to corrupt my brother's mistress; and now her assistance will be necessary to cheat him of his estate; for she's famous for understanding the right-side of a woman, and the wrong-side of the law. [Exit.]

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SCENE II.

*Changes to Midnight's House. Enter MIDNIGHT and Maid.*

*Mid.* Who's there?

*Maid.* Madam.

*Mid.* Has any message been left for me to-day?

*Maid.* Yes, madam; here has been one from my Lady Stillborn, that desired you not to be out of the way, for she expected to cry out every minute.

*Mid.* How! every minute!—Let me see—[*Takes out her pocket-book.*] Stillborn—Ay, she reckons with her husband from the first of April; and with Sir James from the first of March.—Ay, she's always a month before her time. [*Knocking at the door.*] Go, see who's at the door.

*Maid.* Yes, madam.

[*Exit Maid.*]

*Mid.* Well! certainly there is not a woman in the world so willing to oblige mankind as myself; and really I have been so ever since the age of twelve, as I can remember. "I have delivered as many women of great bellies, and helped as many to them as any person in England;" but my watching and cares have broken me quite, I am not the same woman I was forty years ago.

*Enter RICHMORE.*

Oh, Mr. Richmore! you're a sad man, a barbarous man, so you are. What will become of poor Clelia, Mr. Richmore? The poor creature is so big with her misfortunes, that they are not to be borne. [*Weeps.*]

*Rich.* You, Mrs. Midnight, are the fittest person in the world to ease her of them.

*Mid.* And won't you marry her, Mr. Richmore?



*Rich.* My conscience won't allow it; for I have sworn since to marry another.

*Mid.* And will you break your vows to Clelia?

*Rich.* Why not, when she has broke her's to me?

*Mid.* How's that, sir?

*Rich.* Why she swore a hundred times never to grant me the favour, and yet, you know, she broke her word.

*Mid.* But she lov'd, Mr. Richmore, and that was the reason she forgot her oath.

*Rich.* And I love Mr. Richmore, and that is the reason I forgot mine. "Why should she be angry that I follow her own example, by doing the very same thing from the very same motive?"

*Mid.* Well, well! take my word, you'll never thrive. "I wonder how you can have the face to come near me, that am the witness of your horrid oaths and imprecations! Are you not afraid that the guilty chamber above-stairs should fall down upon your head? Yes, yes, I was accessory, I was so!—but if ever you involve my honour in such a villany a second time—Ah, poor Clelia! I loved her as I did my own daughter—you seducing man."

[Weeps.]

*Rich.* Heigho, my Aurelia.

*Mid.* Hey, ho! she's very pretty.

*Rich.* Dost thou know her, my dear Midnight?

"*Mid.* Hey, ho! she's very pretty. Ah, you're a sad man. Poor Clelia was handsome, but indeed, breeding, puking, and longing, has broken her much. 'Tis a hard case, Mr. Richmore, for a young lady to see a thousand things, and long for a thousand things, and yet not dare to own that she longs for one. She had liked to have mis-carried the other day for the pith of a loin of veal. Ah, you barbarous man!"

“ *Rich.* But my Aurelia! confirm me that you know her,  
“ and I’ll adore you.”

*Mid.* You would fling five hundred guineas at my head,  
that you knew as much of her as I do. Why, sir, I brought  
her into the world; I have had her sprawling in my lap.  
Ah! she was as plump as a puffin, sir.

*Rich.* I think she has no great portion to value herself  
upon; her reputation only will keep up the market. We  
must first make that cheap, by crying it down, and then  
she’ll part with it at an easy rate.

*Mid.* But won’t you provide for poor Clelia?

*Rich.* Provide! why ha’n’t I taught her a trade?—Let  
her set up when she will, I’ll engage her customers enough,  
because I can answer for the goodness of her ware.

*Mid.* Nay, but you ought to set her up with credit, and  
take a shop; that is, get her a husband. Have you no pretty  
gentleman, your relation now, that wants a young virtuous  
lady with a handsome fortune? No young Templar that has  
spent his estate in the study of the law, and starves by the  
practice? No spruce officer that wants a handsome wife to  
make court for him among the major-generals? Have you  
none of these, sir?

“ *Rich.* Pho, pho, madam—you have tired me upon that  
“ subject. Do you think a lady that gave me so much trou-  
“ ble before possession, shall ever give me any after it? No,  
“ no; had she been more obliging to me when I was in her  
“ power, I should be more civil to her now she’s in mine:  
“ my assiduity before-hand was an over price; had she made  
“ a merit of the matter, she should have yielded sooner.

“ *Mid.* Nay, nay, sir; though you have no regard for  
“ her honour, yet you shall protect mine: how d’ye think  
“ I have secured my reputation so long among the people of  
“ the best figure, but by keeping all mouths stopped? Sir,

" I'll have no clamours at me. Heavens help me, I have  
 " clamours enough at my door, early and late, in my t'other  
 " capacity. In short, sir, a husband for Clelia, or I banish  
 " you my presence for ever.

" *Rich.* Thou art a necessary devil, and I can't want  
 " thee. [*Aside.*

" *Mid.* Look'e, sir, 't is your own advantage; 't is only  
 " making over your estate into the hands of a trustee; and  
 " though you don't absolutely command the premises, yet  
 " you may exact enough out of them for necessaries, when  
 " you will."

*Rich.* Patience a little, madam! I have a young nephew  
 that is a captain of horse; he mortgaged the last morsel of  
 his estate to me, to make up his equipage for the last cam-  
 paign. Perhaps you know him; he's a brisk fellow, much  
 about court, Captain Trueman.

*Mid.* Trueman! Ads my life, he's one of my babies;—  
 I can tell you the very minute he was born—precisely at  
 three o'clock, next St. George's day, Trueman will be two  
 and twenty; "a stripling," the prettiest good-natured  
 child, and your nephew!—He must be the man, and shall  
 be the man; I have a kindness for him.

*Rich.* But we must have a care; the fellow wants neither  
 sense nor courage.

*Mid.* Phu, phu! never fear her part, she sha'n't want in-  
 structions; and then for her lying-in a little abruptly, 't is  
 my business to reconcile matters there, a fright or a fall ex-  
 cuses that: lard, sir, I do these things every day.

*Rich.* 'T is a pity then to put you out of your road; and  
 Clelia shall have a husband.

*Mid.* Spoke like a man of honour. And now I'll serve  
 you again. This Aurelia, you say——

*Rich.* O, she distracts me! her beauty, family, and vir-  
 tue, make her a noble pleasure.

*Mid.* And you have a mind, for that reason, to get her a husband.

*Rich.* Yes, faith: I have another young relation at Cambridge, he's just a-going into orders; and I think such a fine woman, with fifteen hundred pounds, is a better presentation than any living in my gift; and why should he like the cure the worse, that an incumbent was there before?

*Mid.* Thou art a pretty fellow. At the same moment you would persuade me that you love a woman to madness, you are contriving how to part with her?

*Rich.* If I loved her not to madness, I should not run into these contradictions. Here, my dear mother, Aurelia's the word—— [*Offering her money.*]

*Mid.* Pardon me, sir; [*Refusing the money.*] did you ever know me mercenary? No, no, sir; virtue is it's own reward.

*Rich.* Nay, but madam, I owe you for the teeth-powder you sent me.

*Mid.* O, that's another matter, sir; [*Takes the money.*] I hope you like it, sir.

*Rich.* Extremely, madam. But it was somewhat dear of twenty guineas. [*Aside.*]

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, here is Mr. Wou'dbe's footman below, with a message from his master.

*Mid.* I come to him presently. Do you know that Wou'dbe loves Aurelia's cousin and companion, Mrs. Constance, with the great fortune, and that I solicit for him?

*Rich.* Why, she's engaged to his elder brother:—besides, Young Wou'dbe has no money to prosecute an affair of such consequence. You can have no hopes of success there, I'm sure.

*Mid.* Truly, I have no great hopes: but an industrious body, you know, would do any thing rather than be idle.



The aunt is very near her time, and I have access to the family when I please.

*Rich.* Now I think on't; pr'ythee get the letter from Wou'dbe that I gave him just now; it would be proper to our designs upon Trueman, that it should not be exposed.

*Mid.* And you shewed Clelia's letter to Wou'dbe?

*Rich.* Yes.

*Mid.* Eh, you barbarous man.—Who the devil would oblige you?—What pleasure can you take in exposing the poor creature? Dear little child, 'tis pity, indeed it is.

*Rich.* Madam, the messenger waits below; so I'll take my leave. [Exit.]

*Mid.* Ah, you're a sad man! [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Park. Enter CONSTANCE and AURELIA.*

*Aurelia.*

PR'YTHEE, cousin Constance, be chearful: let the dead lord sleep in peace, and look up to the living;—take pen, ink, and paper, and write immediately to your lover, that he is now a baron of England, and you long to be a baroness.

*Const.* Nay, Aurelia, there is some regard due to the memory of the father, for the respect I bear the son; besides, I do n't know how I could wish my young lord were at home at this juncture: this brother of his—Some mischief will happen—I had a very ugly dream last night—In short, I am eaten up with the spleen.

*Aur.* Come, come, walk about and divert it; the air will do you good; think of other people's affairs a little. When did you see Clelia?

*Const.* I'm glad you mentioned her; don't you observe her gaiety to be much more forced than formerly, her humour don't sit so easy upon her.

*Aur.* No, nor her stays neither, I can assure you.

*Const.* Did you observe how she devoured the pomegranates yesterday?

*Aur.* She talks of visiting her relation in Leicestershire.

*Const.* She fainted away in the country-dance t'other night.

*Aur.* Richmore shunned her in the walk last week.

*Const.* And his footman laughed.

*Aur.* She takes laudanum to make her sleep a nights.

*Const.* Ah, poor Clelia! What will she do, cousin?

*Aur.* Do! Why nothing till the nine months be up.

*Const.* That's cruel, Aurelia; how can you make merry with her misfortunes? I am positive she was no easy conquest; some singular villany has been practised upon her.

*Aur.* Yes, yes, the fellow would be practising upon me too, I thank him.

*Const.* Have a care, cousin, he has a promising person.

*Aur.* Nay, for that matter, his promising person may as soon be broke as his promising vows; "Nature, indeed, has made him a giant, and he wars with heaven like the giants of old."

*Const.* Then why will you admit his visits?

*Aur.* I never did. But all the servants are more his than our own: he has a golden key to every door in the house: besides, he makes my uncle believe that his intentions are honourable; and indeed he has said nothing yet to disprove it. But, cousin, do you see who comes yonder, sliding along the Mall?

*Const.* Captain Trueman! I protest the campaign has improved him; he makes a very clean, well-finished figure.

*Aur.* Youthful, easy, and good-natured. I could wish he would know us.

*Const.* Are you sure he is well-bred?

*Aur.* I tell you he's good-natured; and I take good manners to be nothing but a natural desire to be easy and agreeable to whatever conversation we fall into; and a porter with this is mannerly in his way; and a duke without it has but the breeding of a dancing-master.

*Const.* I like him for his affection to my young lord.

*Aur.* And I like him for his affection to my young person.

*Const.* How, how, cousin! You never told me that?

*Aur.* How should I? He never told it me, but I have discovered it by a great many signs and tokens, that are better security for his heart than ten thousand vows and promises.

*Const.* He's Richmore's nephew.

*Aur.* Ah! would he were his heir too. He's a pretty fellow—but then he's a soldier, and must share his time with his mistress, Honour, in Flanders. No, no, I am resolved against a man that disappears all the summer like a woodcock.

*As these words are spoken, TRUEMAN enters behind them, as passing over the stage.*

*True.* That's for me, whoever spoke it. Aurelia!

*[Surprized. The Ladies turn about.]*

*Const.* What, captain, you're afraid of every thing but the enemy.

*True.* I have reason, ladies, to be most apprehensive where there is most danger: the enemy is satisfied with a leg or an arm, but here I am in hazard of losing my heart.

*Aur.* None in the world, sir; nobody here designs to attack it.

*True.* But suppose it be assaulted, and taken already, madam?

*Aur.* Then we'll return it without ransom.

*True.* But suppose, madam, the prisoner choose to stay where it is.

*Aur.* That were to turn deserter; and you know, captain, what such deserve.

*True.* The punishment it undergoes at this moment,—— shot to death——

*Const.* Nay, then, 't is time for me to put in.—Pray, sir, have you heard the news of my Lord Wou'dbe's death?

*True.* People mind not the death of others, madam, that are expiring themselves. [*To Constance.*] Do you consider, madam, the penalty of wounding a man in the park?

[*To Aurelia.*

*Aur.* “Hey-day! Why, captain, d'ye intend to make a “Vigo business of it, and break the boom at once?” Sir, if you only rally, pray let my cousin have her share; or if you would be particular, pray be more respectful? not so much upon the declaration, I beseech you, sir.

*True.* I have been, fair creature, a perfect coward in my passion; I have had hard strugglings with my fear before I durst engage, and now, perhaps, behave far too desperately.

*Aur.* Sir, I am very sorry you have said so much; for I must punish you for't, though it be contrary to my inclinations. Come, cousin, will you walk?

*Const.* Servant, sir.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

*True.* Charming creature! ‘I must punish you for't, though it be contrary to my inclination.’ Hope and despair in a breath. But I'll think the best. [*Exit.*

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SCENE II.

*Changes to Young Wou'dbe's Lodgings. Young Wou'DBE and MIDNIGHT meeting.*

Y. Wou. Thou life and soul of secret dealings, welcome.

Mid. My dear child, bless thee—Who would have imagined that I brought this great rogue into the world? He makes me an old woman, I protest—But adso, my child, I forgot; I'm sorry for the loss of your father, sorry at my heart, poor man. [*Weeps.*] Mr. Wou'dbe, have you got a drop of brandy in your closet? I an't very well to-day.

Y. Wou. That you sha'n't want: but be pleased to sit, my dear mother. Here, Jack, the brandy bottle. Now, madam, I have occasion to use you in dressing up a handsome cheat for me.

Mid. I defy any chambermaid in England to do it better. I have dressed up a hundred and fifty cheats in my time.

*Enter JACK, with the brandy bottle.*

Here, boy, this glass is too big, carry it away, I'll take a sup out of the bottle.

Y. Wou. Right, madam, and my business being very urgent—In three words, 'tis this——

Mid. Hold, sir, till I take advice of my council.—  
[*Drinks.*] There is nothing more comfortable to a poor creature, and fitter to revive wasting spirits, than a little plain brandy. I an't for your hot spirits, your Rosa Solis, your Ratifa's, your orange-waters, and the like—A moderate glass of cool Nantes is the best thing.

Y. Wou. But to our business, madam—My father is dead, and I have a mind to inherit his estate.

*Mid.* You put the case very well.

*Y. Wou.* One of two things I must choose—either to be a lord or a beggar.

*Mid.* Be a lord to choose—Though I have known some that have chosen both.

*Y. Wou.* I have a brother that I love very well; but since one of us must want, I had rather he should starve than I.

*Mid.* Upon my conscience, dear heart, you're in the right on't.

*Y. Wou.* Now your advice upon these heads.

*Mid.* They be matters of weight, and I must consider.  
[*Drinks.*] Is there a will in the case?

*Y. Wou.* There is; which excludes me from every foot of the estate.

*Mid.* That's bad—Where's your brother?

*Y. Wou.* He's now in Germany, on his way to England, and is expected very soon.

*Mid.* How soon?

*Y. Wou.* In a month, or less.

*Mid.* Oh, oh! A month is a great while! Our business must be done in an hour or two—We must suppose your brother to be dead; nay, he shall be actually dead—and, my lord, my humble service t'ye. [Drinks.]

*Y. Wou.* O, madam, I'm your ladyship's most devoted. Make your words good, and I'll—

*Mid.* Say no more, sir; you shall have it, you shall have it.

*Y. Wou.* Ay, but how, dear Mrs. Midnight?

*Mid.* Mrs. Midnight! Is that all?—Why not mother, aunt, grandmother? Sir, I have done more for you this moment, than all the relations you have in the world.

*Y. Wou.* Let me hear it.

*Mid.* By the strength of this potent inspiration, I have made you a peer of England, with seven thousand pounds a year—My lord, I wish you joy. [Drinks.]

*Y. Wou.* The woman's mad, I believe.

*Mid.* Quick, quick, my lord! counterfeit a letter presently from Germany, that your brother is killed in a duel: let it be directed to your father, and fall into the hands of the steward when you are by. What sort of a fellow is the steward?

*Y. Wou.* Why, a timorous half-honest man, that a little persuasion will make a whole knave. He wants courage to be thoroughly just, or entirely a villain—but good backing will make him either.

*Mid.* And he sha'n't want that! I tell you the letter must come into his hands when you are by; upon this you must take immediate possession, and so you have the best part of the law on your side.

*Y. Wou.* But suppose my brother comes in the mean time.

*Mid.* This must be done this very moment. Let him come when you're in possession, I'll warrant we'll find a way to keep him out.

*Y. Wou.* But how, my dear contriver?

*Mid.* By your father's will, man—your father's will—That is, one that your father might have made, and which we will make for him. I'll send you a nephew of my own, a lawyer, that shall do the business; go, get into possession, I say; let us have but the estate to back the suit, and you'll find the law too strong for justice, I warrant you.

*Y. Wou.* My oracle! How shall we revel in delights when this great prediction is accomplished—But one thing yet remains, my brother's mistress, the charming Constance—Let her be mine—

*Mid.* Pho, pho, she's your's o' course; she's contracted to you: for she's engaged to marry no man but my Lord

Wou'dbe's son and heir; now you being the person, she's recoverable by law.

Y. Wou. Marry her! No, no, she's contracted to him; 'twere injustice to rob a brother of his wife, an easier favour will satisfy me.

Mid. Why, truly, as you say, that favour is so easy, that I wonder they make such a bustle about it.—But get you gone and mind your affairs, I must about mine. Oh! I had forgot—Where's that foolish letter you had this morning from Richmore?

Y. Wou. I have posted it up in the chocolate house.

Mid. Yaw, [*Sbricks.*] I shall fall into fits; hold me.

Y. Wou. No, no, I did but jest; here it is. But be assured, madam, I wanted only time to have exposed it.

Mid. Ah! you barbarous man, why so?

Y. Wou. Because when knaves of our sex, and fools of your's meet, they make the best jest in the world.

Mid. Sir, the world has better share in the jest when we are the knaves and you the fools. But look'e, sir, if ever you open your mouth about this trick—I'll discover all your tricks! therefore silence and safety on both sides.

Y. Wou. Madam, you need not doubt my silence at present, because my own affairs will employ me sufficiently; so there's your letter. [*Gives the letter.*] And now to write my own. [*Exit.*]

Mid. Adieu, my lord. "Let me see—[*Opens the letter and reads.*] 'If there be solemnity in protestations'—'That's foolish, very foolish—Why should she expect solemnity in protestations? Um, um, um,—'I may still depend on the faith of my Richmore.'—Ah! poor Clelia!—'Um, um, um,—'I can no longer hide the effects on't from the world.' The effects on't! How modestly is that expressed? Well, 'tis a pretty letter, and I'll keep it."

[*Puts the letter in her pocket, and exit.*]

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SCENE III.

*Lord Wou'dbe's House. Enter Steward and his Wife.*

*Wife.* You are to blame, you are much to blame, husband, in being so scrupulous.

*Stew.* 'Tis true: this foolish conscience of mine has been the greatest bar to my fortune.

*Wife.* And will ever be so. Tell me but one that thrives, and I'll shew you a hundred that starve by it. Do you think 'tis fourscore pounds a year makes my Lord Gouty's steward's wife live at the rate of four hundred? Upon my word, my dear, I'm as good a gentlewoman as she, and I expect to be maintained accordingly: 'tis conscience I warrant, that buys her the point-heads, and diamond necklace? Was it conscience that bought her the fine house in Jermain-street? Is it conscience that enables the steward to buy, when the lord is forced to sell?

*Stew.* But what would you have me to do?

*Wife.* Do! Now's your time; that small morsel of an estate your lord bought lately, a thing not worth mentioning; take it towards your daughter Molly's portion—What's two hundred a year? 't will never be missed.

*Stew.* 'Tis but a small matter, I must confess; and as a reward for my past faithful service, I think it but reasonable I should cheat a little now.

*Wife.* Reasonable! All the reason that can be. If the ungrateful world won't reward an honest man, why let an honest man reward himself. There's five hundred pounds you received but two days ago, lay them aside—you may easily sink it in the charge of the funeral. Do, my dear, now, kiss me, and do it.

*Stew.* Well, you have such a winning way with you—

But, my dear, I'm so much afraid of my young lord's coming home: he's a cunning close man, they say, and will examine my accounts very narrowly.

*Wife.* Ay, my dear, would you had the younger brother to deal with, you might manage him as you pleased—I see him coming. Let us weep, let us weep.

*[They pull out their handkerchiefs, and seem to mourn.]*

*Enter Young Wou'dbe.*

*Stew.* Ah, sir! we have all lost a father, a friend, and a supporter.

*Y. Wou.* Ay, Mr. Steward, we must submit to fate, as he has done. And it is no small addition to my grief, honest Mr. Clearaccount, that it is not in my power to supply my father's place to you and your's. Your sincerity and justice to the dead merits the greatest regard from those that survive him. Had I but my brother's ability, or he my inclinations, I'll assure you, Mrs. Clearaccount, you should not have such cause to mourn.

*Wife.* Ah, good noble sir!

*Stew.* Your brother, sir, I hear, is a very severe man.

*Y. Wou.* He is what the world calls a prudent man, Mr. Steward: I have often heard him very severe upon men of your business; and has declared, that for form's sake indeed he would keep a steward, but that he would inspect into all his accounts himself.

*Wife.* Aye, Mr. Wou'dbe, you have more sense than to do these things; you have more honour than to trouble your head with your own affairs. Would to heaven we were to serve you.

*Y. Wou.* Would I could serve you, madam—without injustice to my brother.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* A letter for my Lord Wou'dbe.

*Stew.* It comes too late, alas ! for his perusal ; let me see it. [*Opens and reads.*] ' Frankfort, October 10, New Style.' Frankfort ! Where's Frankfort, sir ?

*Y. Wou.* In Germany. This letter must be from my brother ! I suppose he's coming home.

*Stew.* 'Tis none of his hand. Let me see. [*Reads.*

' My lord,

' I am troubled at this unhappy occasion of sending to your lordship. Your brave son, and my dear friend, was yesterday unfortunately killed in a duel by a German Count——'

I shall love a German Count as long as I live. My lord, my lord, now I may call you so, since your elder brother's dead.

*Y. Wou. and Wife.* How !

*Stew.* Read there. [*Gives the letter ; Wou'dbe reads it.*

*Y. Wou.* O, my fate ! a father and a brother in one day ! Heavens ! 'tis too much—Where is the fatal messenger ?

*Ser.* A gentleman, sir, who said he came post on purpose. He was afraid the contents of the letter would unqualify my lord for company, so he would take another time to wait on him.

*Y. Wou.* Nay, then 'tis true ; and there is truth in dreams. Last night I dreamed——

*Wife.* Nay, my lord, I dreamed too. I dreamed I saw your brother dressed in a long minister's gown, (Lord bless us !) with a book in his hand, walking before a dead body to the grave.

*Y. Wou.* Well, Mr. Clearaccount, get mourning ready.

*Stew.* Will your lordship have the old coach covered, or a new one made ?

*Y. Wou.* A new one. The old coach, with the grey horses, I give to Mrs. Clearaccount here; 'tis not fit she should walk the streets.

*Wife.* Heavens bless the German Count, I say—but, my lord——

*Y. Wou.* No reply, madam, you shall have it——And receive it but as the earnest of my favours. Mr. Clearaccount, I double your salary and all the servant's wages, to moderate their grief for our great losses. Pray, sir, take order about these affairs.

*Stew.* I shall, my lord. [Exeunt Stew. and Wife.

*Y. Wou.* So! I have got possession of the castle, and if I had but a little law to fortify me now, I believe we might hold it out a great while. Oh! here comes my attorney.—Mr. Subtleman, your servant.

Enter SUBTLEMAN.

*Subt.* My lord, I wish you joy. My aunt Midnight has sent me to receive your commands.

*Y. Wou.* Has she told you any thing of the affair?

*Subt.* Not a word, my lord.

*Y. Wou.* Why then—come nearer. Can you make a man right heir to an estate during the life of an elder brother.

*Subt.* I thought you had been the eldest.

*Y. Wou.* That we are not yet agreed upon; for you must know, there is an impertinent fellow that takes a fancy to dispute the seniority with me. For look 'e, sir, my mother has unluckily sowed discord in the family, by bringing forth twins: my brother, 'tis true, was first born; but I believe from the bottom of my heart I was the first begotten.

*Subt.* I understand—you are come to an estate and dignity, that by justice indeed is your own, but by law it falls to your brother.



*Y. Wou.* I had rather, Mr. Subtleman, it were his by justice, and mine by law; for I would have the strongest title, if possible.

*Subt.* I am very sorry there should happen any breach between brethren: so I think it would be but a Christian and charitable act to take away all farther disputes, by making you true heir to the estate by the last will of your father.—Look'e, I'll divide stakes—you shall yield the eldership and honour to him, and he shall quit his estate to you.

*Y. Wou.* Why, as you say, I don't much care if I do grant him the eldest, half an hour is but a trifle: but how shall we do about his will? Who shall we get to prove it?

*Subt.* Never trouble yourself for that; I expect a cargo of witnesses and usquebaugh by the first fair wind.

*Y. Wou.* But we can't stay for them: it must be done immediately.

*Subt.* Well, well; we'll find some body, I warrant you, to make oath of his last words.

*Y. Wou.* That's impossible; for my father died of an apoplexy, and did not speak at all.

*Subt.* That's nothing, sir: he's not the first dead man that I have made to speak.

*Y. Wou.* You're a great master of speech, I don't question, sir; and I can assure you there will be ten guineas for every word you extort from him in my favour.

*Subt.* O, sir, that's enough to make your great grandfather speak.

*Y. Wou.* Come, then, I'll carry you to my steward; he shall give you the names of the manors, and the true titles and denominations of the estate, and then you shall go to work.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Changes to the Park. RICHMORE and TRUEMAN meeting.*

*Rich.* O, brave cuz! you are very happy with the fair, I find. Pray which of those two ladies you encountered just now has your adoration?

*True.* She that commands by forbidding it: and since I had courage to declare to herself, I dare now own it to the world—Aurelia, sir, is my angel.

*Rich.* Ha! [*Pauses.*] Sir, I find you're of every body's religion; but methinks you make a bold flight at first: do you think your Captain's pay will stake against so high a gamester?

*True.* What do you mean?

*Rich.* Mean! Bless me, sir, mean! You're a man of mighty honour we all know. But I'll tell you a secret.—The thing is public already.

*True.* I should be proud that all mankind were acquainted with it; I should despise the passion that could make me either ashamed or afraid to own it.

*Rich.* Ha, ha, ha! Pr'ythee, dear Captain, no more of these rhodomontado's; "you may as soon put a standing army upon us" I'll tell you another secret—Five hundred pound is the least penny.

*True.* Nay, to my knowledge, she has fifteen hundred.

*Rich.* Nay, to my knowledge, she took five.

*True.* Took five! How! Where?

*Rich.* In her lap, in her lap, Captain; where should it be?

*True.* I'm amazed.

*Rich.* So am I, that she could be so unreasonable—Fifteen hundred pounds; 'Sdeath! had she that price from you?

*True.* 'Sdeath, I meant her portion.

*Rich.* Why, what have you to do with her portion?

*True.* I loved her up to marriage, by this light.

*Rich.* Marriage! Ha, ha, ha! I love the gypsy for her cunning. A young, easy, amorous, credulous fellow "of two and twenty," was just the game she wanted: I find she presently singled you out from the herd.

*True.* You distract me!

*Rich.* A soldier too, that must follow the wars abroad, and leave her to engagements at home.

*True.* Death and furies! I'll be revenged.

*Rich.* Why, what can you do? You'll challenge her, will you?

*True.* Her reputation was spotless when I went over.

*Rich.* "So was the reputation of Mareschal Boufflers." But d'ye think, that while you were beating the French abroad, that we were idle at home? No, no; we have had our sieges, our capitulations, and surrenders, and all that. We have cut ourselves out good winter quarters as well as you.

*True.* And are you billeted there?

*Rich.* Look'e, Trueman, you ought to be very trusty to a secret, that has saved you from destruction. In plain terms, I have buried five hundred pounds in that little spot, and I should think it very hard, if you took it over my head.

*True.* Not by a lease for life, I can assure you: but I shall——

*Rich.* What? You ha'n't five hundred pounds to give. Look'e, since you can make no sport, spoil none. In a year or two she dwindles to a perfect basset-bank; every body may play at it that pleases, and then you may put in for a piece or two.

*True.* Dear sir, I could worship you for this.

*Rich.* Not for this, nephew! for I did not intend it, but

I came to seek you upon another affair. Were not you at court last night?

*True.* I was.

*Rich.* Did you not talk to Clelia, my Lady Taper's niece?

*True.* A fine woman?

*Rich.* Well; I met her upon the stairs; and handing her to her coach, she asked me, if you were not my nephew? and said two or three warm things, that persuaded me she likes you: her relations have interest at court, and she has money in her pocket.

*True.* But—this devil Aurelia still sticks with me.

*Rich.* What then! The way to love in one place with success, is to marry in another with convenience. Clelia has four thousand pounds; this applied to your reigning ambition, whether love or advancement, will go a great way: and for her virtue, and conduct, be assured that nobody can give a better account of it than myself.

*True.* I am willing to believe from this late accident, that you consult my honour and interest in what you propose; and therefore I am satisfied to be governed.

*Rich.* I see the very lady in the walk. We'll about it.

*True.* I wait on you.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE V.

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*Changes to Lord Wou'dbe's House. Enter Young WOU'DBE, SUBTLEMAN, and Steward.*

*Y. Wou.* Well, Mr. Subtleman, you are sure the will is firm and good in law.

*Subt.* I warrant you, my lord: and for the last words to prove it, here they are. Look'e, Mr. Clearaccount—Yes—that is an answer to the question that was put to him, you



know, by those about him when he was a dying——Yes, or No, he must have said; so we have chosen Yes——‘ Yes, I have made my will, as it may be found in the custody of Mr. Clearaccount, my steward; and I desire it may stand as my last will and testament.’ Did you ever hear a dying man’s words more to the purpose! An apoplexy! I tell you, my Lord, had intervals to the last.

*Stew.* Ay, but how shall these words be proved?

*Subt.* My lord shall speak them now.

*Y. Wou.* Shall he, faith!

*Subt.* Ay, now——if the corps ben’t buried——Look’e, sir, these words must be put into his mouth, and drawn out again before us all: and if they won’t be his last words then—I’ll be perjured.

*Y. Wou.* What, violate the dead! It must not be Mr. Subtleman.

*Subt.* With all my heart, sir! But I think you had better violate the dead of a tooth or so, than violate the living of seven thousand pounds a year.

*Y. Wou.* But is there no other way?

*Subt.* No, sir. Why, d’ye think Mr. Clearaccount here will hazard soul and body to swear they are his last words, unless they be made his last words; for my part, sir, I’ll swear to nothing but what I see with my eyes come out of a man’s mouth.

*Y. Wou.* But it looks so unnatural.

*Subt.* What! to open a man’s mouth, and put in a bit of paper!—This is all.

*Y. Wou.* But the body is cold, and his teeth can’t be got asunder.

*Subt.* But what occasion has your father for teeth now? I tell you what; I knew a gentleman, three days buried, taken out of his grave, and his dead hand set to his last will,

unless somebody made him sign another afterwards; and I know the estate to be held by that tenure to this day: and a firm tenure it is; for a dead hand holds fast; and let me tell you, dead teeth will fasten as hard.

Y. *Wou.* Well, well, use your pleasure, you understand the law best. [*Exeunt Subtleman and Steward.*] What a mighty confusion is brought in families by sudden death? Men should do well to settle their affairs in time. Had my father done this before he was taken ill, what a trouble had he saved us? But he was taken suddenly, poor man!

*Re-enter SUBTLEMAN.*

Subt. Your father still bears you the old grudge, I find: it was with much struggling he consented: I never knew a man so loth to speak in my life.

Y. *Wou.* He was always a man of few words.

Subt. Now I may safely bear witness myself, as the scrivener there present—I love to do things with a clear conscience. [*Subscribes.*

Y. *Wou.* But the law requires three witnesses.

Subt. Oh! I shall pick up a couple more, that perhaps may take my word for it—But is not Mr. Clearaccount in your interest?

Y. *Wou.* I hope so.

Subt. Then he shall be one: a witness in the family goes a great way; besides, these foreign evidences are risen confoundedly since the wars. I hope, if mine escape the privateers, to make an hundred pound an ear of every head of them—But the Steward is an honest man, and shall save you the charges. [*Exit.*

Y. *Wou.* The pride of birth, the heats of appetite, and fear of want, are strong temptations to injustice. But why injustice? The world hath broke all civilities with me, and left me in the eldest state of nature, wild, where force or

cunning first created right. I cannot say I ever knew a father—'Tis true, I was begotten in his life-time, but I was posthumous born, and lived not till he died—My hours indeed I numbered, but never enjoyed them, till this moment.—My brother! What is brother? We are all so; and the first two were enemies. He stands before me in the road of life, to rob me of my pleasures. My senses, formed by nature for delight, are all alarmed. My sight, my hearing, taste and touch, call loudly on me for their objects, and they shall be satisfied. *[Exit.]*

ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Levee. Young Wou'dbe dressing, and several Gentlemen whispering him by turns.*

Young *Wou'dbe*.

SURELY the greatest ornament of quality is a clean and numerous levee; such a croud of attendants for the cheap reward of words and promises, distinguishes the nobility from those that pay wages to their servants.

“ *[A Gentleman whispers.]*

“ Sir, I shall speak to the commissioners, and use all my interest, I can assure you, sir. *[Another whispers.]*

“ Sir, I shall meet some of your board this evening; let me see you to-morrow. *[A third whispers.]*

“ Sir, I'll consider of it.—That fellow's breath stinks of tobacco. *[Aside.]*” O, Mr. Comick, your servant.

*Com.* My lord, I wish you joy; I have something to shew your lordship.

*Y. Wou.* What is it, pray, sir?

*Com.* I have an elegy upon the dead lord, and a panegyric upon the living one: *in utrumque paratus*, my lord.

*Y. Wou.* Ha, ha, very pretty, Mr. Comick—But pray, Mr. Comick, why don't you write plays? It would give one an opportunity of serving you.

*Com.* My lord, I have writ one.

*Y. Wou.* Was it ever acted?

*Com.* No, my lord, but it has been a rehearsing these three years and a half.

*Y. Wou.* A long time. There must be a great deal of business in it surely.

*Com.* No, my lord, none at all.—I have another play just finished, but that I want a plot for't.

*Y. Wou.* A plot! You should read the Italian and Spanish plays, Mr. Comick—I like your verses here mightily.—Here, Mr. Clearaccount.

*Com.* Now for five guineas at least. [Aside.]

*Y. Wou.* Here, give Mr. Comick, give him—give him the Spanish play that lies in the closet window.—“Captain, can I do you any service?”

“*Capt.* Pray, my lord, use your interest with the general for that vacant commission. I hope, my lord, the blood I have already lost may intitle me to spill the remainder in my country's cause.”

“*Y. Wou.* All the reason in the world—captain, you may depend upon me for all the service I can.”

“*Gen.* I hope your lordship won't forget to speak to the general about that vacant commission: although I have never made a campaign, yet, my lord, my interest in the country can raise me men, which, I think, should prefer me to that gentleman, whose bloody disposition frightens the poor people from listing.”

“*Y. Wou.* All the reason in the world—sir, you may depend upon me for all the service in my power.—Captain, I'll do your business for you.—Sir, I'll speak to the general, I shall see him at the house.” [To the Gentleman.]



*Enter a Citizen.*

Oh, Mr. Alderman, your servant.—Gentlemen all, I beg your pardon.

*[Exeunt Levée.]*

Mr. Alderman, have you any service to command me?

*Ald.* Your lordship's humble servant.—I have a favour to beg: You must know, I have a graceless son, a fellow that drinks and swears eternally, keeps a whore in every corner of the town; in short, he's fit for no kind of thing but a soldier. I'm so tir'd of him, that I intend to throw him into the army: let the fellow be ruined if he will.

*Y. Wou.* I commend your paternal care, sir. Can I do you any service in this affair?

*Ald.* Yes, my lord: there is a vacant company in colonel what-d'ye-call-em's regiment, and if your lordship will but speak to the general——

*Y. Wou.* Has your son ever served?

*Ald.* Served! Yes, my lord, he's an ensign in the train-bands now.

*Y. Wou.* Has he ever signalized his courage?

*Ald.* Often, often, my lord; but one day in particular, you must know, his captain was so busy shipping off a cargo of cheese, that he left my son to command in his place. Would you believe it, my lord? he charged up Cheapside in the front of the buff-coats, with such bravery and courage, that I could not forbear wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, for ten thousand such officers on the Rhine. Ah, my lord! we must employ such fellows as he, or we shall never humble the French king—Now, my lord, if you could find a convenient time to hint these things to the general——

*Y. Wou.* All the reason in the world, Mr. Alderman, I'll do you all the service I can.

*Ald.* You may tell him, he's a man of courage, fit for the

service ; and then he loves hardship. He sleeps every other night in the round-house.

Y. Wou. I'll do you all the service I can.

Ald. Then, my lord, he salutes with his pike so very handsomely, it went to his mistress's heart t'other day—and he beats a drum like an angel.

Y. Wou. I'll do you all the service I can.

[*Not taking the least notice of the Alderman all this while, but dressing himself at the glass.*]

Ald. But, my lord, the hurry of your lordship's affairs may put my affairs out of your head ; therefore, my lord, I'll presume to leave you some memorandum.

Y. Wou. I'll do you all the service I can——

[*Not minding him.*]

Ald. Pray, my lord, [*Pulling him by the sleeve.*] give me leave, for a memorandum ; my glove, I suppose, will do. Here, my lord, pray remember me.

[*Lays his glove upon the table, and exit.*]

Y. Wou. I'll do you all the service I can——What, is he gone? 'Tis the most rude, familiar fellow——Faugh ! what a greasy gauntlet is here——[*A purse drops out of the glove.*] Oh ! No, the glove is a clean, well-made glove, and the owner of it the most respectable person I have seen this morning, he knows what distance [*Chinking the purse.*] is due to a man of quality——But what must I do for this ? Frisieur [*To his Valet.*] do you remember what the alderman said to me ?

Fris. No, my lord, I thought your lordship had.

Y. Wou. This blockhead thinks a man of quality can mind what people say——when they do something, 'tis another case. Here, call him back. [*Exit Frisieur.*] He talked something of the general and his son, and train-bands, I know not what stuff.

*Re-enter Alderman and Frisieur.*

Oh, Mr. Alderman, I have put your memorandum in my pocket.

*Ald.* Oh, my lord, you do me too much honour.

*Y. Wou.* But, Mr. Alderman, the business you were talking of, it shall be done: but if you gave a short note of it to my secretary, it would not be amiss—But, Mr. Alderman, ha'n't you the fellow to this glove, it fits me mighty well. [*Putting on the glove.*] It looks so like a challenge to give a man an odd glove; and I would not have any thing that looks like enmity between you and I, Mr. Alderman.

*Ald.* Truly, my lord, I intended the other glove for a memorandum to the colonel; but since your lordship has a mind to't—

[*Gives the glove.*]

*Y. Wou.* Here, Frisieur, lead this gentleman to my secretary, and bid him take a note of his business.

*Ald.* But, my lord, don't do me all the service you can now.

*Y. Wou.* Well, I won't do you all the service I can—These citizens have a strange capacity of soliciting sometimes.

[*Exit Ald.*]

*Enter Steward.*

*Stew.* My lord, here are your taylor, your vintner, your bookseller, and half a dozen more, with their bills, at the door, and they desire their money.

*Y. Wou.* Tell 'em, Mr. Clearaccount, that when I was a private gentleman, I had nothing else to do but to run in debt, and now that I have got into a higher rank, I'm so very busy I can't pay it. As for that clamorous rogue of a taylor, speak him fair, till he has made up my liveries—

then, about a year and a half hence I shall be at leisure to put him off for a year and a half longer.

*Stew.* My lord, there's a gentleman below calls himself Mr. Basset; he says that your lordship owes him fifty guineas, that he won of you at cards.

*Y. Wou.* Look'e, sir, the gentleman's money is a debt of honour, and must be paid immediately.

*Stew.* Your father thought otherwise, my lord, he always took care to have the poor tradesmen satisfied, whose only subsistence lay in the use of their money, and was used to say, that nothing was honourable but what was honest.

*Y. Wou.* My father might say what he pleased, he was a nobleman of very singular humour—but in my notion, there are not two things in nature more different than honour and honesty. Now your honesty is a little mechanic quality, well enough among citizens, people that do nothing but pitiful mean actions according to law; but your honour flies a much higher pitch, (and will do any thing that's free and spontaneous, but scorns to level itself to what is only just.)

*Stew.* But I think it is a little hard to have these poor people starve for the want of their money, and yet pay this sharpening rascal fifty guineas.

*Y. Wou.* Sharpening rascal! What a barbarism that is? Why he wears as good wigs, as fine linen, and keeps as good company as any at Whites; and, between you and I, sir, this sharpening rascal, as you are pleased to call him, shall make more interest among the nobility with his cards and counters, than a soldier shall with his sword and pistol. Pray let him have fifty guineas immediately. [*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.

*The Street. Enter Elder Wou'DBE writing in a pocket-book, in a riding-habit.*

*E. Wou.* "Monday the 14th of December, 1702, I arrived safe in London, and so concluding my travels—"

*[Putting up his book.]*

Now welcome, country, father, friends,  
My brother too (if brothers can be friends :)  
But, above all, my charming fair, my Constance.  
Through all the mazes of my wand'ring steps,  
Through all the various climes that I have run,  
Her love has been the loadstone of my course,  
Her eyes the stars that pointed me the way.  
Had not her charms my heart intire possess'd,  
Who knows what Circe's artful voice and look  
Might have ensnar'd my travelling youth,  
And fix'd me to enchantment ?

*Enter TEAGUE with a Portmanteau. He throws it down and sits on it.*

Here comes my fellow-traveller. What makes you sit upon the portmanteau, Teague ? You'll rumple the things.

*Teague.* By my shoul, maishter, I did carry the port-mantel till it tired me ; and now the port-mantel shall carry me till I tire him.

*E. Wou.* And how d'ye like London, Teague, after our travels ?

*Teague.* Fet, dear joy, 'tis the bravest place I have sheen in my peregrinations, exshepting my nown brave shity of Carrickfergus.—Uf, uf, dere ish a very fragrant shmell

hereabouts—Maishter, shall I run to that paishtry-cook's for shix-pennyworth of boil'd beef?

E. Wou. Though this fellow travelled the world over, he would never lose his brogue nor his stomach.—Why, you cormorant! so hungry and so early?

Teague. Early! Deel take me, maishter, 'tish a great deal more than almost pasht twelve o'clock.

“E. Wou. Thou art never happy, unless thy guts be “stuffed up to thy eyes.

“Teague. Oh, maishter, dere ish a dam way of distance, “and the deel a bit between.”

*Enter Young Wou'DBE in a Chair, with four or five Footmen before him, and passes over the stage.*

E. Wou. Hey-day! Who comes here? With one, two, three, four, five footmen! Some young fellow just tasting the sweet vanity of fortune. Run, Teague, enquire who that is.

Teague. Yes, maishter. [*Runs to one of the Footmen.*] Sir, will you give my humble service to your maishter, and tell him to shend me word fat name ish upon him?

Foot. You would know fat name ish upon him?

Teague. Yesh, fet would I.

Foot. Why, what are you, sir?

Teague. By my shoul, I am a shentleman bred and born, and dere ish my maishter.

Foot. Then your master wou'd know it?

Teague. Arrah, you fool, isht not the same ting?

Foot. Then tell your master 'tis the young lord Wou'dbe, just come to his estate by the death of his father and elder brother.

[*Exit Footman.*]

E. Wou. What do I hear?

Teague. You hear that you are dead, maishter; fere vil you pleashe to be buried?

E. *Wou.* But art thou sure it was my brother?

*Teague.* By my shoul, it was his nown self; I know'd him very well after his man told me.

E. *Wou.* This business requires that I be convinced with my own eyes. I'll follow him, and know the bottom on't. Stay here till I return.

*Teague.* Dear maishter, have a care upon your shelf. Now they know you are dead, by my shoul they may kill you.

E. *Wou.* Don't fear; none of his servants know me, and I'll take care to keep my face from his sight. "It concerns me to conceal myself, till I know the engines of this contrivance." Be sure you stay till I come to you; and let nobody know whom you belong to. [Exit.

*Tea.* Oh, ho, hon, poor Teague is left all alone.

[Sits on the Portmanteau.

Enter SUBTLEMAN and Steward.

*Subt.* And you won't swear to the will?

*Stew.* My conscience tells me I dare not do 't with safety.

*Subt.* But if we make it lawful what should we fear? We now think nothing against conscience, till the cause be thrown out of court.

*Stew.* In you, sir, 'tis no sin, because 'tis the principle of your profession: but in me, sir, 'tis downright perjury indeed. You can't want witnesses enough, since money won't be wanting—and you must lose no time; for I heard just now, that the true lord Wou'dbe was seen in town, or his ghost.

*Subt.* It was his ghost, to be sure; for a nobleman without an estate is but the shadow of a lord.—Well, take no care: leave me to myself; I am near the Friers, and ten to one shall pick up an evidence.

*Stew.* Speed you well, sir.

[Exit.

*Subt.* There's a fellow that has hunger and the gallows pictured in his face, and looks like one for my purpose.—How now, honest friend, what have you got under you there?

*Teague.* Nothing, dear joy.

*Subt.* Nothing! Is it not a portmanteau?

*Teague.* That is nothing to you.

*Subt.* The fellow's a wit.

*Teague.* Fait am I! My grandfather was an Irish poet—He did write a great book of verses concerning the vars between St. Patrick and the wolf-dogs.

*Subt.* Then thou art poor, I'm afraid?

*Teague.* By my shoul, my sole generation ish so—I have noting but thish port-mantel, and dat itsself ish not my own.

*Subt.* Why, who does it belong to?

*Teague.* To my maishter, dear joy.

*Subt.* Then you have a master?

*Teague.* Fait I have, but he's dead.

*Subt.* Right! And how do you intend to live?

*Teague.* By eating, dear joy, fen I can get it, and by sleeping fen I can get none.—'T ish the fashion of Ireland.

*Subt.* What was your master's name, pray?

*Teague.* [*Aside.*] I will tell a lee now; but it shall be a true one—Macfadin, dear joy, was his naam. He vent over with King Jamish into France.—He was my maishter once. Deere ish the true lee noo. [*Aside.*]

*Subt.* What employment had he?

*Teague.* *Je ne scay pas.*

*Subt.* What, can you speak French?

*Teague.* *Ouy, Monsieur*—I did travel France and Spain, and Italy—Dear joy, I did kish the pope's toe, and dat will excuse me all the sins of my life: and fen I am dead, St. Patrick will excuse the rest.



*Subt.* A rare fellow for my purpose! [*Aside.*] Thou lookest like an honest fellow: and if you will go with me to the next tavern, I'll give thee a dinner and a glass of wine.

*Teague.* By my shoul 'tis dat I wanted, dear joy; come along, and I will follow you.

[*Runs out before Subtleman with the Portmanteau on his back.*]

*Enter Elder WOU'DBE.*

*E. Wou.* My father dead! my birth-right lost! How have my drowsy stars slept over my fortune? Ha! [*Looking about.*] My servant gone! The simple, poor, ungrateful wretch has left me. I took him up from poverty and want; and now he leaves me just as I found him. My clothes and money too! But why should I repine? Let man but view the dangers he has past, and few will fear what hazards are to come. "That Providence that has secured my life from robbers, shipwreck, and from sickness, is still the same; still kind whilst I am just." My death, I find, is firmly believed; but how it gained so universal credit, I fain would learn. Who comes here!—honest Mr. Fairbank! My father's goldsmith, a man of substance and integrity. The alteration of five years absence, with the report of my death, may shade me from his knowledge, till I enquire some news.

*Enter FAIRBANK.*

Sir, your humble servant.

*Fair.* Sir, I don't know you.

[*Shunning him.*]

*E. Wou.* I intend you no harm, sir; but seeing you come from my lord Wou'dbe's house, I would ask you a question or two. Pray, what distemper did my lord die of?

*Fair.* I am told it was an apoplexy.

*E. Wou.* And pray, sir, what does the world say? Is his death much lamented?

*Fair.* Lamented! My eyes that question should resolve. Friend, thou knewest him not; else thy own heart had answered thee.

*E. Wou.* His grief, methinks, chides my defect of filial duty. [*Aside.*] But I hope, sir, his loss is partly recompensed in the merits of his successor.

*Fair.* It might have been; but his eldest son, heir to his virtue and honour, was lately and unfortunately killed in Germany.

*E. Wou.* How, unfortunately, sir?

*Fair.* Unfortunately for him, and us. I do remember him—He was the mildest, humblest, sweetest youth.

*E. Wou.* Happy indeed had been my part in life, if I had left this human stage, whilst this so spotless, and so fair applause, had crowned my going off. [*Aside.*] Well, sir.

*Fair.* But those that saw him in his travels, told such wonders of his improvement, that the report recalled his father's years; and with the joy to hear his Hermes praised, he oft would break the chains of gout and age; and leaping up with strength of greenish youth, cry, My Hermes is myself: methinks I live my sprightly days again, and I am young in him.

*E. Wou.* Spite of all modesty, a man must own pleasure in the hearing of his praise. [*Aside.*]

*Fair.* You're thoughtful, sir. Had you any relation to the family we talk of?

*E. Wou.* None, sir, beyond my private concern in the public loss. But pray, sir, what character does the present lord bear?

*Fair.* Your pardon, sir. As for the dead, their memories are left unregarded, and tongues may touch them freely: but for the living, they have provided for the safety of their names by a strong inclosure of the law. There is a thing called *Scandalum Magnatum*, sir.

*E. Wou.* I commend your caution, sir; but be assured I intend not to entrap you. I am a poor gentleman, and having heard much of the charity of the old lord Wou'dbe, I had a mind to apply to his son, and therefore enquired his character.

*Fair.* Alas! sir, things are changed: that house was once what poverty might go a pilgrimage to seek, and have its pains rewarded. The noble lord, the truly noble lord, held his estate, his honour and his house, as if they were only lent upon the interest of doing good to others. He kept a porter, not to exclude, but serve the poor. No creditor was seen to guard his going out, or watch his coming in: no craving eyes, but looks of smiling gratitude. But now, that family, which, like a garden fairly kept, invited every stranger to its fruit and shade, is now run over with weeds: nothing but wine and revelling within, a croud of noisy creditors without, a train of servants insolently proud—Would you believe it, sir, as I offered to go in just now, the rude porter pushed me back with his staff. I am at this present time (thanks to Providence and my industry) worth twenty thousand pounds. I pay the fifth part of this to maintain the liberty of the nation; and yet this slave, this impudent Swiss slave, offered to strike me.

*E. Wou.* 'T was hard, sir, very hard: and if they used a man of your substance so roughly, how will they manage me, that am not worth a groat?

*Fair.* I would not willingly defraud your hopes of what may happen. If you can drink and swear, perhaps—

*E. Wou.* I shall not pay that price for his lordship's bounty, would it extend to half he's worth. Sir, I give you thanks for your caution, and shall steer another course.

*Fair.* Sir, you look like an honest, modest gentleman. Come home with me; I am as able to give you a dinner as

my lord ; and you shall be very welcome to eat at my table every day, till you are better provided.

E. *Wou.* Good man. [*Aside.*] Sir, I must beg you to excuse me to-day ; but I shall find a time to accept of your favours, or at least to thank you for them.

Fair. Sir, you shall be very welcome whenever you please.  
[*Exit.*]

E. *Wou.* Generous citizen ! Surely, if Justice were an herald, she would give this tradesman a nobler coat of arms than my brother. But I delay : I long to vindicate the honour of my station, and to displace this bold usurper. But one concern, methinks, is nearer still : my Constance ! Should she, upon the rumour of my death, have fixed her heart elsewhere, then I were dead indeed ; but if she still prove true, brother sit fast :

*I'll shake your strength, all obstacles remove,  
Sustain'd by justice, and inspir'd by love.*

[*Exit.*]

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### SCENE III.

*An Apartment. Enter CONSTANCE and AURELIA.*

Const. For Heaven's sake, cousin, cease your impertinent consolations : it but makes me angry, and raises two passions in me instead of one. You see I commit no extravagance, my grief is silent enough ; my tears make no noise to disturb any body. I desire no companion in my sorrows ; leave me to myself, and you comfort me.

Aur. But, cousin, have you no regard for your reputation ? This immoderate concern for a young fellow. What will the world say ? You lament him like a husband.

Const. No ; you mistake : have no rule nor method for my grief ; no pomp of black and darkened rooms ; no



formal month for visits on my bed. I am content with the slight mourning of a broken heart; and all my form is tears.

*Enter MIDNIGHT.*

*Mid.* Madam Aurelia, madam, don't disturb her.— Every thing must have its vent. 'Tis a hard case to be crossed in one's first love. But you should consider, madam, [*To Constance.*] that we are all born to die, some young, some old.

*Const.* Better we all died young, than to be plagued with age, as I am. I find other folks years are as troublesome to us as our own.

*Mid.* You have reason, you have cause to mourn. He was the handsomest man, and the sweetest babe, that I know; though I must confess too, that Ben had much the finer complexion when he was born: but then Hermes, yes Hermes, had the shape, that he had. But of all the infants that I ever beheld with my eyes, I think Ben had the finest ear, wax-work, perfect wax-work: “and then he did so” “splutter at the breast!—His nurse was a hale, well-complexioned, sprightly, jade as ever I saw; but her milk “was a little too stale, though at the same time 'twas as “blue and clear as cambrick.”

*Aur.* Do you intend all this, madam, for a consolation to my cousin?

*Mid.* No, no, madam, that's to come. I tell you, fair lady, you have only lost the man; the estate and title are still your own; and this very moment I would salute you Lady Wou'dbe, if you pleased.

*Const.* Dear madam, your proposal is very tempting; let me consider but till to-morrow, and I'll give you an answer.

*Mid.* I knew it, I knew it; I said, when you were born,

you would be a lady; I knew it. To-morrow, you say.  
My lord shall know it immediately. [Exit.]

*Aur.* What d'ye intend to do, cousin?

*Const.* To go into the country this moment, to be free from the impertinence of condolence, the persecution of that monster of a man, and that devil of a woman. O, Aurelia, I long to be alone, I am become so fond of grief, that I would fly where I might enjoy it all, and have no interruption in my darling sorrow.

*Enter Elder Wou'DBE, unperceived.*

*E. Wou.* In tears! perhaps for me! I'll try.

[Drops a picture, and goes back to the entrance and listens.]

*Aur.* If there be aught in grief delightful, don't grudge me a share.

*Const.* No, my dear Aurelia, I'll engross it all. I loved him so, methinks I should be jealous if any mourned his death besides myself. What's here!—[Takes up the picture.] Ha! see, cousin! the very face and features of the man! Sure some officious angel has brought me this for a companion in my solitude. Now I am fitted out for sorrow. With this I'll sigh, with this converse, gaze on his image till I grow blind with weeping.

*Aur.* I'm amazed! how came it here?

*Const.* Whether by miracle or human chance, 'tis all alike; I have it here: nor shall it ever separate from my breast—it's the only thing could give me joy, because it will encrease my grief.

*E. Wou.* [Entering.] Most glorious woman! now I am fond of life.

*Aur.* Ha! What's this? Your business, pray, sir?

*E. Wou.* With this lady. [Goes to Constance, takes her hand, and kneels.] Here let me worship that perfection,

whose virtue might attract the listening angels, and make them smile to see such purity, so like themselves, in human shape.

*Const.* Hermes!

*E. Wou.* Your living Hermes, who shall die yours too.

*Const.* Now, passion, powerful passion would bear me like a whirlwind to his arms—but my sex has bounds.

*Const.* 'Tis wondrous, sir!

*E. Wou.* Most wondrous are the works of fate for man, and most closely laid is the serpentine line that guides him into happiness! That hidden power which did permit those arts to cheat me of my birth right, had this surprise of happiness in store, well knowing that grief is the best preparative for joy."

*Const.* "I never found the true sweets of love till this romantic turn! dead and alive! my stars are poetical." For Heaven's sake, sir, unriddle your fortune.

*E. Wou.* That my dear brother must do: for he made the ænigma.

*Aur.* Methinks I stand here like a fool all this while: would I had some body or other to say a fine thing or two to me.

*E. Wou.* Madam, I beg ten thousand pardons: I have my excuse in my hand.

*Aur.* My lord, I wish you joy.

*E. Wou.* Pray, madam, don't trouble me with a title till I am better equipped for it. My peerage would look a little shabby in these robes.

*Const.* You have a good excuse, my lord; you can wear better when you please.

*E. Wou.* I have a better excuse, madam—these are the best I have.

*Const.* How, my lord!

*E. Won.* Very true, madam; I am at present, I believe, the poorest peer in England.—Hark 'e, Aurelia, pr'y thee lend me a piece or two.

*Aur.* Ha, ha, ha! a poor peer, indeed! He wants a guinea.

*Const.* I am glad on 't, with all my heart.

*E. Won.* Why so, madam?

*Const.* Because I can furnish you with five thousand.

*E. Won.* Generous woman!

*Enter TRUEMAN.*

Ha! my friend too!

*True.* I am glad to find you here, my lord; here's a current report about town that you were killed. I was afraid it might reach this family, so I come to disprove the story, by your letter to me by the last post.

*Aur.* I'm glad he's come; now it will be my turn, cousin.

*True.* Now, my lord, I wish you joy; and I expect the same from you.

*E. Won.* With all my heart; but upon what score?

*True.* The old score—marriage.

*E. Won.* To whom?

*True.* To a neighbour lady here. [*Looking at Aurelia.*]

*Aur.* Impudence! [*Aside.*] The lady mayn't be so near as you imagine, sir.

*True.* The lady may n't be so near as you imagine, madam.

*Aur.* Do n't mistake me, sir: I did not care if the lady were in Mexico.

*True.* Nor I neither, madam.

*Aur.* You are very short, sir.

*True.* The shortest pleasures are the sweetest, you "know."

*Aur.* Sir, you appear very different to me from what you were very lately.



True. Madam, you appear very different to me to what you were lately.

Aur. Strange!

[*This while Constance and Won'dbe entertain one another in dumb shew.*]

True. Miraculous!

Aur. I could never have believed it.

True. Nor I, as I hope to be saved.

Aur. Ill manners!

True. Worse.

Aur. How have I deserved it, sir?

True. How have I deserved it, madam?

Aur. What?

True. You.

Aur. Riddles!

True. Women!—My lord, you'll hear of me at White's.  
Farewell. [Runs off.]

E. Wou. What, Trueman gone!

Aur. Yes. [Walks about in disorder.]

Const. Bless me! what's the matter, cousin?

Aur. Nothing.

Const. Why are you uneasy?

Aur. Nothing.

Const. What ails you then?

Aur. Nothing—I don't love the fellow—yet to be affronted! I can't bear it. [Bursts out a crying, and exits.]

Const. Your friend, my lord, has affronted Aurelia.

E. Wou. Impossible! His regard to me were sufficient security for his good behaviour here, though it were in his nature to be rude elsewhere.—She has certainly used him ill.

Const. Too well, rather.

E. Wou. Too well! have a care, madam! that, with some men is the greatest provocation to a slight.

*Const.* Don't mistake, my lord, her usage never went farther than mine to you; and I should take it very ill to be abused for it.

*E. Wou.* I'll follow him, and know the cause of it.

*Const.* No, my lord, I'll follow her, and know it: besides your own affairs with your brother require you at present.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Lord Wou'dbe's House. Enter Young WOU'DBE and  
SUBTLEMAN.*

*Young Wou'dbe.*

RETURNED!—Who saw him?—Who spoke with him?—  
He can't be returned.

*Subt.* My lord, he's below at the gate, parlying with the porter, who has private orders from me to admit nobody till you send him word, that we may have the more time to settle our affairs.

*Y. Wou.* 'Tis a hard case, Mr. Subtleman, that a man can't enjoy his right without all this trouble.

*Subt.* Ah, my lord, you see the benefit of law now, what an advantage it is to the public for securing of property. Had you not the law on your side, who knows what devices might be practised to defraud you of your right. But I have secured all—The will is in true form, and you have two witnesses already to swear to the last words of your father.

*Y. Wou.* Then you have got another?

*Subt.* Yes, yes, a right one; and I shall pick up another time enough before the term; and I have planted three or four constables in the next room, to take care of your brother, if he should be boisterous.

Y. Wou. Then you think we are secure?

Subt. Ay, ay, let him come now when he pleases: I'll go down and give orders for his admittance.

Y. Wou. Unkind brother! to disturb me thus, just in the swing and stretch of my full fortune! Where is the tie of blood and nature, when brothers will do this?—Had he but staid till Constance had been mine, his presence or his absence had been then indifferent.

Enter MIDNIGHT.

Mid. Well, my lord, [*Pants as out of breath.*] you'll never be satisfied till you have broke my heart. I have had such ado yonder about you with Madam Constance—but she's your own.

Y. Wou. How! my own!—Ah! my dear help-mate, I am afraid we are routed in that quarter: my brother's come home.

Mid. Your brother come home!—then I'll go travel.

[*Going.*]

Y. Wou. Hold, hold, madam, we are all secure; we have provided for his reception; your nephew Subtleman has stopped up all passages to the estate.

“Mid. Ay, Subtleman is a pretty thriving ingenious boy.  
“Little do you think who is the father of him; I'll tell  
“you—Mr. Moabite, the rich Jew in Lombard-street.

“Y. Wou. Moabite, the Jew!

“Mid. You shall hear, my lord:—One evening, as I was  
“very grave in my own house, reading the—Weekly Pre-  
“paration—ay, it was the Weekly Preparation, I do re-  
“member it particularly well. What hears me I—but pat,  
“pat, very softly at the door. Come in, cries I, and pre-  
“sently enters Mr. Moabite, followed by a snug chair, the  
“windows close drawn, and in it was a fine young virgin

“ just upon the point of being delivered. We were all in a  
“ great hurly-burly for a while, to be sure; but our pro-  
“ duction was a fine boy. I had fifty guineas for my trou-  
“ ble, the lady was wrapped up very warm, placed in her  
“ chair, and re-conveyed to the place she came from. Who  
“ she was, or what she was, I could never learn, though my  
“ maid said that the chair went through the Park—but the  
“ child was left with me.—The father would have made  
“ a Jew on it, presently—but I swore, if he committed such  
“ a barbarity on the infant, that I would discover all. So I  
“ had him brought up a good christian, and bound ’prentice  
“ to an attorney.

“ *Y. Won.* Very well.

“ *Mid.* Ah, my lord! there’s many a pretty fellow in  
“ London that knows as little of their true father and mo-  
“ ther as he does; I have had several such jobs in my time  
“ —there was one Scotch nobleman that brought me four in  
“ half a year.

“ *Y. Won.* Four! and how are they all provided for?

“ *Mid.* Very handsomely indeed; they were two sons  
“ and two daughters; the eldest son rides in the first troop  
“ of guards, and the other is a very pretty fellow, and his  
“ father’s valet de chambre.

“ *Y. Won.* And what is become of the daughters, pray?

“ *Mid.* Why, one of them is a mantua-maker, and the  
“ youngest has got into the play-house.”—Ay, ay, my  
“ lord, let Subtleman alone, I’ll warrant he’ll manage your  
“ brother. Ads my life, here is somebody coming, I would  
“ not be seen.

*Y. Won.* ’Tis my brother, and he’ll meet you upon the  
“ stairs! adso, get into this closet till he be gone.

[*Shuts her into the closet.*]



*Enter Elder Wou'DBE and SUBTLEMAN.*

My brother! dearest brother, welcome!

*[Runs and embraces him.]*

E. *Wou.* I can't dissemble, sir, else I would return your false embrace.

Y. *Wou.* False embrace! still suspicious of me! I thought that five years absence might have cooled the unmanly heats of our childish days; that I am overjoyed at your return, let this testify; this moment I resign all right and title to your honour, and salute you lord.

E. *Wou.* I want not your permission to enjoy my right; here I am lord and master without your resignation; and the first use I make of my authority is to discard that rude, bull-faced fellow at the door.—Where is my steward?

*Enter CLEARACCOUNT.*

Mr. Clearaccount, let that pampered centinel below this minute be discharged. Brother, I wonder you could feed such a swarm of lazy idle drones about you, and leave the poor industrious bees, that fed you from their hives, to want. Steward, look to 't; if I have not discharges for every farthing of my father's debts upon my toilet to-morrow morning you shall follow the tip-staff, I can assure you.

Y. *Wou.* Hold, hold, my lord; you usurp too large a power, methinks, over my family.

E. *Wou.* Your family!

Y. *Wou.* Yes, my family; you have no title to lord it here. Mr. Clearaccount, you know your master.

E. *Wou.* How! a combination against me!—Brother, take heed how you deal with one, that, cautious of your falsehood, comes prepared to meet your arts, and can retort your cunning to your infamy: your black unnatural designs

against my life, before I went abroad, my charity can pardon; but my prudence must remember to guard me from your malice for the future.

*Y. Wou.* Our father's weak and fond surmise! which he upon his death-bed owned; and, to recompense me for that injurious, unnatural suspicion, he left me sole heir to his estate. Now, my lord, my house and servants are at your service.

*E. Wou.* Villany beyond example! Have I not letters from my father of scarce a fortnight's date, where he repeats his fears for my return, lest it should again expose me to your hatred?

*Subt.* Well, well, these are no proofs, no proofs, my lord—they won't pass in court against positive evidence. Here is your father's will, *signatum & sigillatum*, besides his last words to confirm it, to which I can take my positive oath in any court of Westminster.

*E. Wou.* What are you, sir?

*Subt.* Of Clifford's Inn, my lord; I belong to the law.

*E. Wou.* Thou art the worm and maggot of the law, bred in the bruised and rotten parts, and now art nourished on the same corruption that produced thee. The English law, as planted first, was like the English oak, shooting its spreading arms around to shelter all that dwelt beneath its shade: but now whole swarms of caterpillars, like you, hang in such clusters upon every branch, that the once thriving tree now sheds infectious vermin on our heads.

*Y. Wou.* My lord, I have some company above; if your lordship will drink a glass of wine, we shall be glad of the honour; if not, I shall attend you at any court of judicature, whenever you please to summon me.

*E. Wou.* Hold, sir—perhaps my father's dying weakness was imposed upon, and he has left him heir; if so, his will

shall freely be obeyed. [*Aside.*]—Brother, you say you have a will?

*Subt.* Here it is.

[*Shewing a parchment.*]

*E. Wou.* Let me see it.

*Subt.* There is no precedent for that, my lord.

*E. Wou.* Upon my honour I'll restore it.

*Y. Wou.* Upon my honour but you sha'n't.

[*Takes it from Subt. and puts it in his pocket.*]

*E. Wou.* This over-caution, brother, is suspicious.

*Y. Wou.* Seven thousand pounds a-year is worth looking after.

*E. Wou.* Therefore you can't take it ill that I am a little inquisitive about it. Have you witnesses to prove my father's dying words?

*Y. Wou.* A couple in the house.

*E. Wou.* Who are they?

*Subt.* Witnesses, my lord! 'Tis unwarrantable to enquire into the merits of the cause out of court—my client shall answer no more questions.

*E. Wou.* Perhaps, sir, upon a satisfactory account of his title, I intend to leave your client to the quiet enjoyment of his right, without troubling any court with the business; I therefore desire to know what kind of persons are these witnesses.

*Subt.* Oho, he's coming about. [*Aside.*]—I told your lordship already that I am one—another is in the house, one of my lord's footmen.

*E. Wou.* Where is this footman?

*Y. Wou.* Forth coming.

*E. Wou.* Produce him.

*Subt.* That I shall, presently. The day's our own, sir. [*To Y. Wou.*] But you shall engage first to ask him no cross-questions. [*Exit.*]

E. *Wou.* I am not skilled in such. But, pray, brother, did my father quite forget me? left me nothing?

Y. *Wou.* Truly, my lord, nothing: he spoke but little, left no legacies.

E. *Wou.* 'Tis strange! he was extremely just, and loved me too; but perhaps——

*Enter* SUBTLEMAN *with* TEAGUE.

*Subt.* My lord, here's another evidence.

E. *Wou.* Teague!

Y. *Wou.* My brother's servant!

[*They all four stare upon one another.*]

*Subt.* His servant!

*Teague.* Maishter! see here, maishter, I did get all dish [*Chinks money.*] for being an evidensh, dear joy; and by my shoule, I will give the half of it to you, if you will give me your permission to make swear against you.

E. *Wou.* My wonder is divided between the villany of the fact, and the amazement of the discovery. Teague! my very servant! sure I dream.

*Teague.* Fet, dere ish no dreaming in the cash; I'm sure the croon pieceish are awake, for I have been talking with dem dish half hour.

Y. *Wou.* Ignorant, unlucky man, thou hast ruined me; why had not I a sight of him before?

*Subt.* I thought the fellow had been too ignorant to be a knave.

*Teague.* By my shoule, you lee, dear joy. I can be a knave, as well as you, fen I think it conveniency.

E. *Wou.* Now, brother! Speechless! Your oracle too silenced! "Is all your boasted fortune sunk to the guilty  
"blushing for a crime?" But I scorn to insult. Let dis-



appointment be your punishment: but for your lawyer there  
—Teague, lay hold of him.

*Subt.* Let none dare to attach me without a legal warrant.

*Teague.* Attach! no, dear joy, I cannot attach you—but  
I can catch you by the throat, after the fashion of Ireland.

[*Takes Subt. by the throat.*]

*Subt.* An assault! an assault!

*Teague.* No, no, 'tis noting but choaking, noting but  
choaking.

*E. Wou.* Hold him fast, Teague. Now, sir, [*To Y. W.*]  
because I was your brother, you would have betrayed me;  
and because I am your brother, I forgive it; dispose your-  
self as you think fit. I'll order Mr. Clearaccount to give  
you a thousand pounds.—Go, take it, and pay me by your  
absence.

*Y. Wou.* I scorn your beggarly benevolence: had my  
designs succeeded, I would not have allowed you the weight  
of a wafer, and therefore will accept none. As for that  
lawyer, he deserves to be pilloried, not for his cunning in  
deceiving you, but for his ignorance in betraying me.—  
The villain has defrauded me of seven thousand pounds a  
year. Farewell. [*Going.*]

*Enter MIDNIGHT out of the Closet, runs to Young Wou'dbe,  
and kneels.*

*Mid.* My lord, my dear Lord Wou'dbe, I beg you ten  
thousand pardons.

*Y. Wou.* What offence hast thou done to me?

*Mid.* An offence the most injurious. I have hitherto con-  
cealed a secret in my breast, to the offence of justice, and  
the defrauding your lordship of your true right and title.—  
You, Benjamin Wou'dbe, with the crooked back, are the  
eldest born, and true heir to the estate and dignity.

*Omnes.* How!

*Teague.* Arah, how?

*Mid.* None, my lord, can tell better than I, who brought you both into the world. My deceased lord, upon the sight of your deformity, engaged me, by a considerable reward, to say you were the last born, that the beautiful twin, likely to be the greater ornament to the family, might succeed him in his honour. This secret my conscience has long struggled with. Upon the news that you were left heir to the estate, I thought justice was satisfied, and I was resolved to keep it a secret still; but by strange chance, over-hearing what passed just now, my poor conscience was racked, and I was forced to declare the truth.

*Y. Wou.* By all my former hopes I could have sworn it: I found the spirit of eldership in my blood; my pulses beat, and swelled for seniority. Mr. Hermes Wou'dbe, I'm your most humble servant. [*Foppishly.*]

*E. Wou.* Hermes is my name, my christian name; of which I am prouder than of all titles that honour gives, or flattery bestows. But thou, vain bubble, "puft up with "the empty breath of that more empty woman;" to let thee see how I despise thy pride, I'll call thee lord, dress thee up in titles like a king at arms; "you shall be blazoned round, like any church in Holland; thy pageantry "shall exceed the Lord Mayor's;" and yet this Hermes, plain Hermes, shall despise thee.

*Subt.* Well, well, this is nothing to the purpose. Mistress, will you make an affidavit of what you have said, before a master in Chancery?

*Mid.* That I can, though I were to die the next minute after it.

*Teague.* Den, dear joy, you would be damn'd the next minute after dat.

E. Wou. All this is trifling: I must purge my house of this nest of villany at once. Here, Teague [*Whispers* Teague.] go, make haste.

Teague. Dat I can. [*As he runs out, Y. Wou'dbe stops him.*]

Y. Wou. Where are you going, sir?

Teague. Only for a pot of ale, dear joy, for you and my maishter, to drink friends.

Y. Wou. You lie, sirrah.

[*Pushes him back.*]

Teague. Fet, I do so.

E. Wou. What, violence to my servant! Nay, then I'll force him a passage.

Subt. An assault, an assault upon the body of a peer.—  
Within there!

*Enter three or four Constables, one of them with a black patch on his eye. They disarm Elder Wou'dbe, and secure Teague.*

E. Wou. This plot was laid for my reception. Unhand me, constable.

Y. Wou. Have a care, Mr. Constable, the man is mad, he's possessed with an odd phrenzy, that he's my brother, and my elder too; so, because I would not very willingly resign my house and estate, he attempted to murder me.

Subt. Gentlemen, take care of that fellow: he made an assault upon my body, *vi & armis*.

Teague. Arah, fat ish dat wy at armish?

Subt. No matter, sirrah, I shall have you hanged.

Teague. Hang'd! dat is nothing, dear joy—we are us'd to't.

E. Wou. Unhand me, villains, or by all—

Teague. Have a care, dear maishter, don't swear;—we shall be in the Crown-Offish. You know dere ish sharpers about us.

[*Looking about on them that hold him.*]

Y. Wou. Mr. Constable, you know your directions; away with 'em.

E. Wou. Hold——

Const. No, no, force him away.

[*They all hurry him off; manent Y. W. and Mid.*]

Y. Wou. Now, my dear prophetess, my sybil; by all my dear desires and ambitions, I do believe you have spoken the truth—I am the elder.

Mid. No, no, sir, the devil a word on't is true—I would not wrong my conscience, neither: for, faith and troth, as I am an honest woman, you were born above three-quarters of an hour after him—But I don't much care if I do swear that you are the eldest. What a blessing it was that I was in the closet at that pinch! Had I not come out that moment, you would have sneaked off; your brother had been in possession, and then we had lost all: but now you are established: possession gets you money, that gets you law, and law, you know—Down on your knees, sirrah, and ask my blessing.

Y. Wou. No, my dear mother, I'll give thee a blessing, a rent-charge of five hundred pounds a year, upon what part of the estate you will, during your life.

Mid. Thank you, my lord: that five hundred a year will afford me “a leisurely life, and” a handsome retirement in the country, “where I mean to repent me of my sins, and” “die a good Christian; for, heaven knows, I am old, and” “ought to bethink me of another life.” Have you none of the cordial left that we had in the morning?

Y. Wou. Yes, yes, we'll go to the fountain head.

[*Exeunt.*]

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SCENE II.

*The Street. Enter TEAGUE.*

*Teague.* Deel take me but dish ish a most shweet business indeed; maishters play the fool, and shervants must shuffer for it. I am prishoner in the constable's house, by my shoul, and shent abroad to fetch some bail for my maishter; but who shall bail poor Teague, agra?

*Enter CONSTANCE.*

Oh, dere ish my maishter's old love. Indeed, I fear dish business will spoil his fortune.

*Con.* Who's here? Teague! [*He turns from her.*]

*Teague.* Deel tauke her, I did tought she cou'd not know me agen, now I am a prishoner. [*Constance goes about to look him in the face. He turns from her.*] Dish ish not shivil, by my shoul, to know a shentleman fether he will or no.

*Con.* Why this, Teague? What's the matter?—Are you asham'd of me or yourself, Teague?

*Teague.* Of bote, by my shoul.

*Con.* How does your master, sir?

*Teague.* Very well, dear joy, and in prishon.

*Con.* In prison! how? where?

*Teague.* Why, in the little Bashtile yonder, at the end of the street.

*Con.* Shew me the way immediately.

*Teague.* Fet, I can shew you the house yonder! shee yonder! by my shoul, I shee his face yonder, peeping through the iron glass window.

*Con.* I'll see him, though a dungeon were his confinement.

[*Runs out.*]

*Teague.* Ah! auld kindness, by my shoul, cannot be forgotten. Now, if my maishter had but grashe enough to get her with child, her word would go for two; and she wou'd bail him and I bote.  
[Exit.]

### SCENE III.

*A Room miserably furnished, Elder Wou'DBE sitting and writing.*

*E. Wou.* *The Tow'r confines the great,  
The spunging-house the poor;  
Thus there are degrees of state  
That ev'n the wretched must endure.*

*Virgil, tho' cherished in courts,  
Relates but a splenetic tale,  
Servantes revels and sports,  
Altho' he writ in a gaol.*

Then hang reflections, [Starts up.] I'll go write a comedy. Ho, within there! tell the lieutenant of the tower that I would speak with him.

*Enter Constable.*

*Con.* Ay, ay, the man is mad: lieutenant of the tower! ha, ha, ha! would you could make your words good, master.

*E. Wou.* Why, am not I a prisoner here? I know it by the stately apartments. What is that, pray, that hangs streaming down upon the wall yonder?

*Con.* Yonder! 't is cobweb, sir.

*E. Wou.* 'T is false, sir; 't is as fine tapestry as any in Europe.

Con. The devil it is!

E. Wou. Then your damask bed, here; the flowers are so bold, I took them for embroidery; and then the head-work, *point de Venice*, I protest!

Con. As good Kidderminster as any in England, I must confess; and though the sheets be a little soiled, yet I can assure you, sir, that many an honest gentleman has lain in them.

E. Wou. Pray, sir, what did those two indian pieces cost, that are fixed up in the corner of the room?

Con. Indian pieces! What the devil, sir, they are my old jack-boots, my militia boots.

E. Wou. I took them for two china jars, upon my word. But hark'e, friend, art thou content that these things should be as they are?

Con. Content! ay, sir.

E. Wou. Why then should I complain? [*One calls within.*]

Within. Mr. Constable, here's a woman will force her way upon us: we can't stop her.

Con. Knock her down then, knock her down; let no woman come up, the man's mad enough already.

*Enter CONSTANCE.*

Const. Who dares oppose me?

[*Throws him a handful of money.*]

Con. Not I, truly, madam.

[*Gathering up the money.*]

E. Wou. My Constance! my guardian angel here!—  
Then nought can hurt me.

Con. Hark'e, sir, you may suppose the bed to be a damask bed for half an hour, if you please.

Const. No, no, sir, your prisoner must along with me.

Con. Ay! faith, the woman's madder than the man.

*Enter TRUEMAN and TEAGUE.*

*E. Wou.* Ha! Trueman too! I'm proud to think that many a prince has not so many true friends in his palace, as I have here in prison—two such—

*Teague.* Tree, by my shoul.

*True.* My lord, just as I heard of your confinement, I was going to make myself a prisoner. Behold the fetters; I have just bought the wedding-ring.

*Const.* I hope they are golden fetters, captain.

*True.* They weigh four thousand pound, madam, besides the purse, which is worth a million. My lord, this very evening was I to be married; but the news of your misfortune has stopt me: I would not gather roses in a wet hour.

*E. Wou.* Come, the weather shall be clear; the thoughts of your good fortune will make me easy, more than my own can do, if purchased by your disappointment.

*True.* Do you think, my lord, that I can go to the bed of pleasure whilst you lie in a hovel? Here, where is this constable? How dare you do this, insolent rascal?

*Con.* Insolent rascal! do you know who you speak to, sir?

*True.* Yes, sirrah; do'nt I call you by your proper name? How dare you confine a peer of the realm?

*Con.* Peer of the realm! you may give good words though, I hope.

*E. Wou.* Ay, ay, Mr. Constable is in the right, he did but his duty; I suppose he had twenty guineas for his pains.

*Con.* No, I had but ten.

*E. Wou.* Hark'e, Trueman, this fellow must be soothed, he'll be of use to us; I must employ you too in this affair of my brother.

*True.* Say no more, my lord, I'll cut his throat, 'tis but flying the kingdom.



*E. Wou.* No, no, 't will be more revenge to worst him at his own weapons. Could I but force him out of his garrison, that I might get into possession, his claim would vanish immediately. Does my brother know you?

*True.* Very little, if at all.

*E. Wou.* Hark 'e.

[*Whispers.*]

*True.* It shall be done. Look 'e, constable, you're drawn into a wrong cause, and it may prove your destruction, if you don't change sides immediately. We desire no favour but the use of your coat, wig, and staff, for half an hour.

*Con.* Why, truly, sir, I understand now, by this gentlewoman, that I know to be our neighbour, that he is a lord, and I heartily beg his worship's pardon, and if I can do your honour any service, your grace may command me.

*E. Wou.* I'll reward you. But you must have the black patch for the eye too.

*Teague.* I can give your lordship van; here fet, 't is a "plaishter for a sore finger, and I have worn it but twice."

*Const.* But pray, captain, what was your quarrel at Aurelia to-day.

*True.* With your permission, madam, we'll mind my lord's business at present; when that's done, we'll mind the lady's. My lord, I shall make an excellent constable; I never had the honour of a civil employment before: we'll equip ourselves in another place. Here, you prince of darkness, have you never a better room in your house, these iron grates frighten the lady.

*Con.* I have a handsome, neat parlour below, sir.

*True.* Come along then, you must conduct us—We do n't intend to be out of your sight—that you may not be out of ours. [*Aside.*]

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Changes to an Apartment. Enter AURELIA in a passion,  
RICHMORE following.*

*Aur.* Follow me not; age and deformity, with quiet, were preferable to this vexatious persecution; for Heaven's sake, Mr. Richmore, what have I ever shewn to vindicate this presumption of yours?

*Rich.* You shew it now, madam, your face, your wit, your shape, are all temptations to undergo even the rigour of your disdain, for the bewitching pleasure of your company.

*Aur.* Then be assured, sir, you shall reap no other benefit from my company; and if you think it a pleasure to be constantly slighted, ridiculed, and affronted, you shall have admittance to such entertainments whenever you will.

*Rich.* I take you at your word, madam; I am armed with submission against all the attacks of your severity, and your ladyship shall find, that my resignation can bear much longer than your rigour can inflict.

*Aur.* That is, in plain terms, your sufficiency will presume much longer than my honour can resist. Sir, you might have spared the unmannerly declaration to my face, having already taken care to let me know your opinion of my virtue, by your impudent settlement proposed by Mrs. Midnight.

*Rich.* By those fair eyes, I'll double the proposal; this soft, this white, this powerful hand [*Takes her by the hand.*] shall write its own conditions.

*Aur.* Then it shall write this—[*Strikes him.*—]—and if you like the terms, you shall have more another time. [*Exit.*]

*Rich.* Death and madness! a blow—Twenty thousand pound sterling for one night's revenge upon her dear, proud,

disdainful person! "Am I rich as many a sovereign prince, wallow in wealth, yet can't command my pleasure? Wo-man! if there be power in gold, I yet shall triumph o'er pride."

*Enter MIDNIGHT.*

*Mid.* O' my troth, and so you shall, if I can help it.

*Rich.* Madam, madam, here, here, here's money, gold, silver, take, take all, all, my rings too; all shall be yours, make me but happy in this presumptuous beauty, I'll make thee rich as avarice can crave; if not, I'll murder thee and myself too.

*Mid.* Your bounty is too large, too large indeed, sir.

*Rich.* Too large! no, 'tis beggary without her—Lordships, manors, acres, rents, tithes and trees, all, all shall fly for my dear sweet revenge.

*Mid.* Say no more, this night I'll put you in a way.

*Rich.* This night?

*Mid.* The lady's aunt is very near her time—she goes abroad this evening a visiting; in the mean time I'll send to your mistress, that her aunt is fallen in labour at my house: she comes in a hurry, and then—

*Rich.* Shall I be there to meet her?

*Mid.* Perhaps.

*Rich.* In a private room?

*Mid.* Mum.

*Rich.* No creature to disturb us?

*Mid.* Mum, I say, but you must give me your word not to ravish her; "nay, I can tell you she won't be ravished.

"*Rich.* Ravish! Let me see, I'm worth five thousand pounds a year, twenty thousand guineas in my pocket, and may not I force a toy that's scarce worth fifteen hundred pounds? I'll do it."

" Her beauty sets my heart on fire, beside  
 " Th' injurious blow has set on fire my pride ;  
 " The bare fruition were not worth my pain,  
 " The joy will be to humble her disdain ;  
 " Beyond enjoyment will the transport last  
 " In triumph, when the extasy is past."

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*Lord Wou'dbe's House. Enter Young Wou'dbe.*

*Young Wou'dbe.*

SHEW me that proud Stoic that can bear success and champagne : philosophy can support us in hard fortune, but who can have patience in prosperity ?—The learned may talk what they will of human bodies, but I am sure there is not one atom in mine but what is truly Epicurean. My brother is secured, I guarded with my friends, my lewd and honest midnight friends. Holla : who waits there ?

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My lord.

*Y. Wou.* A fresh battalion of bottles to re-inforce the cistern. Are the ladies come ?

*Ser.* Half an hour ago, my lord ; they're below in the bathing chamber.

*Y. Wou.* Where did you light on 'em ?

*Ser.* One in the passage at the old playhouse, my lord  
 " —I found another very melancholy paring her nails by  
 " Rosamond's Pond—and a couple I got at the Chequer  
 " alehouse in Holborn ; the two last came to town yesterday  
 " in a West-country waggon."

*Y. Wou.* Very well ; order Baconface to hasten supper—



and, d'ye hear, bid the Swiss admit no stranger without acquainting me. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Fortune, I defy thee, this night's my own at least.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Ser.* My lord, here's the constable below with the black eye, and he wants to speak with your lordship in all haste.

*Y. Wou.* Ha! the constable! Should fortune jilt me now? —Bid him come up—I fear some cursed chance to thwart me.

*Enter TRUEMAN in the Constable's clothes.*

*True.* Ah! my lord, here is sad news——your brother is——

*Y. Wou.* Got away, made his escape, I warrant you.

*True.* Worse, worse, my lord.

*Y. Wou.* Worse, worse! What can be worse?

*True.* I dare not speak it.

*Y. Wou.* Death and hell, fellow, do n't distract me.

*True.* He's dead.

*Y. Wou.* Dead!

*True.* Positively.

*Y. Wou.* *Coup de grace, ciel gramercy.*

*True.* Villain, I understand you. [*Aside.*

*Y. Wou.* But how, how, Mr. Constable? Speak it aloud, kill me with the relation.

*True.* I don't know how; the poor gentleman was very melancholy upon his confinement, and so he desired me to send for a gentlewoman that lives hard by here, mayhap your worship may know her.

*Y. Wou.* At the gilt balcony in the square?

*True.* The very same, a smart woman truly. I went for her myself, but she was otherways engaged; not she truly, she would not come. Would you believe it, my lord, at

the hearing of this the poor man was like to drop down dead.

*Y. Wou.* Then he was but likely to drop down dead?

*True.* Would it were no more. Then I left him, and coming about two hours afterwards, I found him hanging in his sword-belt.

*Y. Wou.* Hanged!

*True.* Dangling.

*Y. Wou.* *Le coup d'eclat!* Done like the noblest Roman of them all. But are you sure he's past all recovery? Did you send for a surgeon to bleed him?

*True.* No, my lord, I forgot that—but I'll send immediately.

*Y. Wou.* No, no, Mr. Constable, 't is too late now, too late.—And the lady would not come, you say?

*True.* Not a step would she stir.

*Y. Wou.* Inhuman! barbarous!—dear, delicious woman, thou now art mine. Where is the body, Mr. Constable? I must see it.

*True.* By all means, my lord, it lies in my parlour; there's a power of company come in, and among the rest one—one—one Trueman, I think they call him, a devilish hot fellow, he had like to have pulled the house down about our ears, and swears—I told him he should pay for swearing—he gave me a slap in the face, said he was in the army, and had a commission for 't.

*Y. Wou.* Captain Trueman! A blustering kind of a rake-helly officer.

*True.* Ay, my lord, one of those scoundrels that we pay wages to for being knocked o'th' head for us.

*Y. Wou.* Ay, ay, one of those fools that have only brains to be knocked out.

*True.* Son of a whore! [*Aside.*] He's a plaguy impudent

fellow, my lord; he swore that you were the greatest villain upon the earth.

*Y. Wou.* Ay, ay, but he durst not say that to my face, Mr. Constable.

*True.* No, no, hang him, he said it behind your back to be sure—and he swore, moreover—Have a care, my lord—he swore that he would cut your throat whenever he met you.

*Y. Wou.* Will you swear that you heard him say so?

*True.* Heard him! ay, as plainly as you hear me: He spoke the very words that I speak to your lordship.

*Y. Wou.* Well, well, I'll manage him. But now I think on't, I wont go to see the body; it will but increase my grief. Mr. Constable, do you send for the coroner; they must find him *non compos*. He was mad before, you know. Here—something for your trouble. [*Gives money.*]

*True.* Thank your honour. But pray, my lord, have a care of that Trueman; he swears that he will cut your throat, and he will do't, my lord, he'll do't.

*Y. W.* Never fear, never fear.

*True.* But he swore it, my lord, and he will certainly do't. Pray have a care. [*Exit.*]

*Y. W.* Well, well—so—the devil's in't if I be n't the eldest now. What a pack of civil relations have I had here! My father takes a fit of the apoplexy, makes a face, and goes off one way; my brother takes a fit of the spleen, makes a face, and goes off t'other way. Well, I must own he has found the way to molify me, and I do love him now with all my heart; since he was so very civil to juggle into the world before me, I think he did very civilly to juggle out of it before me. But now my joys! Without there—hallo—take off the inquisition of the gate! the heir may now enter unsuspected.

*The wolf is dead, the shepherds may go play ;  
Ease follows care, so rolls the world away.*

'T is a question whether adversity or prosperity makes the most poets.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Ser.* My lord, a footman brought this letter, and waits for an answer.

*Y. Wou.* Nothing from the Elysian fields, I hope. [*Opening the letter.*]—What do I see!—Constance!—Spells and magic in every letter of the name.—Now for the sweet contents.

' My lord,

' I am pleased to hear of your happy change of fortune, and shall be glad to see your lordship this evening, to wish you joy.

CONSTANCE.'

Now the devil's in this Midnight; she told me this afternoon that the wind was chopping about—and has it got into the warm corner already?—Here, my coach and six to the door: I'll visit my sultana in state.—As for the seraglio below stairs, you, my bashaws, may possess them. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Street. Enter TEAGUE with a Lanthorn; TRUEMAN in the Constable's habit, following.*

*True.* Blockhead, thou hast led us out of the way; we have certainly passed the constable's house.

*Teague.* By my shoul, dear joy, I am never out of my ways; for poor Teague has been a wanderer ever since he was born.



*True.* Hold up the lanthorn:—What sign is that?—The St. Alban's Tavern!—Why, you blundering fool, you have led me directly to St. James's square, when you should have gone towards Soho. [*Scrieking within.*]—Hark! what noise is that over the way?—a woman's cry!

*Teague.* Fet it ish—shome damsel in distress, I believe, that has no mind to be relieved.

*True.* I'll use the privilege of my office to know what the matter is.

*Teague.* Hold, hold, maishter captain; by my fet dat ish not the way home.

*Within.* Help, help, murder! Help.

*True.* Ha! Here must be mischief. Within there! open the door in the king's name, or I force it open. Here, Teague, break open the door.

[*Teague takes the staff and thumps at the door.*]

*Teague.* Deel take him, I have knocked so long as I am able. Arrah, maishter, get a great long ladder to get in at the window of the firsht room, and so open the door, and let in yourshelf.

*Within.* Help, help, help!

*True.* Knock harder; let's raise the mob.

*Teague.* O, maishter, I have think just now of a brave invention to make them come out; and, by St. Patrick, dat very bushiness did make my nown shelf and my fader run like the devil out of my nown hoose in my country—by my shoule, set the house a fire.

*Enter the Mob.*

*Mob.* What's the matter, master constable?

*True.* Gentlemen, I command your assistance in the king's name, to break into the house: there is murder cried within.

*Mob.* Ay, ay, break open the door.

*Mid.* [*At the balcony.*] What noise is that below?

*Teague.* Arrah, what noise is dat above?

*Mid.* Only a poor gentlewoman in labour; 'twill be over presently. Here, Mr. Constable, there's something for you to drink. [*Throws down a purse, Teague takes it up.*]

*Teague.* Come, maishter, we have no more to shay, by my shoule. [*Going.*] Arrah, if you will play the constable right now, fet you will come away.

*True.* No, no: there must be villany by this bribe. Who lives in this house?

*Mob.* A midwife, a midwife: 'tis none of our business: let us begone.

*Aur.* [*At the window.*] Gentlemen, dear gentlemen, help! a rape, a rape! villany!

*True.* Ha! that voice I know: Give me the staff, I'll make a breach, I warrant you.

[*Breaks open the door, and all go in.*]

### SCENE III.

*Changes to the inside of the House. Re-enter TRUEMAN and Mob.*

*True.* Gentlemen, search all about the house; let not a soul escape.

*Enter AURELIA running, with her hair about her ears, and out of breath.*

*Aur.* Dear Mr. Constable—had you—staid but a moment longer—I had been ruined.

*True.* Aurelia!—Are you safe, madam?

*Aur.* Yes, yes, I am safe—"I think"—but with enough to do: "he's a devilish strong fellow."

*True.* Where is the villain that attempted it?

*Aur.* Pshaw, never mind the villain; look out the woman of the house, the devil, the monster, that decoyed me hither.

*Enter TEAGUE, pulling in MIDNIGHT by the hair.*

*Teague.* By my shoule I have taken my share of the plunder. Let me see fat I have gotten. [*Takes her to the light.*]—Ububboo, a witch, a witch! the very saam witch dat would swaar my maishter was the youngest.

*True.* How! Midnight!—This was the luckiest disguise—Come, my dear Proserpine, I'll take care of you.

*Mid.* Pray, sir, let me speak to you.

*True.* No, no; I'll talk with you before a magistrate. A cart; Bridewell; you understand me.—Teague, let her be your prisoner, I'll wait on this lady.

*Aur.* Mr. Constable, I'll reward you.

*Teague.* It ish convenient noo, by the law of armsh, that I search my prishoner, for fear she may have some pocket-pistols: dere is a joke for you. [*Searches her pockets.*]

*Mid.* Ah, don't use an old woman so barbarously.

*Teague.* Dear joy, den fy vere you an old woman?—Dat is your fault, not mine, joy! Uböo, here ish nothing but scribble scrabble papers, I think. [*Pulls out a handful of letters.*]

*True.* Let me see them; they may be of use. [*Looks over the letters.*] 'For Mr. Richmore.'—Ah! does he traffic hereabouts?

*Aur.* That is the villain that would have abused me.

*True.* Ha! then he has abused you; villain, indeed!—Was his name Richmore; mistress? a lusty, handsome man?

*Aur.* Ay, ay, the very same: a "lusty," ugly fellow.

*True.* Let me see—whose scrawl is this? [*Opens the letter.*] Death and confusion "to my sight;" Clelia!—my bride!—His whore!—I've past a precipice unseen, which

to look back upon, shivers me with terror.—This night, this very moment, had not my friend been in confinement—had not I worn this dress—had not Aurelia been in danger—had not Teague found this letter—had the least minutest circumstance been omitted, what a monster had I been!—Mistress, is this same Richmore in the house still, think ye?

*Aur.* 'Tis very probable he may.

*True.* Very well.—Teague, take these ladies over to the tavern, and stay there till I come to you.—Madam, [*To Aurelia.*] fear no injury, your friends are near you.

*Aur.* What does he mean?

*Teague.* Come, dear joy, I vil give you a pot of wine out of your own briberies here.

[*Hales out Midnight. Exit Aurelia and Mob.*]

*Enter RICHMORE.*

*Rich.* Since my money wo n't prevail on this cross fellow, I'll try what my authority can do.—What's the meaning of this riot, constable? I have the commission of the peace, and can command you. Go about your business, and leave your prisoners with me.

*True.* No, sir; the prisoners shall go about their business, and I'll be left with you. Look'e, master, we do n't use to make up these matters before company; so you and I must be in private a little. You say, sir, that you are a justice of peace.

*Rich.* Yes, sir; "I have my commission in my pocket."

*True.* I believe it. Now, sir, one good turn deserves another; and if you will promise to do me a kindness, why you shall have as good as you bring.

*Rich.* What is it?

*True.* You must know, sir, there is a neighbour's daughter that I had a woundy kindness for: she had a very good re-



pute all over the parish, and might have married very handsomely, that I must say; but I don't know how, we came together after a very kindly natural manner, and I swore, that I must say, I did swear confoundedly, that I would marry her: but I don't know how, I never cared for marrying of her since.

*Rich.* How so?

*True.* Why, because I did my business without it—that was the best way, I thought. The truth is, she has some foolish reasons to say she's with child, and threatens mainly to have me taken up with a warrant, and brought before a justice of peace. Now, sir, I intend to come before you, and I hope your worship will bring me off.

*Rich.* Look 'e, sir—if the woman prove with child, and you swore to marry her, you must do't.

*True.* Ay, master; but I'm for liberty and property; I vote for parliament-men; I pay taxes, and truly I don't think matrimony consistent with the liberty of the subject.

*Rich.* But in this case, sir, both law and justice will oblige you.

*True.* Why, if it be the law of the land—I found a letter here—I think it is for your worship.

*Rich.* Ay, sir! How came you by it?

*True.* By a very strange accident, truly—Clelia—she says here you swore to marry her. Eh!—Now, sir, I suppose, that what is law for a petty constable, may be law for a justice of peace.

*Rich.* This is the oddest fellow——

*True.* Here was the other lady that cried out so—I warrant now, if I were brought before you for ravishing a woman—the gallows would ravish me for't.

*Rich.* But I did not ravish her.

*True.* That I'm glad to hear: I wanted to be sure of that.

[*Aside.*

*Rich.* I don't like this fellow. Come, sir, give me my letter, and go about your business; I have no more to say to you.

*True.* But I have something to say to you.

[*Coming up to him.*

*Rich.* What?

*True.* Dog!

[*Strikes him.*

*Rich.* Ha! struck by a peasant! [*Draws.*] Slave, thy death is certain.

[*Runs at Trueman.*

*True.* O, brave Don John! rape and murder in one night.

[*Disarms him.*

*Rich.* Rascal, return my sword, and acquit your prisoners, else will I prosecute thee to beggary. I'll give some petty-fogger a thousand pounds to starve thee and thy family according to law.

*True.* I'll lay you a thousand pounds you won't.

[*Discovering himself.*

*Rich.* Ghosts and apparitions!—Trueman!

*True.* Words are needless to upbraid you; my very looks are sufficient: and if you have the least sense of shame, this sword would be less painful in your heart, than my appearance is in your eye.

*Rich.* Truth, by Heavens!

*True.* Think on the contents of this; [*Shewing a letter.*] think next on me; reflect upon your villany to Aurelia—then view thyself.

*Rich.* Trueman, canst thou forgive me?

*True.* Forgive thee! [*A long pause.*]—Do one thing, and I will.

*Rich.* Any thing—I'll beg thy pardon.

*True.* The blow excuses that.

*Rich.* I'll give thee half my estate.

*True.* Mercenary.

*Rich.* I'll make thee my sole heir.

*True.* I despise it.

*Rich.* What shall I do?

*True.* You shall—marry Clelia.

*Rich.* How!—that's too hard.

*True.* Too hard! why was it then imposed upon me? If you marry her yourself I shall believe you intended me no injury: so your behaviour will be justified, my resentment appeased, and the lady's honour repaired.

*Rich.* 'Tis infamous.

*True.* No, by Heaven! 'tis justice—and, what is just is honourable: if promises from man to man have force, why not from man to woman? Their very weakness is the charter of their power, and they should not be injured because they can't return it.

*Rich.* Return my sword.

*True.* In my hand 'tis the sword of justice, and I should not part with it.

*Rich.* Then sheath it here; I'll die before I consent so basely.

*True.* Consider, sir; the sword is worn for a distinguishing mark of honour—Promise me one, and receive the other.

*Rich.* I'll promise nothing till I have that in my power.

*True.* Take it.

[Throws him his sword.]

*Rich.* I scorn to be compelled even to justice: and now that I may resist, I yield. Trueman, I have injured thee, and Clelia I have severely wronged.

*True.* Wronged indeed, sir—and to aggravate the crime, the fair afflicted loves you. Marked you with what confusion she received me?—She wept, the injured innocence

wept—and, with a strange reluctance, gave consent; her moving softness pierced my heart, though I mistook the cause.

*Rich.* Your youthful virtue warms my breast, and melts it into tenderness.

*True.* Indulge it, sir; justice is noble in any form; think of the joys and raptures will possess her, when she finds you instead of me; you, the dear dissembler, the man she loves, the man she gave for lost, to find him true, returned, and in her arms.

*Rich.* No new possession can give equal joy.—It shall be done; the priest that waits for you shall tie the knot this moment; in the morning I'll expect you'll give me joy.

[*Exit Rich.*]

*True.* So, is not this better now than cutting of throats? I have got my revenge, and the lady will have her's, without bloodshed.

[*Exit.*]

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#### SCENE IV.

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*Changes to an Apartment. Enter CONSTANCE " and Servant.*

" *Ser.* He's just a coming up, madam."

*Const.* My civility to this man will be as great a constraint upon me, as rudeness would be to his brother; but I must bear it a little, because our designs require it.

*Enter Young Wou'DBE.*

His appearance shocks me. My lord, I wish you joy.

*Y. Wou.* Madam, 't is only in your power to give it; and would you honour me with a title to be really proud of, it should be that of your humblest servant.

*Const.* I never admitted any body to the title of an humble



servant, that I did not intend should command me ; if your lordship will bear with the slavery, you shall begin when you please, provided you take upon you the authority when I have a mind.

*Y. Wou.* Our sex, madam, make much better lovers than husbands ; and I think it highly unreasonable, that you should put yourself in my power, when you can so absolutely keep me in yours.

*Const.* No, my lord, we never truly command till we have given our promise to obey ; and we are never in more danger of being made slaves, than when we have them at our feet.

*Y. Wou.* True, madam ; the greatest empires are in the most danger of falling ; but it is better to be absolute there, than to act by a prerogative that is confined.

*Const.* Well, well, my lord, I like the constitution we live under ; I'm for a limited power, or none at all."

*Y. Wou.* " You have so much the heart of the subject, madam, that you may rule as you please ; but you have weak pretences to a limited sway, where your eyes have already played the tyrant."——I think one privilege of the people is to kiss their sovereign's hand.

[*Taking her hand.*]

*Const.* Not till they have taken the oaths, my lord ; " and he that refuses them in the form the law prescribes, is, I think, no better than a rebel."

*Y. Wou.* By shrines and altars—[*Kneeling.*] by all that you think just, and I hold good ; by this, [*Taking her hand.*] the fairest, and the dearest vow.

[*Kissing her hand.*]

*Const.* Fie, my lord.

[*Seemingly yielding.*]

*Y. Wou.* Your eyes are mine, they bring me tidings from your heart, that this night I shall be happy.

*Const.* Would not you despise a conquest so easily gained ?

Y. Wou. Yours will be the conquest, and I shall despise all the world but you.

Const. But will you promise to make no attempts upon my honour?

Y. Wou. That's foolish. [*Aside.*] Not angels sent on messages to earth, shall visit with more innocence.

Const. Ay, ay, to be sure. [*Aside.*] My lord, I'll send one to conduct you. [*Exit.*]

Y. Wou. Ha, ha, ha!—no attempts upon her honour! When I can find the place where it lies, I'll tell her more of my mind. Now do I feel ten thousand Cupids tickling me all over with their points of the arrows. Where's my deformity now? I have read somewhere these lines:

*Though Nature cast me in a rugged mould,  
Since fate has chang'd the bullion into gold;  
Cupid returns, breaks all his shafts of lead,  
And tips each arrow with a golden head.  
Feather'd with tulle, the gay lordly dart  
Flies proudly on, whilst every virgin's heart,  
Swells with ambition to receive the smart.*

*Enter Elder Wou'DBE behind him.*

E. Wou. Thus to adorn dramatic story,  
Stage heroes struts in borrow'd glory,  
Proud and august as ever man saw,  
And ends his empire in a stanza.

[Slaps him on the shoulder.]

Y. Wou. Ha! my brother!

E. Wou. No, perfidious man; all kindred and relation I disown: the poor attempts upon my fortune I could pardon, but the base designs upon my love, I can never forgive—my

honour, birthright, riches, all I could more freely spare, than the least thought of thy prevailing here.

Y. *Wou.* How! my hopes deceived? Cursed be the fair delusions of her sex? —Whilst only man opposed my cunning, I stood secure; but as soon as woman interposed, luck changed hands, and the devil was immediately on her side. Well, sir, much good may do you with your mistress, and may you love and live, and starve together.

[*Going.*

E. *Wou.* Hold, sir, I was lately your prisoner, now you are mine; when the ejectment is executed, you shall be at liberty.

Y. *Wou.* Ejectment!

E. *Wou.* Yes, sir; by this time, I hope, my friends have purged my father's house of that debauched and riotous swarm that you had hived together.

Y. *Wou.* Confusion! sir, let me pass; I am the elder, and will be obeyed.

[*Draws.*

E. *Wou.* Darest thou dispute the eldership so nobly.

Y. *Wou.* I dare, and will, to the last drop of my inveterate blood.

[*They fight.*

*Enter TRUEMAN and TEAGUE. Trueman strikes down their swords.*

True. Hold, hold! my lord, I have brought those shall soon decide the controversy.

Y. *Wor.* If I mistake not, this is the villain that decoyed me abroad.

[*Runs at Trueman, Teague catches his arm behind, and takes away his sword.*

Teague. Ay, by my shoule, thish ish the best guard upon the rules of fighting, to catch a man behind his back.

*True.* My lord, a word. [*Whispers E. Wou'dbe.*] Now gentlemen, please to hear this venerable lady.

[*Goes to the door and brings in Midnight.*]

*E. Wou.* Midnight in custody!

*Teague.* In my custody, fet.

*True.* Now, madam, you know what punishment is destined for the injury offered to Aurelia, if you don't immediately confess the truth.

*Mid.* Then I must own (Heaven forgive me) [*Weeps.*] I must own that Hermes, as he was still esteemed, so he is the first-born.

*Teague.* A very honest woman, by my shoule.

*Y. Wou.* That confession is extorted by fear, and therefore of no force.

*True.* Ay, sir, but here is your letter to her, with the ink scarce dry, where you repeat your offer of five hundred pounds a year to swear in your behalf.

*Teague.* Dat was Teague's finding out, and I believe St. Patrick put it in my thoughts to pick her pockets.

*Enter CONSTANCE and AURELIA.*

*Const.* I hope, Mr. Wou'dbe, you will make no attempts upon my person.

*Y. Wou.* Damn your person.

*E. Wou.* But pray, madam, where have you been all this evening. [*To Aurelia.*]

*Aur.* Very busy, I can assure you, sir. Here's an honest constable that I could find in my heart to marry, and had the greasy rogue but one drop of genteel blood in his veins; "what's becomes of him?" [*Looking about.*]

*Const.* Bless me, cousin, marry a constable!

*Aur.* Why, truly, madam, if that constable had not come



in a very critical minute, by this time I had been glad to marry any body.

*True.* I take you at your word, madam, you shall marry him this moment; and if you don't say that I have genteel blood in my veins by to-morrow morning——

*Aur.* And was it you, sir;

*True.* Look'e, madam, don't be ashamed; I found you a little in the *disabille*, that's the truth on't, but you made a brave defence.

*Aur.* I am obliged to you; and though you were a little whimsical to-day, this late adventure has taught me how dangerous it is to provoke a gentleman by ill usage; therefore, if my lord and this lady will shew us a good example, I think we must follow our leaders, captain.

*Const.* My lord, there was taken among your brother's jovial crew, his friend Subtleman, whom we have taken care to secure.

*E. Wou.* For him the pillory; for you, madam——

[To Midnight.

*Teague.* By my shoule, she shall be married to maishter Fuller.

*E. Wou.* For you, brother——

*Y. Wou.* Poverty and contempt——

*To which I yield as to a milder fate,*

*Than obligations from the man I hate.*

[Exit.

*E. Wou.* Then take thy wish——And now, I hope, all parties have received their due rewards and punishments.

*Teague.* But what will you do for poor Teague, maishter?

*E. Wou.* What shall I do for thee?

*Teague.* Arah, make me justice of peash, dear joy.

*E. Wou.* Justice of peace! thou art not qualified, man.

*Teague.* Yes, fet am I—I can take the oats, and write my

mark—I can be an honest man myself, and keep a great rogue for my clerk.

E. *Wou.* Well, well, you shall be taken care of—And now, captain, we set out for happiness—

*Let none despair, whate'er their fortunes be,  
Fortune must yield, would men but act like me.  
Choose a brave friend as partner of your breast,  
Be active when your right is in contest ;  
Be true to love, and fate will do the rest.*

[Exeunt Omnes.]

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## EPILOGUE.

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*OUR poet open'd with a loud warlike blast,  
But now weak woman is his safest cast,  
To bring him off with quarter at the last :  
Not that he's vain to think, that I can say,  
Or he can write fine things to help the play.  
The various scenes have drain'd his strength and art ;  
And I, you know, had a hard struggling part ;  
But then he brought me off with life and limb ;  
Ah ! would that I could do as much for him——  
Stay, let me think—your favours to excite,  
I still must act the part I play'd to night.  
For whatsoe'er may be your sly pretence,  
You like those best that make the best defence :  
But this is needless——'Tis in vain to crave it,  
If you have damn'd the play, no power can save it ;  
Not all the wits of Athens, and of Rome ;  
Not Shakspeare, Johnson, could revoke its doom :  
Nay, what is more——if once your anger rouses,  
Not all the courted beauties of both houses.  
He would have ended here—but I thought meet,  
To tell him there was left one safe retreat,  
Protection sacred at the ladies feet.  
To that he answer'd, in submissive strain,  
He paid all homage to this female reign,  
And therefore turn'd his satire 'gainst the men.  
From you, great queen, this sovereign right ye draw,  
To keep the wits, as she the world, in awe.  
To her bright sceptre, your bright eyes they bow ;*

---

*Such awful splendor sits on every brow,  
All scandal on the sex were treason now.  
The play can tell with what poetic care,  
He labour'd to redress the injur'd fair,  
And if you won't protect, the man will damn him there.  
Then save the muse that flies to you for aid;  
Perhaps my poor request may some persuade,  
Because it is the first I ever made.*

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7 JU 52

THE END.

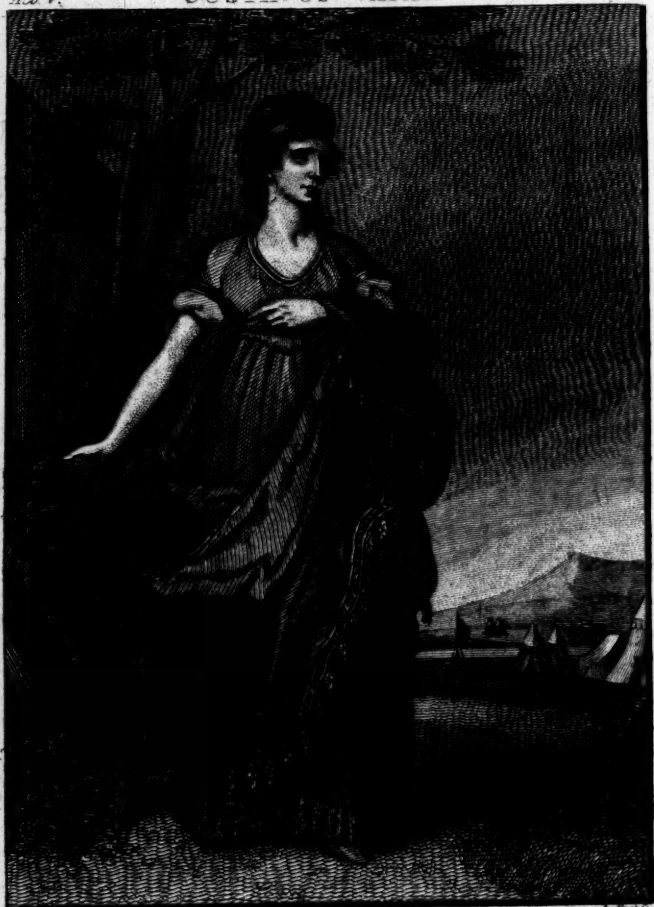


7 JUL 52

Act V.

GUSTAVUS VASA.

Sc. 1.



MR. TOWNSEND, as CRISTINA

Christ. *Oh, I fear*

*The War is now at work!—*

London, Published by J. Cawthorn, British Library Strand, July 1798.



Graham del.

Smith sc.

London, Published by J. Cawthorn, British Library Strand July 1795.

7 JU 52



# GUSTAVUS VASA,

THE  
DELIVERER OF HIS COUNTRY.

---

A  
TRAGEDY.

---

BY HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

---

ADAPTED FOR  
THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,  
AS INTENDED TO BE PERFORMED AT  
THE THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOK,

*By Permission of the Manager.*

---

The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation; and those  
printed in Italics are the Additions of the Theatre.

---

LONDON:

*Printed for, and under the Direction of,*  
GEORGE CAWTHORN, ~~British Library~~ STRAND.

M DCC XCVI.

GUSTAVUS NASSA

DELIVERED TO THE CUSTOMS

STAGGER

RE HERBERT BROOKS

RECEIVED FOR

EMERSON'S REPRESENTATION



RECEIVED FROM THE CUSTOMS

LONDON

Printed for, and near the Docks in  
George Cantillon, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100

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## HENRY BROOKE, ESQ.

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THIS Gentleman, the Author of the Tragedy of GUSTAVUS VASA, was born in the county of Cavan, in the kingdom of Ireland, probably about the year 1708; but the exact time of his birth is rather uncertain, as no particular account of it was published in his life-time, and accurate information cannot be obtained at a period so distant as the present. It may, however, be presumed, that this date is right, from a note to the imitations of Horace, published by Mr. OGLE, in the year 1738, where Mr. Brooke is stated to have been thirty years of age, before he could be prevailed upon to publish his poem of 'UNIVERSAL BEAUTY,' which was printed in the same year.

Mr. Brooke's talents for dramatic composition appeared first in his tragedy of Gustavus Vasa, which was presented to the Managers of the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane, in the year 1738, and favourably received by them; but when the performers were all perfect in their parts, and the rehearsal was nearly complete, an unexpected order was received from the Lord Chamberlain to prohibit the representation. This was, at first, a great disappointment to Mr. Brooke; but for which he was very amply recompensed by the approbation and liberality of the public, who so zealously and unanimously patronized the printing of it by subscription, that, according to Mr. Victor, the profits could not be less than ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

The arbitrary proceedings of the Lord Chamberlain, in refusing a licence, drew on him a great deal of well-deserved odium; and afforded our author the satisfaction of knowing, that his country at large espoused his cause. Paul Whitehead, in some very elegant lines addressed to Mr. Brooke at the time, was very severe in his reproof of the Chamberlain's conduct.

Pleas'd, in thy lays, we see GUSTAVUS live;  
 But, O Gustavus! if thou can'st, forgive  
*Britons* more savage than the tyrant *Dane*,  
 Beneath whose yoke you drew the galling chain.  
 Degen'rate *Britons*, by thy worth dismay'd,  
 Profane thy glories, and proscribe thy shade.

Notwithstanding the refusal of a licence to Gustavus Vasa, in England, it was, in the year 1742, performed at the Theatre in Dublin, with some few alterations, under the title of 'THE PATRIOT,' and very favourably received.

The disappointment of Mr. Brooke, in respect to Gustavus Vasa, did not deter him from again turning his talents to the stage: for, in 1741, his tragedy of the 'EARL OF WESTMORELAND; OR, THE BETRAYER OF HIS COUNTRY,' was brought forward in Dublin, and met with great success. This success drew from an anonymous writer some lines addressed to him, from which the following are extracted; and which are so elegant, that it is hard to determine, whether they do more credit to the talents of their author, or to the genius of the person they were written to.

Lo! BROOKE, in fancy nobly wild,  
 Returns, invention's eldest child.  
 With sience fraught, and ev'ry art,  
 He rules, at will, the varied heart;  
 Instructs the patriot's breast to glow,  
 Or bids the eye of beauty flow.  
 In looser dress Gustavus charm'd,  
 And, rich in negligency, warm'd;  
 This like a shining bride appears,  
 In all the pomp, that beauty wears.

In 1752, the tragedy of 'THE EARL OF ESSEX' was represented at the Theatre, in Smock Alley, Dublin. This play was an alteration of Banks's play of 'THE UNHAPPY FAVOURITE;' and is generally thought more judicious and masterly, than the alteration of the same play by Jones. In 1761, Mr. Brooke's tragedy was performed at Drury-Lane Theatre, while Mr. Sheridan was engaged there, and was



as well received by an English, as it had been by an Irish audience.

The three plays just mentioned are certainly the best of our authors dramatic compositions ; he was, however, the author of a variety of pieces of less note, a list of which are subjoined.

During the rebellion of 1745, Mr. Brooke took a very active part in politics ; and published the *Farmer's Letters*, in imitation of the *Drapier's Letters* of Dean Swift. These letters were much admired, at the time, for the liberality and justice of their sentiments. The Government of Ireland, however, did not much approve them ; and their disapprobation was very probably the cause of the prohibition of a Comic Opera, called '*LITTLE JOHN AND THE GIANTS*,' which was brought forward in Dublin, and stopt by the Licensor, after the first night's representation.

In Mr. Brooke's writings, independent of those for the stage, there is much to admire. His Poem of '*UNIVERSAL BEAUTY*,' is deservedly placed among the first compositions in our language ; and his *TRANSLATIONS* from TASSO deserve great praise. The part that he has modernized of CHAUCER, is by some thought to be equal, in harmony of numbers, to the most finished pieces of Mr. POPE ; and the '*FARMER'S LETTERS*' will be admired in Ireland, as long as the smallest spark of civil liberty shall remain.

It has been objected by some to Mr. Brooke, that his sentiments of civil liberty sometimes degenerate into licentiousness ; and this was the reason assigned for the refusal to license *Gustavus Vasa*. But at this distance of time, when the parties that then existed are forgotten, and the allusions lost, there is certainly not a sentiment to be found in it, that is contrary to the most rational and enlightened freedom, or that is inimical to the true spirit of the British Constitution.—Through the whole of his writings, there breathes a strong spirit of liberty, and patriotic zeal, which the spirit of party,

at the time, by construing general sentiments into particular reflection, perverted; and thus made that his crime, which was his greatest merit. In the dedication to Gustavus Vasa, he has taken some pains to vindicate himself from the charge of disaffection; and that, very successfully. His most intimate friends always declared, that he possessed the purest integrity of heart, and the firmest attachment to the succession of the House of Brunswick; and with all that ardent love of liberty which he possessed, he never in conversation uttered a sentiment which could tend to excite sedition, or awaken discontent. In the intercourse of private life, his conduct was very amiable. In his manners he was mild and unassuming; and his talk was always rational, and amusing. Upon the whole, we cannot hesitate to place him very high among the writers of the English language; and we can hardly refuse him that praise, which a great poet so liberally bestowed on him.—

*Shakespeare's* no more---lost was the poet's name,  
Till thou, my friend, my genius, sprung to fame:  
Lur'd by his laurel's never-fading bloom,  
You boldly snatch'd the trophy from his tomb;  
Taught the declining muse again to soar,  
And to *Britannia* gave one poet more.

P. WHITEHEAD.

Mr. Brooke enjoyed a paternal estate in the County of Cavan; and, for a great part of his life, was Barrack Master of Mullingar, in the County of Westmeath, Ireland. Regretted in his death, as he had been beloved in his life, he died in Dublin, on the 10th day of October, 1783.

*His Dramatic Works are :*

Gustavus Vasa, Tragedy, 1738.  
The Earl of Westmoreland, Tragedy, 1741.  
Little John and the Giants, Comic Opera, 1746.  
The Earl of Essex, Tragedy, 1761.  
Anthony and Cleopatra, Tragedy.  
The Impostor, Tragedy.  
Cymbeline, Tragedy.

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Montezuma, Tragedy.  
The Vestal Virgin, Tragedy.  
The Contending Brothers, Comedy.  
The Charitable Association, Comedy.  
The Female Officer, Comedy.  
The Marriage Contract, Comedy,  
Ruth, Oratorio.

*His other Works are :*

Universal Beauty, a Poem.  
Translations from Tasso.  
Fables published by Mr. E. Moore.  
Chaucer's Tales modernized.  
The Farmer's Letters.  
The Fool of Quality, a Novel.  
Together with sundry other Miscellaneous Compositions.

His works were collected, in 4 vols. octavo, and printed  
1788.

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## GUSTAVUS VASA.

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THIS Play is deservedly esteemed, as the best of the Dramatic Pieces of Mr. Brooke; and, certainly, possesses a very considerable degree of merit. It may, perhaps, hardly be thought too much to say, that it justly ranks in the first class of the productions of this Country. The author has chosen one of the most important æras in the history of Sweden, when brutal tyranny had usurped the throne of freedom and of justice, and lorded it over an oppressed nation; and has made his hero, GUSTAVUS, all that we can wish in the saviour of his people. His courage never degenerates into ferocity; and in the midst of danger and of conquest, his conduct is tempered by humanity, and feeling. Conscious, that the first duty he owes is to his Country, he throughout makes every thing subservient to that one end; and regards only that, whether he is obscured in the darkness of a mine, or glittering in the front ranks of war. Indeed, all the characters in this play are drawn by the pen of a master. Cristina is all that is tender, all that is lovely, in woman; and Augusta is a perfect Roman matron. Cristiern is all that we despise; and Arvida all that we love in human nature. Sivard is the fierce soldier, open, generous, and brave; while Trollio is painted, in strong colours, a wicked and corrupt minister. The plot is altogether ingeniously laid, and well conducted. If there be room for objection any where, it is in the language not being always so lofty, and elegantly polished as, perhaps, Tragedy requires.

It would be rather an invidious task to point out particular beauties; but the first act is better written than any of the others; and the description of Gustavus brooding over the miseries of Sweden, in the first scene, is exquisitely beautiful.

' I saw, as some bold peasants late deplor'd  
' Their country's bondage, sudden passion seiz'd,  
' And bore him from his seeming; straight his form  
' Was turn'd to terror, ruin fill'd his eye,  
' And his proud step appear'd to awe the world;  
' When check'd, as through an impotence of rage,  
' Damp sadness soon usurp'd upon his brow,  
' And the big tear roll'd graceful down his visage.'

In the speech of Gustavus, in the same scene, wherein he describes the massacre at Stockholm, there is as much of the terrible, as in any thing in our language.

‘ When Cristiern seiz’d upon the hour of peace,  
‘ And drench’d the hospitable floor with blood,  
‘ Then, &c. &c.  
‘ Invention wanton’d in the toil of infants  
‘ Stabb’d on the breast,’ &c. &c.

In the Fifth Act, the speech of Laertes describing Gustavus in battle, is as highly finished as language can be. Many other passages equally fine might be pointed out; but these are enough to make this Play rank very high, and for it to be generally read; and after a perusal of the noble sentiments it contains.

-----‘ Ev’ry breast must swell

‘ With ample scope to take its country in,

‘ And breathe the cause of virtue.’

ACT I. SCENE I.

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A PREFATORY  
DEDICATION  
TO THE  
SUBSCRIBERS.

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*AS I esteemed it my happiness to live under a government, where national liberty was established by law, and the rights of subjects interwoven with their allegiance, so I ever thought it my safety to act with such allowable freedom, as did not contradict any of our written and known regulations.*

*Though inconsiderable in myself, I am yet a subject of Great Britain; and the privileges of her meanest member are dear to the whole constitution.*

*Among those privileges, I claim that of justifying my conduct, I claim that of defending my property, and wish I could do both without giving disgust, even to those by whose censures I am a sufferer.*

*When I wrote the following sheets, I had studied the ancient laws of my country, but was not conversant with her present political state. I did not consider things minutely; in the general view, I liked our constitution, and zealously wished that the religion, the laws, and liberties of England might ever be sacred and safe. I had nothing to fear or hope from party, or preferment. My attachments were only to truth: I was conscious of no other principles, and was far from apprehending that such could be offensive.*

*I took my subject from the History of Sweden, one of those Gothic and glorious nations, from whom our form of govern-*

ment is derived, from whom Britain has inherited those unextinguishable sparks of liberty and patriotism, that were her light through the ages of ignorance and superstition, her flaming sword turned every way against invasion, and that vital heat which has so often preserved her, so often restored her, from intestine malignities. --- Those are the sparks, the gems, that alone give true ornament and brightness to the crown of a British monarch; that give him freely to reign over the free; and shall ever set him above the princes of the earth, till corruption grows universal, till subjects wish to be slaves, and kings know not how to be happy.

*I was pleased with the similitude between the principles, and, as I may say, between the natural constitutions of Sweden and Britain. I looked no further for sentiments, than as they arose from facts; and for the facts I am indebted to history: nay, I ingenuously confess, I was so far from a view of merit with the disaffected, that I looked upon this performance as the highest compliment I could pay the present establishment---Such was my ignorance, or such is my misfortune.*

*Many are the difficulties a new author has to encounter in introducing his play on the stage. I had the good fortune to surmount them. This piece was about five weeks in rehearsal; the day was appointed for acting; I had disposed of many hundred tickets; and imagined I had nothing to fear, but from the weakness of the performance.*

*But, then it was, that were I looked for approbation, I met with repulse. I was condemned and punished in my works, without being accused of any crime; and made obnoxious to the government under which I live, without having it in my power to alter my conduct, or knowing in what instance I had given offence.*



*However singular and unprecedented this treatment may appear, had I conceived it to be the intention of the legislature, I should have submitted without complaining; or had any, among hundreds who have perused the manuscript, observed but a single line that might inadvertently tend to sedition or immorality, I would then have been the first to strike it out; I would now be the last to publish it.*

*Had the dignity of the Lord Chamberlain's office condescended, as some would insinuate, to a theatrical examination of the drama, to a critical inquisition of the conduct, unities, and tricks of scenery, even so I might have hoped for equal indulgence with farces, pantomimes, and other performances of like taste and genius.*

*But this is not the case: the Lord Chamberlain's office is alone concerned in those reasons which gave birth to the statute; it is to guard against such representations as he may conceive to be of pernicious influence in the commonwealth; this is the only point to which his prohibitions are understood to extend, and his prohibition lays me under the necessity of publishing this piece, to convince the public, that (though of no valuable consequence) I am at least inoffensive.*

*Patriotism, or the love of one's country, is the great and single moral which I had in view through this play. This love (so superior in its nature to all other interests and affections) is personated in the character of Gustavus. It is the love of national welfare; national welfare is national liberty; and he alone can be conscious of it, he alone can contribute to the support of it, who is personally free.*

*By personal freedom I mean that state resulting from virtue, or reason ruling in the breast, superior to appetite and passion; and by national freedom, I mean a security*

(arising from the nature of a well-ordered constitution) for those advantages and privileges that each man has a right to, by contributing as a member to the weal of that community.

The monarch, or head of such a constitution, is as the father of a large and well-regulated family; his subjects are not servants, but sons; their care, their affections, their attachments are reciprocal, and their interest is one—is not to be divided.

This is truly to reign; this only is to reign. How glorious, how extensive is the prerogative of such a monarch! He is superior to subjects, each of whom is equal to any monarch, who is only superior to slaves. He is sceptered in the hearts of his people, from whence he directs their hands with double force and energy. His office partakes of the divine inclination, by being exerted to no other end but the happiness of a people.

Oh, never may any subtleties, any insinuations, raise groundless jealousies in a people so governed! never may they be influenced to imagine that such a prince is invading their rights, while he is only solicitous to confirm and preserve them.

And never may any ministry, any adulation, seduce such a prince from that his true interest and honour!

I should not have had the assurance to solicit a subscription in favour of sentiments that any circumstance could ever make me retract. These, and these only, are the principles of which you are patrons; and the honourable names prefixed\* to this performance, lay me under such a future

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\* The author was favoured with a very numerous and respectable subscription.

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*obligation of conduct, as shall ever make me cautious of  
forfeiting the advantages I receive from them. They are  
also to me a lasting memorial of that gratitude with which  
I am,*

*Your most obliged, most faithful,*

*And most humble servant,*

*HENRY BROOKE.*

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## PROLOGUE.

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*BRITONS ! this night presents a state distress'd,  
Though brave, yet vanquish'd ; and though great, oppress'd ;  
Vice, rav'ning vulture, on her vitals prey'd,  
Her peers, her prelates, fell corruption sway'd ;  
Their rights, for pow'r, th' ambitious weakly sold,  
The wealthy, poorly, for superfluous gold.  
Hence wasting ills, hence sew'ring factions rose,  
And gave large entrance to invading foes ;  
Truth, justice, honour, fled th' infected shore,  
For freedom, sacred freedom, was no more.*

*Then, greatly rising in his country's right,  
Her hero, her deliverer, sprung to light ;  
A race of hardy, northern sons he led,  
Guiltless of courts; untainted, and unread,  
Whose inborn spirit spurn'd th' ignoble fee,  
Whose hands scorn'd bondage,—for their hearts were free.*

*Ask ye what law their conqu'ring cause confess'd ?  
Great Nature's law—the law within the breast ;  
Form'd by no art, and to no sect confin'd,  
But stamp'd by Heav'n upon th' unletter'd mind.*

*Such, such, of old, the first-born natives were,  
Who breath'd the virtues of Britannia's air ;  
Their realm, when mighty Cæsar vainly sought,  
For mightier freedom against Cæsar fought,  
And rudely drove the fam'd invader home,  
To tyrannize o'er polish'd—venal Rome.*



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*Our bard, exalted in a free-born flame,  
To ev'ry nation would transfer this claim :  
He to no state, no climate bounds his page,  
He bids the moral beam through ev'ry age ;  
Then be your judgement gen'rous as his plan,  
Ye sons of freedom !—save the friend of man.*

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**Dramatis Personæ.**

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***DRURY-LANE.***

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*Men.*

CRISTIERN, King of Denmark and Norway, and Usurper of Sweden,	- - -	Mr. Wright.
TROLLIO, a Swede, Archbishop of Upsal, and Vicegerent to Cristiern,	- - -	Mr. Cibber.
PETERSON, a Swedish Nobleman, secretly of the Danish party, and friend to Trollio,		Mr. Turbutt.
LAERTES, a young Danish Nobleman, at- tendant to Cristiern,	- - -	Mr. Woodward.
GUSTAVUS, formerly General of the Swedes, and first cousin to the deceased King,	- - -	Mr. Quin.
ARVIDA, of the royal blood of Sweden, friend and cousin to Gustavus,	- - -	Mr. Milward.
ANDERSON, Chief Lord of Dalecarlia,	- - -	Mr. Mills.
ARNOLDUS, a Swedish Priest, and Chaplain in the copper mines of Dalecarlia,	- - -	Mr. Havard.
SIVARD, Captain of the Dalecarlians,	- - -	Mr. Ridout.

*Women.*

CRISTINA, Daughter to Cristiern,	- - -	Mrs. Giffard.
AUGUSTA, Mother to Gustavus,	- - -	Mrs. Butler.
GUSTAVA, Sister to Gustavus, a child,	- - -	Miss Cole.
MARIANA, Attendant and Confidant to Cristina,	- - -	Mrs. Chetwood.

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Soldiers, Peasants, Messengers, and Attendants.

Scene---*Dalecarlia, a Northern Province in Sweden.*

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## GUSTAVUS VASA.

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### ACT I. SCENE I.

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*The inside of the Copper-Mines in Dalecarlia. ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, and Servants enter, with Torches.*

*Anderson.*

You tell me wonders.

*Arn.* Soft, behold, my lord,     *[Points behind the Scenes.*  
Behold him stretch'd, where reigns eternal night,  
The flint his pillow, and cold damps his cov'ring;  
Yet, bold of spirit, and robust of limb,  
He throws inclemency aside, nor feels  
The lot of human frailty.

*And.* What horrors hang around! the savage race  
Ne'er hold their den but where some glimm'ring ray  
May bring the cheer of morn—What then is he?  
His dwelling marks a secret in his soul,  
And whispers somewhat more than man about him.

*Arn.* Draw but the veil of his apparent wretchedness,  
And you shall find his form is but assum'd,  
To hoard some wondrous treasure lodg'd within.

*And.* Let him bear up to what thy praises speak him,  
And I will win him, spite of his reserve,  
Bind him with sacred friendship to my soul,  
And make him half myself.

*Arn.* 'Tis nobly promis'd;  
For worth is rare, and wants a friend in Sweden:  
And yet I tell thee, in her age of heroes,  
When nurs'd by freedom, all her sons grew great,  
And ev'ry peasant was a prince in virtue,  
I greatly err, or this abandon'd stranger  
Had step'd the first for fame, though now he seeks  
To veil his name, and cloud his shine of virtues:  
For there is danger in them.

*And.* True, Arnoldus.  
Were there a prince throughout the scepter'd globe,  
Who search'd out merit for its due preferment,  
With half that care our tyrant seeks it out  
For ruin, happy, happy were that state,  
Beyond the golden fable of those pure  
And earliest ages—Wherefore this, good Heav'n?  
Is it of fate, that who assumes a crown  
Throws off humanity?

*Arn.* So Cristiern holds.  
He claims our country as by right of conquest,  
A right to ev'ry wrong. Ev'n now 'tis said,  
The tyrant envies what our mountains yield  
Of health or aliment; he comes upon us,  
Attended by a num'rous host, to seize  
These last retreats of our expiring liberty.

*And.* Say'st thou?

*Arn.* This rising day, this instant hour,  
Thus chased, we stand upon the utmost brink  
Of steep perdition, and must leap the precipice,  
Or turn upon our hunters.

*And.* Now, Gustavus!  
Thou prop and glory of inglorious Sweden,  
Where art thou, mightiest man?—Were he but here—



I'll tell thee, my *Arnoldus*, I beheld him,  
 Then when he first drew sword, serene and dreadful,  
 As the brow'd evening ere the thunder break :  
 For soon he made it toilsome to our eyes  
 To mark his speed, and trace the paths of conquest.  
 In vain we follow'd where he swept the field ;  
 'Twas death alone could wait upon *Gustavus*.

*Arn.* He was indeed whate'er our wish could form him.

*And.* Array'd and beauteous in the blood of Danes,  
 Th' invaders of his country, thrice he chas'd  
 This *Cristiern*, this fell conqu'ror, this usurper,  
 With rout and foul dishonour at his heels,  
 To plunge his head in Denmark.

*Arn.* Nor ever had the tyrant known return,  
 To tread our necks, and blend us with the dust,  
 Had he not dar'd to break through ev'ry law  
 That sanctifies the nations ; seiz'd our hero,  
 The pledge of specious treaty, tore him from us,  
 And led him chain'd to Denmark.

*And.* Then we fell.  
 If still he lives, we yet may learn to rise ;  
 But never can I dare to rest a hope  
 On any arm but his.

*Arn.* And yet, I trust,  
 This stranger, that delights to dwell with darkness,  
 Unknown, unfriended, compass'd round with wretchedness,  
 Conceals some mighty purpose in his breast,  
 Now lab'ring into birth.

*And.* When came he hither ?

*Arn.* Six moons have chang'd upon the face of night,  
 Since here he first arriv'd, in servile weeds,  
 But yet of mien majestic. I observ'd him,  
 And ever as I gaz'd, some nameless charm,

A wondrous greatness, not to be conceal'd,  
Broke through his form, and aw'd my soul before him.  
Amid these mines he earns the hireling's portion,  
His hands out-toil the hind, while on his brow  
Sits patience, bathed in the laborious drop  
Of painful industry—I oft have sought,  
With friendly tender of some worthier service,  
To win him from his temper; but he shuns  
All offers, yet declin'd with graceful act,  
Engaging beyond utterance. And at eve,  
When all retire to some domestic solace,  
He only stays, and, as you see, the earth  
Receives him to her dark and cheerless bosom.

*And.* Has no unwary moment e'er betray'd  
The labours of his soul, some fav'rite grief,  
Whereon to raise conjecture?

*Arn.* I saw, as some bold peasants late deplor'd  
Their country's bondage, sudden passion seiz'd,  
And bore him from his seeming; straight his form  
Was turn'd to terror, ruin fill'd his eye,  
And his proud step appear'd to awe the world;  
When check'd, as through an impotence of rage,  
Damp sadness soon usurp'd upon his brow,  
And the big tear roll'd graceful down his visage.

*And.* Your words imply a man of much importance.

*Arn.* So I suspected, and at dead of night  
Stole on his slumbers; his full heart was busy,  
And oft his tongue pronounc'd the hated name  
Of—'bloody Cristiern'—There he seem'd to pause,  
And, recollected to one voice, he cry'd,  
'Oh, Sweden! Oh, my country! Yet I'll save thee.'

*And.* Forbear; he rises—Heav'ns, what majesty!

*GUSTAVUS enters.*

Your pardon, stranger, if the voice of virtue,  
If cordial amity from man to man,  
And somewhat that should whisper to the soul,  
To seek and cheer the sufferer, led me hither,  
Impatient to salute thee. Be it thine  
Alone to point the path of friendship out,  
And my best power shall wait upon thy fortunes.

*Gus.* Yes, gen'rous man! there is a wondrous test,  
The truest, worthiest, noblest cause for friendship;  
Dearer than life, than int'rest, or alliance.  
And equal to your virtues.

*And.* Say, unfold.

*Gus.* Art thou a soldier, a chief lord in Sweden,  
And yet a stranger to thy country's voice,  
That loudly calls the hidden patriot forth?  
But what's a soldier? What's a lord in Sweden?  
All worth is fled or fall'n; nor has a life  
Been spar'd, but for dishonour; spar'd to breed  
More slaves for Denmark, to beget a race  
Of new-born virgins for th' unsated lust  
Of our new masters. Sweden, thou art no more!  
Queen of the north! thy land of liberty,  
Thy house of heroes, and thy seat of virtues,  
Is now the tomb where thy brave sons lie speechless,  
And foreign snakes engender.

*And.* Oh, 'tis true!

But wherefore? To what purpose?

*Gus.* Think of Stockholm:  
When Cristiern seiz'd upon the hour of peace,  
And drench'd the hospitable floor with blood,  
Then fell the flow'r of Sweden, mighty names!

Her hoary senators, and gasping patriots.  
The tyrant spoke, and his licentious band  
Of blood-train'd ministry were loos'd to ruin.  
Invention wanton'd in the toil of infants  
Stabb'd on the breast, or reeking on the points  
Of sportive javelins. Husbands, sons, and sires,  
With dying ears drank in the loud despair  
Of shrieking chastity. The waste of war  
Was peace and friendship to this civil massacre,  
Oh, Heav'n and Earth! Is there a cause for this?  
For sin without temptation, calm, cool villany,  
Delib'rate mischief, unimpassion'd lust,  
And smiling murder? Lie thou there, my soul:  
Sleep, sleep upon it, image not the form  
Of any dream but this, till time grows pregnant,  
And thou canst wake to vengeance.

*And.* Thou'st greatly mov'd me. Ha! thy tears start  
forth.

Yes, let them flow; our country's fate demands them;  
I too will mingle mine, while yet 'tis left us  
To weep in secret, and to sigh with safety.  
But wherefore talk of vengeance? 'Tis a word  
Should be engraven on the new-fall'n snow,  
Where the first beam may melt it from observance.  
Vengeance on Cristiern! Norway and the Dane,  
The sons of Sweden, all the peopled north,  
Bend at his nod—My humbler boast of pow'r  
Meant not to cope with crowns.

*Gus.* Then what remains  
Is briefly this: your friendship has my thanks,  
But must not my acceptance. Never—no—  
First sink, thou baleful mansion, to the centre,  
And be thy darkness doubled round my head,



Ere I forsake thee for the bliss of Paradise,  
 To be enjoyed beneath a tyrant's sceptre :  
 No, that were wilful slav'ry——Freedom is  
 The brilliant gift of Heaven, 'tis reason's self,  
 The kin of deity——I will not part it.

*And.* Nor I, while I can hold it ; but, alas !  
 That is not in our choice.

*Gus.* Why ? Where's that power whose engines are of force  
 To bend the brave and virtuous man to slav'ry ?  
 Base fear, the laziness of lust, gross appetites,  
 These are the ladders, and the groveling foot-stool,  
 From whence the tyrant rises on our wrongs,  
 Secure and scepter'd in the soul's servility.  
 He has debauch'd the genius of our country,  
 And rides triumphant, while her captive sons  
 Await his nod, the silken slaves of pleasure,  
 Or fetter'd in their fears.

*And.* I apprehend you.  
 No doubt, a base submission to our wrongs,  
 May well be term'd a voluntary bondage :  
 But think the heavy hand of power is on us ;  
 Of power, from whose imprisonment and chains  
 Not all our free-born virtue can protect us.

*Gus.* 'Tis there you err : for I have felt their force ;  
 And had I yielded to enlarge these limbs,  
 Or share the tyrant's empire on the terms  
 Which he propos'd, I were a slave indeed.  
 No, in the deep and deadly damp of dungeons,  
 The soul can rear her sceptre, smile in anguish,  
 And triumph o'er oppression.

*And.* O, glorious spirit ! Think not I am slack  
 To relish what thy noble scope intends ;

But then the means, the peril, and the consequence !  
Great are the odds, and who shall dare the trial ?

*Gus.* I dare.

Oh, wert thou still that gallant chief  
Whom once I knew ! I could unfold a purpose,  
Would make the greatness of thy heart to swell,  
And burst in the conception.

*And.* Give it utterance.

Perhaps there lie some embers yet in Sweden,  
Which, waken'd by thy breath, might rise in flames,  
And spread vindictive round. You say you know me ;  
But give a tongue to such a cause as this,  
And if you hold me tardy in the call,  
You know me not. But thee I've surely known ;  
For there is somewhat in that voice, and form,  
Which has alarm'd my soul to recollection :  
But 'tis as in a dream, and mocks my reach.

*Gus.* Then name the man whom it is death to know ;  
Or, knowing, to conceal—and I am he.

*And.* Gustavus ! Heav'ns ! 'Tis he ! 'tis he himself !

*ARVIDA enters, speaking to a Servant.*

*Arv.* I thank you, friend ; he's here you may retire.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*And.* Good morning to my noble guest ; you're early.

*[Gustavus walks apart.]*

*Arv.* I come to take a short and hasty leave.

'Tis said, that from the mountain's neighb'ring brow  
The canvas of a thousand tents appears,  
Whitening the vale—Suppose the tyrant there ;  
You know my safety lies not in the interview—  
Ha ! what is he, who, in the shreds of slav'ry

Supports a step superior to the state  
And insolence of ermine?

*Gus.* Sure that voice

Was once the voice of friendship and Arvida!

*Arv.* Ha! Yes, 'tis he!—ye pow'rs, it is Gustavus!

*Gus.* Thou brother of adoption! In the bond  
Of ev'ry virtue wedded to my soul,  
Enter my heart: it is thy property.

*Arv.* I'm lost in joy, and wondrous circumstance.

*Gus.* Yet, wherefore, my Arvida, wherefore is it,  
That in a place, and at a time like this,  
We should thus meet? Can Cristiern cease from cruelty?  
Say, whence is this, my brother? How escap'd you?  
Did I not leave thee in the Danish dungeon?

*Arv.* Of that hereafter. Let me view thee first.  
How graceful is the garb of wretchedness  
When worn by virtue! Fashions turn to folly,  
Their colours tarnish, and their pomps grow poor  
To her magnificence.

*Gus.* Yes, my Arvida;  
Beyond the sweeping of the proudest train  
That shades a monarch's heel, I prize these weeds:  
For they are sacred to my country's freedom.  
A mighty enterprize has been conceiv'd,  
And thou art come auspicious to the birth,  
As sent to fix the seal of heav'n upon it.

*Arv.* Point but thy purpose—let it be to bleed—

*Gus.* Your hands, my friends.

*All.* Our hearts.

*Gus.* I know they're brave.  
Of such the time has need, of hearts like yours,  
Faithful and firm, of hands inur'd and strong:  
For we must ride upon the neck of danger,  
And plunge into a purpose big with death.

*And.* Here let us kneel, and bind us to thy side.  
By all——

*Gus.* No, hold—if we want oaths to join us,  
Swift let us part, from pole to pole asunder,  
A cause like ours is its own sacrament ;  
Truth, justice, reason, love, and liberty,  
Th' eternal links that clasp the world, are in it.  
And he who breaks their sanction, breaks all law,  
And infinite connection.

*Arn.* True, my lord.

*And.* And such the force I feel.

*Arn.* And I.

*Arn.* And all.

*Gus.* Know then, that ere our royal Stenon fell,  
While this my valiant cousin and myself,  
By chains and treach'ry lay detain'd in Denmark,  
Upon a dark and unsuspected hour,  
The bloody Cristiern sought to take my head.  
Thanks to the ruling Power, within whose eye  
Imbosom'd ills, and mighty treasons roll,  
Prevented of their blackness—I escap'd,  
Led by a gen'rous arm, and some time lay  
Conceal'd in Denmark ; for my forfeit head  
Became the price of crowns. Each port and path  
Was shut against my passage ; till I heard  
That Stenon, valiant Stenon, fell in battle,  
And freedom was no more. Oh, then what bounds  
Had pow'r to hem the desp'rate ? I o'erpass'd them,  
Travers'd all Sweden, through ten thousand foes,  
Impending perils, and surrounding tongues,  
That from himself enquir'd Gustavus out.  
Witness, my country, how I toil'd to wake  
Thy sons to liberty—in vain : for fear,



Cold fear had seiz'd on all——Here last I came,  
 And shut me from the sun, whose hateful beams  
 Serv'd but to shew the ruins of my country.  
 When here, my friends, 'twas here, at length, I found,  
 What I had left to look for, gallant spirits,  
 In the rough form of untaught peasantry.

*And.* Indeed they once were brave: our Dalecarlians  
 Have oft been known to give a law to kings;  
 And as their only wealth has been their liberty,  
 From all th' unmeasur'd graspings of ambition  
 Have held that gem untouch'd—though now 'tis fear'd——

*Gus.* It is not fear'd—I say, they still shall hold it.  
 I've search'd these men, and find them like the soil,  
 Barren without, and to the eye unlovely;  
 But they've their mines within; and this the day  
 In which I mean to prove them.

*Arn.* O, Gustavus!  
 Most aptly hast thou caught the passing hour,  
 Upon whose critical and fated hinge  
 The state of Sweden turns.

*Gus.* And to this hour  
 I've therefore held me in this darksome womb,  
 That sends me forth as to a second birth  
 Of freedom, or through death to reach eternity.  
 This day return'd with ev'ry circling year,  
 In thousands pours the mountain peasants forth,  
 Each with his batter'd arms and rusty helm,  
 In sportive discipline well train'd, and prompt  
 Against the day of peril. Thus disguis'd,  
 Already have I stirr'd their latent sparks  
 Of slumb'ring virtue, apt as I could wish,  
 To warm before the lightest breath of liberty.

*Arn.* How will they kindle, when confess'd to view,

Once more their lov'd Gustavus stands before them,  
And pours his blaze of virtues on their souls !

*Arv.* It cannot fail.

*And.* It has a glorious aspect.

*Arv.* Now, Sweden, rise and re-assert thy rights,  
Or be for ever fall'n.

*And.* Then be it so.

*Arn.* Lead on, thou arm of war,  
To death or victory.

*Gus.* Let us embrace.

Why, thus, my friends, thus join'd in such a cause,  
Are we not equal to a host of slaves ?

You say the foe's at hand—Why, let them come ;

Steep are our hills, nor easy of access,

And few the hours we ask for their reception :

For I will take these rustic sons of liberty

In the first warmth and hurry of their souls ;

And should the tyrant then attempt our heights,

He comes upon his fate—Arise, thou sun !

Haste, haste to rouse thee to the call of liberty,

That shall once more salute thy morning beam,

And hail thee to thy setting.

*Arn.* O bless'd voice !

Prolong that note but one short day through Sweden,

And though the sun and life should set together,

It matters not—we shall have liv'd that day.

*Arv.* Were it not worth the hazard of a life,

To know if Cristiern leads his powers in person,

And what his scope intends ? Be mine that task,

Ev'n to the tyrant's tent I'll win my way,

And mingle with his councils.

*Gus.* Go, my friend !

Dear as thou art, whene'er our country calls,

Friends, sons, and sires should yield their treasure up,  
 Nor own a sense beyond the public safety.  
 But tell me, my Arvida, ere thou goest,  
 Tell me what hand has made thy friend its debtor,  
 And giv'n thee up to freedom and Gustavus?

*Arv.* Ha! let me think of that, 'tis sure she loves him.

*[Aside.*

Away, thou skance and jaundic'd eye of jealousy,  
 That tempts my soul to sicken at perfection;  
 Away! I will unfold it——To thyself  
 Arvida owes his freedom.

*Gus.* How, my friend?

*Arv.* Some months are pass'd since in the Danish dungeon  
 With care emaciate, and unwholesome damps  
 Sick'ning, I lay, chain'd to my flinty bed,  
 And call'd on death to ease me——straight a light  
 Shone round, as when the ministry of heav'n  
 Descends to kneeling saints. But, oh! the form  
 That pour'd upon my sight——Ye angels, speak!  
 For ye alone are like her; or present  
 Such visions pictur'd to the nightly eye  
 Or fancy tranc'd in bliss. She then approach'd,  
 The softest pattern of embodied meekness,  
 For pity had divinely touch'd her eye,  
 And harmoniz'd her motions——Ah, she cry'd,  
 Unhappy stranger, art not thou the man  
 Whose virtues have endear'd thee to Gustavus?

*Gus.* Gustavus did she say?

*Arv.* Yes, yes, her lips

Breath'd forth that name with a peculiar sweetness.  
 Loos'd from my bonds, I rose, at her command,  
 When, scarce recov'ring speech, I would have kneel'd,  
 But haste thee, haste thee for thy life, she cry'd;

And O, if e'er thy envied eyes behold  
Thy lov'd Gustavus, say, a gentle foe  
Has giv'n thee to his friendship.

*Gus.* You've much amaz'd me! Is her name a secret?

*Arv.* To me it is—but you perhaps may guess.

*Gus.* No, on my word.

*Arv.* You too had your deliv'rer.

*Gus.* A kind, but not a fair one—Well, my friends!  
Our cause is ripe, and calls us forth to action.  
Tread ye not lighter? Swells not ev'ry breast  
With ampler scope to take your country in,  
And breathe the cause of virtue? Rise, ye Swedes!  
Rise greatly equal to this hour's importance.  
On us the eyes of future ages wait,  
And this day's arm strikes forth decisive fate;  
This day, that shall for ever sink—or save;  
And make each Swede a monarch—or a slave. [Exeunt.

### ACT II. SCENE I.

*The Camp.* CRISTIERN, Attendants, &c. enter. TROLLIO  
meets him.

*Trollio.*

ALL hail, most mighty of the thrones of Europe!  
The morn salutes thee with auspicious brightness,  
No vapour frowns prophetic on her brow,  
But the clear sun, who travels with thy arms,  
Still smiles, attendant on thy growing greatness:  
His evening eye shall see thee peaceful lord  
Of all the north, of utmost Scandinavia;  
Whence thou may'st pour thy conquests o'er the earth,



'Till farthest India glows beneath thy empire,  
And Lybia knows no regal name but yours.

*Crist.* Yes, Trollio, I confess the godlike thirst,  
Ambition, that would drink a sea of glory.  
But what from Dalecarlia?

*Troll.* Late last night  
I sent a trusty slave to Peterson,  
And hourly wait some tidings.

*Crist.* Think you?—Sure  
The wretches will not dare such quick perdition!

*Troll.* I think they will not—Though of old I know them  
All born to broils, the very sons of tumult;  
Waste is their wealth, and mutiny their birthright,  
And this the yearly fever of their blood,  
Their holiday of war; a day apart,  
Torn out from peace, and sacred to rebellion.  
Oft has their battle hung upon the brow  
Of yon wild steep, a living cloud of mischiefs,  
Pregnant with plagues, and empty'd on the heads  
Of many a monarch.

*Crist.* Monarchs they were not,  
Pageants of wax, the mouldings of the populace,  
Tame, paltry idols, scepter'd up for show,  
And garnish'd into royalty—No, Trollio,  
Kings should be felt if they would find obedience;  
The beast has sense enough to know his rider:  
When the knee trembles, and the hand grows slack,  
He casts for liberty; but bends, and turns  
For him that leaps with boldness on his back,  
And spurs him to the bit.

*A Gentleman Usher, and several Peasants, enter, who kneel and bow at a distance.*

*Crist.* What slaves are those ?

*Gent.* My gracious liege, your subjects.

*Crist.* Whence ?

*Gent.* Of Sweden,

From Angermannia, from Helsingia some,  
Some from Gemtian and Nerician provinces.

*Crist.* Their business ?

*Gent.* They come to speak their griefs.

*Crist.* Their griefs ? their insolence !

Is not the camel mute beneath his burthen ?  
Were they not born to bear ? Away !—Hold ! come,  
What would these murmurers ?

*Gent.* Most royal Cristiern,

They say they have but one—one gracious king,  
And yet are bow'd beneath a host of tyrants,  
Task-masters, soldiers, gatherers of subsidies,  
All officers of rapine, rape, and murder ;  
Will-doing potentates, the lords of licence,  
Who weigh their sweat and blood, and heavier shame,  
Ev'n as a feather puff'd away in sport,  
The pastime of a gale.

*Crist.* I'll hear no more ;

I know ye, well I know ye, ye base supplicants ;  
Fear is the only worship of your souls,  
And ever where ye hate, ye yield obeisance.  
Wretches ! Shall I go poring on the earth,  
Lest my imperial foot should tread on emmets ?  
Is it for you I must controul my souldiers,  
And coop my eagles from their carrion ? No——  
Are ye not commoners, vile things in nature,

Poor priceless peasants? Slaves can know no property!

Out of my sight!

[*Exeunt Peasants.*]

*ARVIDA enters, guarded, and a Gentleman.*

*Arv.* Now, fate, I'm caught, and what remains is obvious.

*Gent.* A prisoner, good my lord.

*Crist.* When taken?

*Gent.* Now, ev'n here, before your tent;  
I mark'd his careless action, but his eye  
Of studied observation—then his port  
And base attire ill-suiting—I enquir'd,  
But found he was a stranger.

*Crist.* Ha! observe.

(Damn'd affectation) what a sullen scorn  
Knits up his brow, and frowns upon our presence.  
What—ay—thou would'st be thought a mystery,  
Some greatness in eclipse—Whence art thou, slave?  
Silent! Nay, then—Bring forth the torture there—  
A smile! Damnation!—How the wretch assumes  
The wreck of state, the suff'ring soul of majesty.  
What, have we no pre-eminence—no claim?  
Dost thou not know thy life is in our power?

*Arv.* 'Tis therefore I despise it.

*Crist.* Matchless insolence!  
What art thou? Speak!

*Arv.* Be sure no friend to thee:  
For I'm a foe to tyrants.

*Crist.* Fiends and fire!—  
A whirlwind tear thee, most audacious traitor!

*Arv.* Do, rage and chafe, thy wrath's beneath me,  
Cristiern.

How poor thy power, how empty is thy happiness,

When such a wretch, as I appear to be,  
Can ride thy temper, harrow up thy form,  
And stretch thy soul upon the rack of passion!

*Crist.* I'll know thee—I will know thee! Bear him hence!  
Why, what are kings, if slaves can brave us thus?  
Go, Trollio, hold him to the rack—Tear, search him,  
Prove him through ev'ry poignance, sting him deep.

*[Exit Trollio with Arvida guarded.]*

*A Messenger enters, as in haste.*

*Crist.* What would'st thou, fellow?

*Mess.* O, my sovereign lord,  
I am come fast and far, from ev'n till morn,  
Five times I've cross'd the shade of sleepless night,  
Impatient of thy presence.

*Crist.* Whence?

*Mess.* From Denmark;  
Commended from the consort of thy throne  
To speed and privacy.

*Crist.* Your words wou'd taste of terror—Wretch, speak  
out,  
Nor dare to tremble here—for didst thou bear  
Thy tidings from a thousand leagues around,  
Unmov'd, I move the whole, the cent'ring nave,  
Where turns that mighty circle—Speak thy message.

*Mess.* A secret malady, my gracious liege,  
Some factious vapour, risen from off the skirts  
Of southmost Norway, has diffus'd its bane,  
And rages now within the heart of Denmark.

*Crist.* It must not, cannot—'tis impossible!  
What, my own Danes? Nay, then the world wants weeding.  
I will not bear it—Hell! I'd rather see  
This earth a desert, desolate and wild,



And like the lion stalk my lonely round,  
Famish'd and roaring for my prey.—Call Trollio,  
I'll have men studied, deeply read in mischiefs.

*A Servant enters, who kneels and delivers a letter.*

*Crist.* From whom?

*Serv.* From Peterson.

*Crist.* To Trollio——Right.

[*Reads.*

How's this?——Begone——

Go all——without there——wait my pleasure.

O curse! How hell has tim'd it's plagues!

*TROLLIO enters.*

*Crist.* Come near, my Trollio.

We've heard ill news from Denmark—that's a trifle—

But here's to blast thy eyes—Read——

*Troll.* Ha! Gustavus!

So near us—and in arms!

*Crist.* What's to be done? Now, Trollio, now's the time  
To subtilize thy soul, sound every depth,  
And waken all the wondrous statesman in thee:  
For I must tell thee (spite of pride and royalty,  
Of guarding armies, and of circling nations  
That bend beneath my nod) this curs'd Gustavus  
Invades my shrinking spirits, awes my heart,  
And sits upon my slumbers——All in vain  
Has he been daring, and have I been vigilant;  
Spite of himself he still evades the hunter,  
And if there's pow'r in heav'n or hell, it guards him.  
When was I vanquish'd, but when he oppos'd me?  
When have I conquer'd, but when he was absent?  
His name's a host, a terror to my legions.  
And by my tripled crown, I swear, Gustavus,

I'd rather meet all Europe for my foe,  
Than see thy face in arms!

*Troll.* Be calm, my liege!

And listen to a secret big with consequence,  
That gives thee back the second man on earth  
Whose valour could plant fears around thy throne;  
Thy pris'ner——

*Crist.* What of him?

*Troll.* The prince Arvida.

*Crist.* How!

*Troll.* The same.

*Crist.* My royal fugitive?

*Troll.* Most certain.

*Crist.* Now then 'tis plain who sent him hither.

*Troll.* Yes.

Pray give me leave, my lord—a thought comes cross me—  
If so he must be ours——

[*Pauses.*]

Your pardon for a question——Has Arvida  
E'er seen your beauteous daughter, your Cristina?

*Crist.* Never—yes—possibly he might, that day  
When the proud pair, Gustavus and Arvida,  
Through Copenhagen drew a length of chain,  
And grac'd my chariot wheels—but why the question?

*Troll.* I'll tell you—while e'en now he stood before us,  
I mark'd his high demeanour, and my eye  
Claim'd some remembrance of him, though in clouds  
Doubtful and distant, but a nearer view  
Renew'd the characters effac'd by absence.  
Yet, lest he might presume upon a friendship  
Of ancient league between us, I dissembled,  
Nor seem'd to know him——On he proudly strode,  
As who should say, 'Back, fortune, know thy distance!'  
Thus steadily he pass'd, and mock'd his fate.

When, lo! the princess to her morning walk  
Came forth attended——quick amazement seiz'd  
Arvida at the sight; his steps took root,  
A tremor shook him; and his alt'ring cheek  
Now sudden flush'd, then fled its wonted colour;  
While with an eager and intemp'rate look  
He bent his form, and hung upon her beauties.

*Crist.* Ha! Did our daughter note him?

*Troll.* No, my lord;

She pass'd regardless——Strait his pride fell from him,  
And at her name he started.

Then heav'd a sigh, and cast a look to heav'n,  
Of such a mute, yet eloquent emotion,  
As seem'd to say, ' Now, fate, thou hast prevail'd,  
' And found one way to triumph o'er Arvida!'

*Crist.* But whither would this lead?

*Troll.* List, list, my lord!

While thus his soul's unseated, shook by passion,  
Could we engage him to betray Gustavus——

*Crist.* O empty hope! Impossible, my Trollio:  
Do I not know him, and the curs'd Gustavus?  
Both fix'd in resolution deep as hell,  
And proud as high Olympus!

*Troll.* Ah, my liege,  
No mortal footing treads so firm in virtue,  
As always to abide the slipp'ry path,  
Nor deviate with the bias——Some have few,  
But each man has his failing, some defect  
Wherein to slide temptation——Leave him to me.

*Crist.* I know thou hast a serpentizing genius,  
Canst wind the subtlest mazes of the soul,  
And trace her wand'rings to the source of action.  
If thou can'st bend this proud one to our purpose,

And make the lion crouch, 'tis well—if not,  
Away at once, and sweep him from remembrance.

*Troll.* Then I must promise deep.

*Crist.* Ay, any thing ; out-bid ambition.

*Troll.* Love?

*Crist.* Ha! Yes—our daughter too—if she can bribe him;  
But then to win him to betray his friend—

*Troll.* O, doubt it not, my lord—for if he loves,  
As sure he greatly does, I have a stratagem  
That holds the certainty of fate within it.  
Love is a passion whose effects are various ;  
It ever brings some change upon the soul,  
Some virtue, or some vice, 'till then unknown,  
Degrades the hero, and makes cowards valiant.

*Crist.* True, when it pours upon a youthful temper,  
Open and apt to take the torrent in,  
It owns no limits, no restraint it knows,  
But sweeps all down, though heav'n and hell oppose ;  
Ev'n virtue rears in vain her sacred mound,  
Raz'd in its rage, or in its swellings drown'd. [Exeunt.

## SCENE II.

*Opens, and discovers ARVIDA in chains ; Guards preparing instruments of death and torture. He advances in confusion.*

*Arv.* Off, off, vain cumbrance ; ye conflicting thoughts,  
Leave me to Heav'n ! O peace !—It will not be—  
Just when I rose above mortality,  
To pour her wondrous weight of charms upon me !  
At such a time, it was, it was too much !  
To pluck the soaring pinion of my soul,  
While eagle-ey'd she held her flight to heaven,



O'er pain and death triumphant! Help, ye saints!  
 Angelic ministers, descend, descend!  
 And lift me to myself; hold, bind my heart  
 Firm and unshaken in th' approaching ruin  
 The wreck of earth-born frailty! and, O Heav'n!  
 For ev'ry pang these tortur'd limbs shall feel,  
 Descend in ten-fold blessings on Gustavus!  
 Yes, bless him, bless him! Crown his hours with joy,  
 His head with glory, and his arms with conquest;  
 Set his firm foot upon the neck of tyrants,  
 And be his name the balm of ev'ry lip  
 That breathes through Sweden! Worthiest to be stil'd  
 Their friend, their chief, their father, and their king!

*TROLLIO enters.*

*Troll.* Unbind your prisoner.

*Arv.* How?

*Troll.* You have your liberty,  
 And may depart unquestion'd.

*Arv.* Do not mock me.

It is not to be thought, while power remains,  
 That Cristiern wants a reason to be cruel.  
 But let him know I would not be oblig'd.  
 He who accepts the favours of a tyrant  
 Shares in his guilt; they leave a stain behind them.

*Troll.* You wrong the native temper of his soul;  
 Cruel of force, but never of election,  
 Prudence compell'd him to a shew of tyranny;  
 Howe'er, those politics are now no more,  
 And mercy, in her turn, shall shine on Sweden.

*Arv.* Indeed! It were a strange, a bless'd reverse,  
 Devoutly to be wish'd; but then the cause,  
 The cause, my lord, must surely be uncommon.

May I presume?

Perhaps a secret.

*Troll.* No—or if it were,  
The boldness of thy spirit claims respect,  
And should be answer'd. Know, the only man,  
In whom our monarch ever knew repulse,  
Is now our friend; that terror of the field,  
Th' invincible Gustavus.

*Arv.* Ha! friend to Cristiern? Guard thyself, my heart!

[*Aside.*

Nor seem to take alarm—Why, good my lord,  
What terror is there in a wretch proscrib'd,  
Naked of means, and distant as Gustavus?

*Troll.* There you mistake—Nor knew we till this hour  
The danger was so near—From yonder hill  
He sends proposals, back'd with all the pow'rs  
Of Dalecarlia, those licentious resolute,  
Who having nought to hazard in the wreck,  
Are ever foremost to foment a storm.

*Arv.* I were too bold to question on the terms.

*Troll.* No—trust me, valiant man, whoe'er thou art,  
I would do much to win a worth like thine,  
By an act of service, or of confidence.  
The terms Gustavus claims, indeed, are haughty;  
The freedom of his mother and his sister,  
His forfeit province, Gothland, and the isles  
Submitted to his sceptre—But the league,  
The bond of amity, and lasting friendship,  
Is, that he claims Cristina for his bride.  
You start, and seem surpriz'd.

*Arv.* A sudden pain  
Just struck athwart my breast—But say, my lord,  
I thought you nam'd Cristina.

*Troll.* Yes.

*Arv.* O torture!

[*Aside.*

What of her, my good lord?

*Troll.* I said Gustavus claim'd her for his bride.

*Arv.* His bride! his wife!

You did not mean his wife! Do fiends feel this? [*Aside.*

Down, heart, nor tell thy anguish! Pray excuse me,

Did you not say the princess was his wife?

Whose wife, my lord?

*Troll.* I did not say what was, but what must be.

*Arv.* Touching Gustavus, was it not?

*Troll.* The same.

*Arv.* His bride?

*Troll.* I say his bride, his wife; his lov'd Cristina!

Cristina, fancied in the very prime

And youthful smile of nature; form'd for joys

Unknown to mortals. You seem indispos'd.

*Arv.* The crime of constitution—O Gustavus! [*Aside.*

This is too much!—And think you then, my lord—

What, will the royal Cristiern e'er consent

To match his daughter with his deadliest foe?

*Troll.* What should he do? War else must be eternal.

Besides, some rumours from his Danish realms

Make peace essential here.

*Arv.* Yes, peace has sweets,

That Hybla never knew; it sleeps on down,

Cull'd gently from beneath the cherub's wings;

No bed for mortals—Man is warfare—All

A hurricane within: yet friendship stoops,

And gilds the gloom with falsehood—smiles and varnish!

For still the storm grows high, and then no shore,

No rock to split on! 'Twere a kind perdition

To sink ten thousand fathoms at a plunge,

And fasten on oblivion——there we hold,  
And all is——

[*Faints.*]

*Troll.* Help, bear him up. O potency of love!  
That plucks this noble fabric from his base.  
Bend, bend him forward—He revives—How fare you?

*Arv.* I know not—yet a dagger were most friendly.  
Return me, Trollio, O return me back  
To death, to racks! Undone, undone Arvida!

*Troll.* Is't possible, my lord! the prince Arvida!  
My friend! [Embraces him.]

*Arv.* Confusion to the name! [Turns.]

*Troll.* Why this, good Heaven? And wherefore thus  
disguis'd?

*Arv.* Yes, that accomplish'd traitor, that Gustavus,  
While he sat planning private scenes of happiness,  
O well dissembled! He, he sent me hither;  
My friendly, unsuspecting heart a sacrifice,  
To make death sure, and rid him of a rival.

*Troll.* A rival! Do you then love Cristiern's daughter?

*Arv.* Name her not, Trollio; since she can't be mine:  
Gustavus! how, ah! how hast thou deceiv'd me!  
Who could have look'd for falsehood from thy brow,  
Whose heav'nly arch was as the throne of virtue?  
Thy eye appear'd a sun to cheer the world,  
Thy bosom truth's fair palace, and thy arms,  
Benevolent, the harbour for mankind.

*Troll.* What's to be done? Believe me, valiant prince,  
I know not which most sways me to thy int'rests,  
My love to thee, or hatred to Gustavus.

*Arv.* Would you then save me? Think, contrive it  
quickly!

Lend me your troops—by all the powers of vengeance,  
Myself will face this terror of the north,



This son of fame—this—O Gustavus—What?  
Where had I wander'd—Stab my bleeding country!  
Save, shield me from that thought.

*Troll.* Retire, my lord;  
For see, the princess comes.

*Arv.* Where, Trollio, where?  
Ha! Yes, she comes indeed! her beauties drive  
Time, place and truth, and circumstance before them!  
Perdition pleases there—pull—tear me from her!  
Yet must I gaze—but one—but one look more,  
And I were lost for ever.

[*Exeunt.*

CRISTINA, MARIANA, and Attendants enter.

*Cristina.* Forbid it, shame! forbid it, virgin modesty!  
No, no, my friends, Gustavus ne'er shall know it.  
O, I am overpaid with conscious pleasure;  
The sense but to have sav'd that wondrous man,  
Is still a smiling cherub in my breast,  
And whispers peace within.

*Mar.* 'Tis strange a man of his high note and consequence,  
Should so evade the busy search of thousands,  
That six long months have shut him from enquiry,  
And not an eye can trace him to his covert.

*Cristina.* Once 'twas not so: each infant lisp'd Gustavus!  
It was the fav'rite name of ev'ry language,  
His slightest motions fill'd the world with tidings;  
Wak'd he, or slept, fame watch'd th' important hour,  
And nations told it round.

*Mar.* I've heard, my princess,  
What time Gustavus lay detain'd in Denmark,  
Your royal father sought the hero's friendship,  
And offer'd ample terms of peace and amity.

*Cristina.* He did ; he offer'd that, my Mariana ;  
For which contending monarchs su'd in vain,  
He offer'd me, his darling, his Cristina ;  
But I was slighted, slighted by a captive,  
Though kingdoms swell'd my dower.

*Mar.* Amazement fixes me ;  
Rejected by Gustavus !

*Cristina.* Yes, Mariana ; but rejected nobly.  
Not worlds could win him to betray his country !  
Had he consented, I had then despis'd him.  
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown ?  
What, but the glaring meteor of ambition,  
That leads a wretch benighted in his errors,  
Points to the gulph, and shines upon destruction ?

*Mar.* You wrong your charms, whose power might reconcile

Things opposite in nature—Had he seen you !——

*Cristina.* He has, my Mariana, he has seen me.  
I'll tell thee—yet while inexpert of years,  
I heard of bloody spoils, the waste of war,  
And dire conflicting man, Gustavus' name  
Superior rose, still dreadful in the tale.  
Then first he seiz'd my infancy of soul,  
As somewhat fabled of gigantic fierceness,  
Too huge for any form ; he scar'd my sleep,  
And fill'd my young idea. Not the boast  
Of all his virtues, graces only known  
To him and heavenly natures, could erase  
The strong impression, 'till that wondrous day  
In which he met my eyes. But O ! O Heav'n !  
O love ! and all ye cordial pow'rs of passion ?  
What then was my amazement ! he was chain'd,  
Was chain'd, my Mariana ! Like the robes

Of coronation, worn by youthful kings,  
He drew his shackles. The Herculean nerve  
Brac'd his young arm, and soften'd in his cheek;  
Liv'd more than woman's sweetness. Then his eye!  
His mien! his native dignity! He look'd,  
As though he led captivity in chains,  
And all were slaves around.

*Mar.* Did he observe you?

*Cristina.* He did; for as I trembled, look'd and sigh'd,  
His eyes met mine; he fix'd their glories on me.  
Confusion thrill'd me then, and secret joy,  
Fast throbbing, stole its treasures from my heart,  
And mantling upward, turn'd my face to crimson.  
I wish'd—but did not dare to look;—he gaz'd,—  
When sudden, as by force, he turn'd away,  
And would no more behold me.

LAERTES enters.

*Laer.* Ah, bright imperial maid! my royal mistress!

*Cristina.* What would'st thou say? Thy looks speak terror  
to me.

*Laer.* O, you are ruin'd, sacrific'd, undone!  
I heard it all; your cruel, cruel father  
Has sold you, giv'n you up a spoil to treason,  
The purchase of the noblest blood on earth—  
Gustavus!——

*Cristina.* Ah! What of him? Where, where is he?

*Laer.* In Dalecarlia, on some great design,  
Doom'd in an hour to fall by faithless hands:  
His friend, the brave, the false, deceiv'd Arvida,  
Ev'n now prepares to lead a band of ruffians  
Beneath the winding covert of the hill,  
And seize Gustavus obvious to the snares

Of friendship's fair dissemblance. And your father  
Has vow'd your beauties to Arvida's arms,  
The purchase of his falsehood.

*Cristina.* Shield me, Heaven !

First, duty, break thy filial bands in sunder,  
And blot the name of parent from the world !  
Is there no let, no means of quick prevention ?

*Laer.* Behold my life still chain'd to thy direction ;  
My will shall have a wing for ev'ry word,  
That breathes thy mandate.

*Cristina.* Will you, good Laertes—

Alas, I fear to overtask thy friendship—  
Say, will you save me then ?——O go, haste, fly !  
Acquaint Gustavus—if, if he must fall,  
Let hosts that hem this single lion in,  
Let nations hunt him down—let him fall nobly.

*Laer.* I go, my princess—Heaven direct me to him !

[*Exit.*

*Cristina.* I would pray too, to save me from pollution ;  
Detested stain, the touch of the betrayer !  
But mighty love the partial pray'r arrests,  
And leaves me only anxious for Gustavus.  
For him cold fears my fainting bosom chill,  
His cares distract me, and his dangers kill ;  
Ye powers ! if deaf to all the vows I make,  
Yet shield Gustavus, for Gustavus' sake ;  
Protect his virtues from a faithless foe,  
And save your only image left below !

[*Exeunt.*



ACT III. SCENE I.

*Mountains of Dalecarlia. GUSTAVUS enters as a Peasant—  
Dalecarlians following.*

*Gustavus.*

YE men of Sweden! wherefore are ye come?  
See ye not yonder, how the locusts swarm,  
To drink the fountains of your honour up,  
And leave your hills a desert—Wretched men!  
Why came ye forth? Is this a time for sport?  
Or are ye met with song and jovial feast,  
To welcome your new guests, your Danish visitants?  
To stretch your supple necks beneath their feet,  
And, fawning, lick the dust?—Go, go, my countrymen!  
Each to your several mansions, trim them out,  
Cull all the tedious earnings of your toil  
To purchase bondage—Bid your blooming daughters,  
And your chaste wives to spread their beds with softness;  
Then go ye forth, and with your proper hands  
Conduct your masters in; conduct the sons  
Of lust and violation—O Swedes, Swedes!  
Heavens! are ye men, and will ye suffer this?

*ARNOLDUS enters, who talks apart with Gustavus.*

*1st Dale.* How my blood boils!

*2d Dale.* Who is this honest spokesman?

*3d Dale.* What, know ye not Rodolphus of the mines?  
A better lab'rer ne'er struck steel to stone.

*Gus.* There was a time, my friends! a glorious time,  
When, had a single man of your forefathers  
Upon the frontier met a host in arms,

His courage scarce had turn'd ; himself had stood,  
Alone had stood, the bulwark of his country.  
Your sires were known but by their manly fronts ;  
On their black brows, enthron'd, sat liberty,  
The awe of honour, and contempt of death.

1st Dale. We are not bastards.

2d Dale. No.

3d Dale. We're Dalecarlians.

Gus. Come, come ye on then. Here I take my stand !  
Here, on the brink, the very verge of liberty ;  
Although contention rise upon the clouds,  
Mix heaven with earth, and roll the ruin onward,  
Here will I fix, and breast me to the shock,  
'Till I, or Denmark fall.

Siv. And who art thou ?

That thus would'st swallow all the glory up  
That should redeem the times ? Behold this breast ;  
The sword has till'd it, and the stripes of slaves  
Shall ne'er trace here, shall never blot  
The fair inscription—Never shall the cords  
Of Danish insolence bind down these arms  
That bore my royal master from the field.

Gus. Ha ! Say you, brother ? Were you there—O grief !—  
Where liberty and Stenon fell together ?

Siv. Yes, I was there—A bloody field it was,  
Where conquest gasp'd, and wanted breath to tell  
Its o'er-toil'd triumph. There, our bleeding king,  
There Stenon on this bosom made his bed,  
And rolling back his dying eyes upon me,  
' Soldier, he cried, if e'er it be thy lot  
' To see my valiant cousin, great Gustavus,  
' Tell him—for once, that I have fought like him,  
' And would like him have'—

Conquer'd—he should have said—but there, O there  
Death stopt him short.

*Gus.* Come to my arms, and let me hide thy tears,  
For I have caught their softness—O Danes! Danes!  
You shall weep blood for this. Shall they not, brother?  
Yes, we will deal our might with thrifty vengeance,  
A life for ev'ry blow, and when we fall,  
There shall be weight in't; like the tott'ring towers  
That draw contiguous ruin.

*Siv.* Brave, brave man!  
My soul admires thee—By my father's spirit,  
I would not barter such a death as this  
For immortality! Nor we alone—  
Here be the trusty gleanings of that field  
Where last we fought for freedom; here's rich poverty,  
Though wrapp'd in rags; my fifty brave companions,  
Who through the force of fifteen thousand foes  
Bore off their king, and sav'd his great remains.

*Gus.* Give me your hands, those valiant hands.—Why,  
captain,  
We could but die, alone;—with these, we'll conquer.  
My fellow lab'ers too——What say ye, friends?  
Shall we not strike for't?

*All.* Death; victory, or death!  
No bonds, no bonds!

*Arn.* Spoke like yourselves—Ye men of Dalecarlia,  
Brave men and bold! Whom ev'ry future age,  
Tongues, nations, languages, and rolls of fame  
Shall mark for wondrous deeds, achievements won  
From honour's dang'rous summit, warriors all!  
Say, might ye chuse a chief, for high exploits,  
From the first annal, to the latest praise

That breathes a heroes name—Speak, name the man  
Who then should meet your wish?

*Siv.* Forbear the theme.

Why wouldst thou seek to sink us with the weight  
Of grievous recollection? O Gustavus!  
Could the dead wake, thou wert that man of men,  
First of the foremost.

*Gus.* Didst thou know Gustavus?

*Siv.* Know him! O Heav'n! what else, who else was  
worth

The knowledge of a soldier? That great day,  
When Cristiern, in his third attempt on Sweden,  
Had summ'd his powers, and weigh'd the scale of fight,  
On the bold brink, the very push of conquest,  
Gustavus rush'd, and bore the battle down,  
In his full sway of prowess, like Leviathan  
That scoops his foaming progress on the main,  
And drives the shoals along—forward I sprung,  
All emulous, and lab'ring to attend him;  
Fear fled before, behind him rout grew loud,  
And distant wonder gaz'd—At length he turn'd,  
And having ey'd me with a wondrous look  
Of sweetness mix'd with glory—grace inestimable!  
He pluck'd this bracelet from his conqu'ring arm  
And bound it here—My wrist seem'd treble nerv'd;  
My heart spoke to him, and I did such deeds  
As best might thank him—but from that bless'd day  
I never saw him more—yet still to this,  
I bow, as to the relics of my saint:  
Each morn I drop a tear on ev'ry bead,  
Count all the glories of Gustavus o'er,  
And think I still behold him.



*Gus.* Rightly thought;  
For so thou dost, my soldier.  
Give me my arms—Off, off, ye dark disguises!  
For I will be myself. Behold your general  
Gustavus! Come once more to lead ye on  
To laurell'd victory, to fame, to freedom!

1st *Dale.* Is it?

2d *Dale.* Yes.

3d *Dale.* No.

4th *Dale.* 'Tis he!

5th *Dale.* 'Tis he!

6th *Dale.* 'Tis he!

[*A shout.*]

*Siv.* Strike me, ye powers!—It is illusion all!  
It cannot——

*Gus.* What, no nearer?

*Siv.* 'Tis, it is!— [Falls and embraces his knees.]

*Gus.* O speechless eloquence!

Rise to my arms, my friend.

*Siv.* Friend! said you friend?

O my heart's lord! my conqueror! my!——

*Gus.* Approach, my fellow soldiers! your Gustavus  
Claims no precedence here: friendship like mine  
Throws all respects behind it—'tis enough—  
I read your joys, your transports in your eyes;  
And wou'd, O wou'd I had a life to spend,  
For ev'ry soldier here! whose every life's  
Far dearer than my own; dearer than aught,  
Except your liberty, except your honour.  
Perish Gustavus, ere this sacred sun,  
That lights the rest of Sweden to their shame,  
Should blush upon your chains! Why said I chains?  
To souls like yours, I shou'd have talk'd of triumphs,  
Empire, and fame, and hazards imminent,

Occasions wish'd for glory—Haste, brave men!  
Collect your friends to join us on the instant;  
Summon our brethren to their share of conquest;  
And let loud echo, from her circling hills,  
Sound freedom, till the undulation shake  
The bounds of utmost Sweden:  
[*Exeunt Dalecarlians, crying 'Gustavus! Gustavus! liberty!'*]

ANDERSON *enters*.

*And.* There was a glorious sound!

*Gus.* Yes, Anderson,  
The long wish'd hour is come—the storm is up,  
And wrecks will follow. Where they are to light  
Let Heav'n determine. Well, my noble friend,  
Has Peterson set out?

*And.* He has, this instant;  
And bears your packet to the tyrant's camp.

*Gus.* What think you of his zeal?

*And.* In truth, my lord,  
It wears a gallant show.

*Gus.* 'Tis specious all,  
Flash without fire, the lightning of a cloud  
That carries darkness in the rear—For Peterson  
To spread my letters through the camp of Cristiern,  
And seek for succours in the jaws of death,  
It shew'd too bold, too much the flaming patriot:  
Beside, I know him for the friend of Trollio.

*And.* Why would you then employ him?

*Gus.* There's the mystery.  
'Tis not his faith, but treachery I trust to.  
My letters are directed to the chiefs  
Of those inglorious mercenary Swedes,  
Whom Cristiern has seduc'd to join his host,

And turn the sword of conquest on their country ;  
 To each of those I have address'd in terms  
 Of special correspondence, meant to rouse  
 The jealousy of Cristiern ; as I think,  
 My pacquet can't escape him——What ensues ?  
 The tyrant hence concludes himself betray'd,  
 Sifts all his legions, thins the ranks of fight,  
 And leaves them open to our bold invasion.  
 But grant that Peterson deceive my aim,  
 And hold the rank of virtue ; then the Swedes  
 May waken to the glorious call of honour.  
 So——ev'ry way it saves us from the guilt  
 Of Swedes encount'ring Swedes, and spares the blood  
 Of brethren, though revolted.

*And.* On my soul,  
 This is a stratagem that saps the miner ;  
 Makes treason turn a traitor to itself,  
 And mock its own designs.

*Gus.* O noble friend, fast winds the great machine  
 That strikes the fate of Sweden—Go, my Anderson,  
 Assemble all thy brave adherents round thee,  
 With warlike inspiration warm their souls,  
 And haste to join me here.

*And.* I will, my lord.

*[Exit.*

LAERTES enters.

*Laer.* Thy presence nobly speaks the man I wish, Gustavus.

*Gus.* Yes. Thou hast a hostile garb,  
 Ha ! say—Art thou Laertes ? If I err not,  
 There is a friendly semblance in that face,  
 Which answers to a fond impression here,  
 And tells me I'm thy debtor—My deliv'rer !

*Laer.* No, valiant prince, you over-rate my service,

There is a worthier object of your gratitude  
Whom yet you know not—Oh, I have to tell—  
But then to gain your credit, must unfold  
What haply should be secret—Be it so ;  
You are all honour.

*Gus.* Let me to thy mind :  
For thou hast wak'd my soul into a thought  
That holds me all attention.

*Laer.* Mightiest man !  
To me alone you held yourself oblig'd  
For life and liberty—Had it been so,  
I were more bless'd, with retribution just  
To pay thee for my own : for on the day  
When by your arm the mighty Thraces fell,  
Fate threw me to your sword—You spar'd my youth,  
And in the very whirl and rage of fight  
Your eye was taught compassion—from that hour  
I vow'd my life slave of your rememb'rance ;  
And often, as Cristina, heavenly maid !  
The mistress of my service, question'd me  
Of wars and vent'rous deeds, my tidings came  
Still freighted with thy name, until the day  
In which yourself appear'd, to make praise speechless.  
Cristina saw you then, and on your fate  
Dropp'd a kind tear ; and when your noble scorn  
Of proffer'd terms provok'd her father's rage  
To take the deadly forfeit, she, she only,  
Whose virtues watch'd the precious hour of mercy,  
All trembling, sent my secret hand to save you ;  
Where, through a pass unknown to all your keepers,  
I led you forth, and gave you to your liberty.

*Gus.* Oh, I am sunk, o'erwhelm'd with wondrous goodness !  
But were I rich, and free as op'ning mines,



That teem their golden wealth upon the world,  
Still I were poor, unequal to her bounty.  
Nor can I longer doubt whose gen'rous arm  
In my Arvida, in my friend's deliverance,  
Gave double life, and freedom to Gustavus.

*Laer.* A fatal present! Ah, you know him not:  
Arvida is misled, undone by passion;  
False to your friendship, to your trust unfaithful.

*Gus.* Ha! hold!

*Laer.* I must unfold it.

*Gus.* Yet forbear:

This way—I hear some footing—pray you, soft—  
If thou hast aught to urge against Arvida,  
The man of virtue, tell it not the wind,  
Lest slander catch the sound, and guilt should triumph.

[*Exeunt.*]

*ARVIDA enters, speaking to a Soldier.*

*Arv.* He's here—bear back my orders to your fellows,  
That not a man, on peril of his life,  
Advance in sight till call'd.

*Sold.* My lord, I will—

*Arv.* Have I not vow'd it, faithless as he is,  
Have I not vow'd his fall? Yet, good Heaven!  
Why start these sudden tears? On, on I must:  
For I am half way down the dizzy steep,  
Where my brain turns—A draught of Lethe now—  
Oh, that the world would sleep—to wake no more!  
Or that the name of friendship bore no charm  
To make my nerve unsteady, and this steel  
Flee backward from its task! It shall be done.  
Empire! Cristina! though th' affrighted sun  
Start back with horror of the direful stroke,

It shall be done. Calm, calm the hell within,  
 Thy looks may else turn traitors—Ha, he comes!  
 How steadily he looks, as Heaven's own book,  
 The leaf of truth, were open'd on his aspect.  
 Up, up, dark minister—his fate calls out

*[Puts up the dagger.]*

To nobler execution : for he comes  
 In opposition, singly, man to man,  
 As though he brav'd my wish.

GUSTAVUS enters.

*[They look for some time on each other ; Arvida lays his hand on his sword, and withdraws it by turns ; then advances irresolutely.]*

Gus. Is it then so ?

Arv. Defend thyself.

Gus. No—strike—

I would unfold my bosom to thy sword,  
 But that I know the wound you give this breast  
 Would doubly pierce thy own.

Arv. I know thee not—

It is the time's eclipse, and what should be  
 In nature, now is nameless.

Gus. Ah, my brother !

Arv. What wouldst thou ?

Gus. Is it thus we two should meet ?

Arv. Art thou not false ? deep else, oh, deep indeed  
 Were my damnation.

Gus. Dear, unhappy man !

My heart bleeds for thee. False I'd surely been,  
 Had I like thee been tempted.

Arv. Ha ! speak, speak,

Did thou not send to treat with Cristiern ?

*Gus.* Never.

I know thy error, but I know the arts,  
 The frauds, the wiles, that practis'd on thy virtue;  
 Firm how you stood, and tow'r'd above mortality;  
 Till in the fond unguarded hour of love,  
 The wily undermining Trollio came,  
 And won thee from thyself—a moment won thee:  
 For still thou art Arvida, still the man  
 On whom thy country calls for her deliv'rance.  
 Already are her bravest sons in arms;  
 Mark how they shout, impatient of our presence,  
 To lead them on to a new life of liberty,  
 To fame, to conquest—Ha, Heav'n guard my brother!  
 Thy cheek turns pale, thy eye is wild upon me,  
 Wilt thou not answer me?

*Arv.* Gustavus!

*Gus.* Speak.

*Arv.* Have I not dream'd?

*Gus.* No other I esteem it.

Where lives the man whose reason slumbers not?  
 Still pure, still blameless; if, at wonted dawn,  
 Again he wakes to virtue.

*Arv.* Oh, my dawn

Must soon be dark. Confusion dissipates,  
 To leave me worse confounded.

*Gus.* Think no more on't.

Come to my arms, thou dearest of mankind!

*Arv.* Stand off! Pollution dwells within my touch,  
 And horror hangs around me—Cruel man!  
 Oh, thou hast doubly damn'd me with this goodness:  
 For resolution held the deed as done,  
 That now must sink me—Hark! I'm summon'd hence;  
 My audit opens! Poise me! for I stand

Upon a spire, against whose sightless base  
Hell breaks his wave beneath. Down, down I dare not,  
And up I cannot look : for justice fronts me.  
Thou shalt have vengeance ; though my purpling blood  
Were nectar for heav'n's bowl, as warm and rich,  
As now 'tis base, it thus should pour for pardon.

[*Gustavus catches his arm, and in the struggle the dagger falls.*]

*Gus.* Ha ! Hold, Arvida—No, I will not lose thee—  
Forbid it, Heav'n ! thou shalt not rob me so ;  
No, I will struggle with thee to the last,  
And save thee from thyself. Oh, answer me !  
Wilt thou forsake me ? Answer me, my brother,  
My best Arvida !

*Arv.* I would speak to thee——

But let it be by silence——Oh, Gustavus !

*Gus.* Say but you'll live.

*Arv.* Oh !

*Gus.* For my sake,

*Arv.* Yes, take me ;

Expose me, cage me, brand me for the tool  
Of crafted villains, for the veriest slave,  
On whom the bend of each contemptuous brow  
Shall look with loathing. Ah, my turpitude  
Shall be the vile comparative for knaves  
To boast and whiten by !

*Gus.* Not so, not so.

Who knows no fault, my friend, knows no perfection.  
The rectitude, that Heav'n appoints to man,  
Leads on through error ; and the kindly sense  
Of having stray'd, endears the road to bliss ;  
It makes heav'n's way more pleasing ! Oh, my brother !  
'Tis hence a thousand cordial charities  
Derive their growth, their vigour, and their sweetness.



This short lapse  
Shall to thy future foot give cautious treading,  
Erect and firm in virtue.

*Arv.* Give me leave.

[*Offers to pass.*]

*Gus.* You shall not pass.

*Arv.* I must.

*Gus.* Whither?

*Arv.* I know not—Oh, Gustavus!

*Gus.* Speak.

*Arv.* You can't forgive me.

*Gus.* Not forgive thee!

*Arv.* No:

Look there.—

[*Points to the dagger.*]

And yet when I resolv'd to kill thee,  
I could have dy'd—indeed I could—for thee  
I could have dy'd, Gustavus!

*Gus.* Oh, I know it.

A gen'rous mind, though sway'd awhile by passion,  
Is like the steely vigour of the bow ;  
Still holds its native rectitude, and bends  
But to recoil more forceful. Come, forget it.

*A Dalecarlian enters.*

*Dale.* My lord, as I now pass'd the mountain's brow,  
I spy'd some men, whose arms, and strange attire,  
Give cause for circumspection.

*Gus.* Danes, perhaps;

Haste, intercept their passage to the camp. [Exit Dal.]

*Arv.* Those are the Danes that witness to my shame.

*Gus.* Perish th' opprobrious term! not so, Arvida;  
Myself will be the guardian of thy fame;  
Trust me, I will—Our friends approach—Oh, clear,  
While I attend them, clear that cloud, my brother,

That sits upon the morning of thy youth :  
It hangs too near the heart of thy Gustavus. [Exit.

*Arv.* Of thy Gustavus! Oh, wretch, wretch, cursed wretch!  
What is this time and place, and toys of circumstance,  
That wind our actions, so, as Heav'n's own hand  
What's done may not unravel?—Pardon may!——  
There's the Lethean sweet, the snow of heav'n,  
New blanching o'er the negro front of guilt,  
That to the eye of mercy all appears  
Fair as th' unwritten page—yet self convict,  
Though Heav'n's free pow'r should pardon, where's my  
peace?

Thus, thus to be driven out from my own breast!  
To have no shed, no shelt'ring nook at home  
To take reflection in! How looks the wretch  
Whose heart cries villain to itself? I'll not  
Endure its battery—Somewhat must be done  
Of high import ere night, that I may sleep,  
Or wake, for ever. [Exit.

GUSTAVUS enters, followed by the Dalecarlians, ANDERSON,  
ARNOLDUS, SIVARD, Officers, &c.

1st Dale. Let us all see him!

2d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.

3d Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th Dale. Our general.

5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons can be found.

6th Dale. Or hands to wield them.

7th Dale. Get on the bank, Gustavus.

*And.* Do, my lord.

*Gus.* My countrymen!——

1st Dale. Ho! hear him.

2d *Dale*. Peace!

3d *Dale*. Peace!

4th *Dale*. Peace!

*Gus.* Amazement, I perceive, hath fill'd your hearts,  
And joy, for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd  
Through wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and deaths,  
Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before ye.  
As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,  
From hearts that ne'er knew pity; dark and vengeful;  
Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,  
And know no music but the groans of Sweden.  
Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,  
And mother's age, now grind beneath captivity,  
Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour  
Swept my great sire, and kindred from my side;  
For them Gustavus weeps not; though my eyes  
Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.  
But, Oh, great parent, when I think on thee!  
Thy numberless, thy nameless shameful infamies,  
My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think  
Upon thy desolation, spite of rage——  
And vengeance that would choak them——tears will flow.

*And.* Oh, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them,  
Practis'd to stab and smile; to stab the babe  
That smiles upon them.

*Arn.* What accursed hours  
Roll o'er those wretches, who to fiends like these,  
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more  
Than worlds will rate for!

*Gus.* Oh, liberty, Heav'n's choice prerogative!  
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,  
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!  
For thee the valiant bleed. Oh, sacred liberty!  
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring ruin,

Like the bold stork, you seek the wintry shore,  
Leave courts and pomps, and palaces to slaves,  
Cleave to the cold, and rest upon the storm!  
Upborne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms  
Of empire——offer'd at the hands of tyrants!  
With thee, I sought this fav'rite soil; with thee,  
These fav'rite sons I sought—thy sons, O Liberty!  
For even amid the wilds of life you lead them,  
Lift their low rafted cottage to the clouds,  
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops  
Beam glory to the nations.

*All.* Liberty! Liberty!

*Gus.* Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,  
Are ye not mark'd by all the circling world,  
As the great stake, the last effort for liberty?  
Say, is it not your wealth, the thirst, the food,  
The scope, and bright ambition of your souls?  
Why else have you, and your renown'd forefathers,  
From the proud summit of their glitt'ring thrones,  
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings  
That dar'd the bold infringement? What, but liberty,  
Through the fam'd course of thirteen hundred years,  
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,  
And sanctify'd their shade?—And will ye, will ye  
Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world,  
Bid your high honour stoop to foreign insult,  
And in one hour give up to infamy  
The harvest of a thousand years of glory?

*1st Dale.* Nò,

*2d Dale.* Never, never.

*3d Dale.* Perish all first.

*4th Dale.* Die all!

*Gus.* Yes, die by piecemeal!  
Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph!



Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,  
 To see ye fear'd ; to see that ev'n your foes  
 Do justice to your valours !—There they be,  
 The pow'rs of kingdoms summ'd in yonder host,  
 Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.  
 And, Oh, when I look round, and see you here,  
 Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,  
 My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.  
 True courage but from opposition grows ;  
 And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,  
 Match'd to the sinew of a single arm  
 That strikes for liberty ? That strikes to save  
 His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,  
 His couch from lust, his daughters from pollution,  
 And his large honours from eternal infamy ?  
 What, doubt we then ? Shall we, shall we stand here,  
 Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,  
 And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve  
 To wake us to resistance ?—Let us on !  
 Oh, yes, I read your lovely fierce impatience ;  
 You shall not be withheld ; we will rush on them—  
 This is indeed to triumph, where we hold  
 Three kingdoms in our toil ! is it not glorious,  
 Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,  
 And push yon torrent back, till every wave  
 Flee to its fountain ?

*3d Dale.* On, lead us on, Gustavus : one word more  
 Is but delay of conquest.

*Gus.* Take your wish.

He, who wants arms, may grapple with the foe,  
 And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,  
 Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus  
 Take the left rout—You, Eric, great in arms !

With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,  
 And skirt the forest down ; then wheel at once,  
 Confess'd to view, and close upon the vale :  
 Myself, and my most valiant cousin here,  
 Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,  
 Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,  
 Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.  
 Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye ;  
 Your limbs tread vig'rous, and your breasts beat high !  
 Thin though our ranks, though scanty be our bands,  
 Bold are our hearts, and nervous are our hands.  
 With us, truth, justice, fame, and freedom close,  
 Each, singly, equal to an host of foes ;  
 I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,  
 They lift my limbs, as feather'd Hermes' light !  
 Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high,  
 Thunder within his grasp, and light'ning in his eye.

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Before the Camp.* CRISTIERN, TROLLIO, and Attendants  
*enter.*

*Cristiern.*

YOUR observation's just ; I see it, Trollio :  
 Men are machines ; with all their boasted freedom,  
 Their movements turn upon some fav'rite passion ;  
 Let art but find the latent foible out,  
 We touch the spring, and wind them at our pleasure.

*Troll.* Let Heav'n spy out for virtue, and then starve it ;  
 But vice and frailty are the statesman's quarry,  
 The objects of our search, and of our science,

Mark'd by our smiles, and cherish'd by our bounty ;  
 'Tis hence you lord it o'er your servile senates :  
 How low the slaves will stoop to gorge their lusts,  
 When aptly baited ! ev'n the tongues of patriots,  
 (Those sons of clamour) oft relax the nerve,  
 Within the warmth of favour.

*Crist.* How else should kings subsist ? For what is pow'r,  
 But the nice conduct of another's weakness ?  
 That thing call'd virtue, is the bane of government,  
 A libel on the state, that asks suppression ;  
 It is a hateful and unbending quality ;  
 It serves no end, still restive to the rein,  
 And to the spur unspeedy : they who boast it  
 Are traitors, rivals of their king, my Trollio ;  
 And, wanting other subjects, greatly dare  
 To lord it o'er themselves. Such is Gustavus,  
 If yet he be——

And such Arvida was ; though now, I trust,  
 He is too far advanc'd in our designs  
 To think of a retreat.

*Troll.* Impossible !  
 Already has he leap'd the guilty mound  
 That might appal his virtue ; for the world  
 He dare not now look back ; where shame pursues,  
 And cuts off all retreat.

*A Gentleman Usher and PETERSON enter, who kneels.*

*Gent.* My liege, Lord Peterson.

*Crist.* Rise to our trust, most worthy Peterson ;  
 Rise to our friendship : by my head, I swear,  
 Bar but our Trollio here, there's not a Swede,  
 Who holds thy valued level in our heart !

For thou'rt unshaken, though thy nation swerve ;  
Faithful among the faithless.

*Peter.* What I am,

Let this inform your majesty.

[*Gives a packet,*

*Crist.* A packet !

Whence had you that, my friend ?

*Peter.* Even from the hands  
Of the once great Gustavus.

*Crist.* Then you have seen him. Tell me, tell me, Peter-  
terson,

What said he ? Eh ! how look'd the mighty rebel ?  
His means, his scope, the pride of his presumption,  
Give me the whole !

*Peter.* Last night, my gracious lord,  
While yet I held your messenger in conference,  
Arriv'd, who brought a letter from Gustavus,  
Wherein, digesting many flagrant terms  
Of mutinous import against the state  
Of your high dignity, by morning light  
He pray'd me to attend him ; boasting much  
Of plenteous hopes, and means of boldest enterprize.  
Of this I gave you notice ; and ere dawn  
Set out for fresh intelligence—I came ;  
I saw him shrunk, that glory of the north,  
Soil'd with the vileness of a slave's attire,  
Where in the depth and darkness of the mines,  
For six long months he hath not seen the sun ;  
Colleagu'd with circling horrors, hourly toil  
Hath been his watch, and penury his earning ;  
But like the lion, newly broke from bonds,  
The mingling passions from his eyes dart glory ;  
Pride lifts his stature, and his opening front  
Still looks dominion.



*Crist.* Who were his adherents?

*Peter.* The traitor Anderson, and a few friends,  
To whom, ere I set out, he stood reveal'd;  
And when I seem'd to question on his pow'rs  
Of rivalry, the props whereon he meant  
To lift contention to the princely front  
Of such high opposition, he reply'd,  
His powers were near your person.

*Crist.* How! what's here? [*Looks on the paquet.*]  
To Laurens, Aland, Haquin, and Roderic?  
Confusion! Treason's in our camp! Who's there?

*Gent.* My liege!

*Crist.* Bear this to Norbi—Bid him seize [*Gives a signet.*]  
The Swedish Captains.

*Troll.* Might I but presume——

*Crist.* I will not be controul'd—bid him seize all,  
Soldiers and chiefs! By hell, there's not a Swede,  
But lurks an instrument to prompt rebellion,  
And plots upon my life! Look there, 'tis evident:

[*Gives Trollio a letter.*]

They are all leagu'd, confed'rate with Gustavus,  
Th' abettors of his treason.

*Troll.* It should seem so;  
And yet it should not—Tell me, Peterson,  
Art thou assur'd thy credit with Gustavus  
Will answer to a trust like this?—Ha! Say.

*Peter.* Yes, well assur'd; my zeal appear'd too warm  
To give the least cold colour for suspicion.

*Troll.* I fear, my friend, I fear he has o'er-reach'd you.  
Divide and conquer, is the sum of politics.  
Beyond the dreaded circle of his sword,  
Gustavus triumphs in an ample genius;  
He walks at large, sees clear and wide around him;

Calm in the storm and turbulence of action,  
He ponders on the last event of things,  
And makes each cause subservient to the consequence.

*Crist.* You over rate his craft ; they're false, my Trollio,  
False ev'ry Swede of them ; I read their souls.

*CRISTINA and MARIANA enter.*

*Cristina.* I heard it was your royal pleasure, sir,  
I should attend your highness.

*Crist.* Yes, Cristina,  
But business interferes. [*Exeunt Cristina and Mariana.*

*An Officer enters.*

*Off.* My sov'reign liege !  
Wide o'er the western shelving on yon hill,  
We think, though indistinctly, we can spy,  
Like men in motion must'ring on the heath ;  
And there is one who saith he can discern  
A few of martial gesture, and bright arms,  
Who this way bend their action.

*Crist.* Friends, perhaps :  
For foes it were too daring——Haste thee, Trollio,  
Detach a thousand of our Danish horse,  
To rule their motions. We will out ourself,  
And hold our pow'rs in readiness. Lead on. [*Exeunt.*

*CRISTINA and MARIANA enter.*

*Mar.* Ha ! did you mark, my princess, did you mark ?  
Should some reverse, some wondrous whirl of fate,  
Once more return Gustavus to the battle,  
New nerve his arm, and wreath his brow with conquest,  
Say, would you not repent that e'er you sav'd  
This dreadful man, the foe of your great race,

Who pours impetuous in his country's cause,  
To spoil you of a kingdom?

*Cristina.* No, my friend:

Had I to death or bondage sold my sire;  
Or had Gustavus on our native realms  
Made hostile inroad; then, my Mariana,  
Had I then sav'd him from the stroke of justice,  
I should not cease my suit to Heav'n for pardon.  
But if, though in a foe, to rev'rence virtue,  
Withstand oppression, rescue injur'd innocence,  
Step boldly in betwixt my sire and guilt,  
And save my king, my father, from dishonour—  
If this be sin, I have shook hands with penitence.  
First, perish crowns, dominion, all the shine  
And transience of this world, ere guilt shall serve,  
To buy the vain incumbrance.

*Mar.* Do not think

I meant, my princess, to arraign your virtues,  
Howe'er I seem'd to question on the consequence.

*Cristina.* The consequence of virtue must be good;  
It must. Though it should prove my father's lot,  
In being rescu'd from one act of guilt,  
To lose the whole of all his wide dominions,  
He were a gainer. Blasted be that royalty,  
Which murder must make sure, and crimes inglorious!  
The bulk of kingdoms, nay, the world is light,  
When guilt weighs opposite. Oh, would to heaven,  
The loss of empire would restore his innocence,  
Restore the fortunes, and the precious lives  
Of thousands, fall'n the victims of ambition!

LAERTES enters.

Ha, Laertes! most welcome—Well, and have you? Say,  
Laertes——

*Laer.* O royal maid!——

*Cristina.* Thy looks are doubtful. Speak——  
Why art thou silent? Does he live?

*Laer.* He does;

But death, ere night, must fill a long account,  
The camp; the country's in confusion; war  
And changes ride upon the hour that hastes  
To intercept my tongue——I else could tell  
Of virtues hitherto beyond my ken;  
Courage, to which the lion stoops his crest,  
Yet grafted upon qualities as soft  
As a rock'd infant's meekness; such as tempts  
Against my faith, my country, and allegiance,  
To wish thee speed, Gustavus.

*Cristina.* Then you found him.

*Laer.* I did; and warn'd him; but in vain: for death  
To him appear'd more grateful than to find  
His friend's dishonour.

*Cristina.* Give me the manner——quick——soft, good  
Laertes!

CRISTIERN, TROLLIO, PETERSON, Danes, &c. enter.

*Crist.* Damn'd, double traitor! Oh, curs'd, false Arvida!  
Guard well the Swedish pris'ners; bind them hard.  
Stand to your arms. Bring forth the captives there.

AUGUSTA and GUSTAVA enter, guarded.

*Troll.* My liege——

*Crist.* Away! I'll hear no more of politics.  
Fortune! we will not trust the changeling more;  
But wear her girt upon our armed loins,  
Or pointed in our grasp.



*An Officer enters.*

*Off.* The foe's at hand.

With gallant shew your thousand Danes rode forth,  
But shall return no more. I mark'd the action;  
A band of desp'rate resolute's rush'd on them,  
Scarce numb'ring to a tenth, and in mid way  
They clos'd; the shock was dreadful, nor your Danes  
Could bear the madding charge; a while they stood;  
Then shrunk, and broke, and turn'd; when, lo, behind,  
Fast wheeling from the right and left, there pour'd,  
Who intercepted their return, and, caught  
Within the toil, they perish'd.

*Crist.* 'Tis Gustavus!

No mortal else, not Ammon's boasted son,  
Not Cæsar would have dar'd it. Tell me, say,  
What numbers in the whole may they amount to?

*Off.* About five thousand.

*Crist.* And no more?

*Off.* No more,  
That yet appear.

*Crist.* We count six times their sum.

Haste, soldier, take a trumpet; tell Gustavus,  
We have of terms to offer, and would treat  
Touching his mother's ransom; say, her death,  
Suspended by our grace, but waits his answer. [*Exit Off.*  
Madam, it should well suit with your authority, [*To Aug.*  
To check this frenzy in your son. Look to it,  
Or, by the saints, this hour's your last of life.

*Aug.* Come, my Gustava; come, my little captive;  
We shall be free: our tyrant is grown kind;  
And for these chains that bind thy pretty arms,  
The golden cherubim shall lend thee wings,

And thou shalt mount amid the smiling choir  
Of little heav'nly songsters, like thyself,  
All rob'd in innocence.

*Gus.* Will you go, mother?

*Aug.* So help me, mercy! Yes, I'll go, my child;  
And I will give thee to thy father's fondness,  
And to the arms of all thy royal race  
In heav'n, who sit on thrones, with loves, and joys,  
And pleasures smiling round.

*Crist.* Is this my answer?

Come forth, ye ministers of death, come forth.

*Ruffians enter, who seize Augusta and Gustava.*

Pluck them asunder. We shall prove you, lady.  
'Tis my damn'd lot, thus ever to be cross'd  
With rank blown pride, and insolence eternal.

*Gusta.* Oh, mother, take me, take me from these men!  
They fright me with their looks.

*Aug.* Alas, my child, I cannot take thee from them!

*Gusta.* Oh, they will hurt me! Can't you take me, mother?

*Aug.* They can't, they cannot hurt you, my Gustava.  
Fear not, my little one; your name should be  
A charm o'er cowardice: for you are call'd  
After your valiant brother. He'll disown you;  
He will not love you, if you fear, Gustava.

*Cristina.* Ah, I can hold no longer! Royal sir,  
Thus on my knees, and lower, lower still——

*Crist.* My child! What mean you?

*Cristina.* Oh, my gracious father!  
Kill, kill me, rather; let me perish first;  
But do not stain the sanctity of kings  
With the sweet blood of helpless innocence;

Do not, my father ;—spare the little orphans,  
And let the lambs go free.

*Aug.* Ha ! who art thou,  
That look'st so like the 'habitants of heaven ?  
Like mercy sent upon the morning's blush,  
To glad the heart, and cheer a gloomy world  
With light till now unknown ?

*Crist.* Away ! they come.

I'll hear no more of your ill-tim'd petitions.

*Cristina.* Oh, yet for pity !

*Crist.* I will none on't ;—Leave me——

Pity ! it is the infant fool of nature.

Tear off her hold, and bear her to her tent.

[*Exeunt Cristina, Mar. Laer. and Attendants.*]

*An Officer enters.*

*Off.* My liege, Gustavus, though with much reluctance,  
Consents to one hour's truce. His soldiers rest  
Upon their arms ; and, follow'd by a few,  
He comes to know your terms.

*Crist.* I see ; fall back.

Stand firm. Be ready slaves, and, on the word,  
Plunge deep your daggers in their bosoms. [*Points to Aug.*]

GUSTAVUS, ARVIDA, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD,

*&c. enter.*

Hold !

*Gus.* Ha ! 'tis, it is my mother !

*Crist.* Tell me, Gustavus, tell me, why is this,  
That, as a stream diverted from the banks  
Of smooth obedience, thou hast drawn those men  
Upon a dry, unchannell'd enterprize,  
To turn their inundation ? Are the lives

Of my misguided people held so light,  
That thus thou'dst push them on the keen rebuke  
Of guarded majesty ; where justice waits,  
All awful, and resistless, to assert  
Th' impervious rights, the sanctitude of kings,  
And blast rebellion ?

*Gus.* Justice, sanctitude,  
And rights ! Oh, patience ! Rights ! What rights, thou  
tyrant ?  
Yes, if perdition be the rule of power,  
If wrongs give right, oh, then, supreme in mischief,  
Thou wert the lord, the monarch of the world,  
Too narrow for thy claim ! But if thou think'st  
That crowns are vilely propertied, like coin,  
To be the means, the specialty of lust,  
And sensual attribution ; if thou think'st  
That empire is of titled birth or blood ;  
That nature, in the proud behalf of one,  
Shall disenfranchise all her lordly race,  
And bow her gen'ral issue to the yoke  
Of private domination ; then, thou proud one,  
Here know me for thy king. Howe'er, be told,  
Not claim hereditary, not the trust  
Of frank election,  
Not ev'n the high anointing hand of Heav'n,  
Can authorise oppression, give a law  
For lawless power, wed faith to violation,  
On reason build misrule, or justly bind  
Allegiance to injustice. Tyranny  
Absolves all faith ; and who invades our rights,  
Howe'er his own commence, can never be  
But an usurper. But for thee, for thee  
There is no name. Thou hast abjur'd mankind,



Dash'd safety from thy bleak, unsocial side,  
And wag'd wild war with universal nature.

*Crist.* Licentious traitor! thou canst talk it largely.  
Who made thee umpire of the rights of kings,  
And pow'r, prime attribute? As on thy tongue  
The poise of battle lay, and arms, of force  
To throw defiance in the front of duty?  
Look round, unruly boy! thy battle comes  
Like raw, disjointed, must'ring, feeble wrath,  
A war of waters, borne against the rock  
Of our firm continent, to fume, and chafe,  
And shiver in the toil.

*Gus.* Mistaken man!  
I come empower'd, and strengthen'd in thy weakness:  
For though the structure of a tyrant's throne  
Rise on the necks of half the suff'ring world,  
Fear trembles in the cement; pray'rs and tears,  
And secret curses sap its mould'ring base,  
And steal the pillars of allegiance from it:  
Then, let a single arm but dare the sway,  
Headlong it turns, and drives upon destruction.

*Troll.* Profane, and alien to the love of Heaven!  
Art thou still harden'd to the wrath divine,  
That hang's o'er thy rebellion? Know'st thou not  
Thou art at enmity with grace, cast out,  
Made an anathema, a curse enroll'd  
Among the faithful, thou and thy adherents  
Shorn from our holy church, and offer'd up,  
As sacred to damnation?

*Gus.* Yes, I know,  
When such as thou, with sacrilegious hand,  
Seize on the apostolic key of heav'n,  
It then becomes a tool for crafty knaves

To shut out virtue, and unfold those gates,  
 That Heaven itself had barr'd against the lusts  
 Of avarice and ambition. Soft and sweet,  
 As looks of charity, or voice of lambs  
 That bleat upon the morning, are the words  
 Of christian meekness! mission all divine!  
 The law of love sole mandate! But your gall,  
 Ye Swedish prelacy, your gall hath turn'd  
 The words of sweet, but indigested peace,  
 To wrath and bitterness. Ye hallōw'd men,  
 In whom vice sanctifies, whose precepts teach  
 Zeal without truth, religion without virtue;  
 Who ne'er preach heav'n, but with a downward eye,  
 That turns your souls to dross; who, shouting, loose  
 The dogs of hell upon us. Thefts and rapes,  
 Sack'd towns, and midnight howlings through the realm,  
 Receive your sanction. Oh, 'tis glorious mischief!  
 When vice turns holy, puts religion on,  
 Assumes the robe pontifical, the eye  
 Of saintly elevation, blesseth sin,  
 And makes the seal of sweet offended Heav'n  
 A sign of blood, a label for decrees,  
 That hell would shrink to own.

*Crist.* No more of this.

Gustavus, wouldst thou yet return to grace,  
 And hold thy motions in the sphere of duty,  
 Acceptance might be found.

*Gus.* Imperial spoiler!

Give me my father, give me back my kindred,  
 Give me the fathers of ten thousand orphans,  
 Give me the sons in whom thy ruthless sword  
 Has left our widows childless. Mine they were,  
 Both mine, and ev'ry Swede's, whose patriot breast

Bleeds in his country's woundings. Oh, thou canst not!  
Thou hast outsin'd all reck'ning! Give me then  
My all that's left, my gentle mother there,  
And spare yon little trembler.

*Crist.* Yes, on terms  
Of compact and submission.

*Gus.* Ha! with thee?  
Compact with thee! and mean'st thou for my country,  
For Sweden? No: so hold my heart but firm,  
Although it wring for't, though blood drop for tears,  
And at the sight my straining eyes start forth——  
They both shall perish first.

*Crist.* Slaves, do your office.

*Gus.* Hold yet——Thou canst not be so damn'd! My  
mother!

I dare not ask thy blessing. Where's Arvida?  
Where art thou? Come, my friend, thou'st known temp-  
tation,

And therefore best can pity or support me.

*Arv.* Alas! I shall but serve to weigh thee downward,  
To pull thee from the dazzling, sightless height,  
At which thy virtue soars. For, O Gustavus!  
My soul is dark, disconsolate and dark;  
Sick of the world, and hateful to myself.  
I have no country now: I've nought but thee;  
And should yield up the int'rest of mankind,  
Where thine's in question.

*Aug.* See, my son relents.  
Behold, O king! yet spare us but a moment;  
His little sister shall embrace his knees,  
And these fond arms around his duteous neck,  
Shall join to bend him to us.

*Crist.* Could I trust ye——

*Arv.* I'll be your hostage.

*Crist.* Granted.

*Gus.* Hold, my friend——

[*Here Arvida breaks from Gustavus, and passes to Cris-  
tiern's party, while Augusta and Gustava go over to  
Gustavus.*]

*Aug.* Is it then giv'n, yet giv'n me, ere I die,  
To see thy face, Gustavus? Thus to gaze,  
To touch, to fold thee thus?——My son, my son!  
And have I liv'd to this? It is enough.  
All arm'd, and in thy country's precious cause  
Terribly beauteous; to behold thee thus!  
Why, 'twas my only, hourly suit to Heaven,  
And now 'tis granted. Oh, my glorious child!  
Bless'd were the throes I felt for thee, Gustavus:  
For from the breast, from out your swathing bands,  
You stepp'd the child of honour.

*Gus.* Oh, my mother!

*Aug.* Why stands that water trembling in thy eye?  
Why heaves thy bosom? Turn not thus away;  
'Tis the last time that we must meet, my child,  
And I will have thee whole. Why, why, Gustavus,  
Why is this form of heaviness? For me,  
I trust, it is not meant; you cannot think  
So poorly of me. I grow old, my son,  
And to the utmost period of mortality,  
I ne'er should find a death's hour like to this,  
Whereby to do thee honour.

*Gus.* Roman patriots!

Ye, Decii, self-devoted to your country,  
You gave no mothers up! Will annals yield  
No precedents for this, no elder boast,  
Whereby to match my trial?



*Aug.* No, Gustavus ;  
For Heaven still squares our trial to our strength,  
And thine is of the foremost. Noble youth !  
Ev'n I, thy parent, with a conscious pride,  
Have often bow'd to thy superior virtues.  
Oh, there is but one bitterness in death !  
One only sting——

*Gus.* Speak, speak !

*Aug.* 'Tis felt for thee.  
Too well I know thy gentleness of soul,  
Melting as babes ; ev'n now the pressure's on thee,  
And bends thy loveliness to earth. O child !  
The dear, but sad foretaste of thy affliction,  
Already kills thy mother. But, behold,  
Behold thy valiant followers, who to thee,  
And to the faith of thy protecting arm,  
Have giv'n ten thousand mothers, daughters too,  
Who in thy virtue yet may learn to bear  
Millions of free-born sons, to bless thy name,  
And pray for their deliverer. Oh, farewell !  
This, and but this, the very last, adieu !  
Heav'n sit victorious on thy arm, my son,  
And give thee to thy merits.

*Crist.* Ah, thou trait'ress !

*Gusta.* Oh, brother ! an't you stronger than that man ?  
Don't let him take my mother.

*Aug.* See, Gustavus ;  
My little captive waits for one embrace.

*Gus.* Come to my arms, thou lamb-like sacrifice ;  
Oh, that they were of force to hold thee ever ;  
To let thee to my heart ; there lock thee close,  
And circle thee with life ! But 'twill not be.

*Gusta.* I'll stay with you, my brother.

*Gus.* Killing innocence!

That I was born to see this hour!

The pains of hell are on me! Take her, mother.

*Gusta.* I will not part with you; indeed, I will not.

*Gus.* Take her—Distraction! Haste, my dearest mother;  
Oh!—else I shall run mad—quite mad—and save ye.

*Arv.* Hold, madam—Hear me, thou most dear Gustavus!  
Thus low I bend my pray'r; reject me not:  
If once, if ever thou didst love Arvida,  
Oh, leave me here to answer to the wrath  
Of this fell tyrant! Save thy honour'd mother,  
And that sweet lamb from slaughter.

*Gus.* Cruel friendship!

*Crist.* And, by my life, I'd take thee at thy word,  
Thou doubly damn'd! but that I know 'twould please thee.

*Aug.* No, gen'rous prince; thy blood shall never be  
The price of our dishonour. Come, my child;  
Weep not, sweet babe; there shall no harm come nigh  
thee.

*Crist.* 'Tis well, proud dame; you are return'd, I see.  
Each to his charge. Here break we off, Gustavus:  
For to the very teeth of thy rebellion  
We dash defiance back.

*Gus.* Alas, my mother!  
Grief choaks up utterance; else I have to say  
What never tongue unfolded—Yet return,  
Come back; and I will give up all to save thee:  
For on the cov'ring of thy sacred head  
My heart drops blood. Thou fountain of my life!  
Dearer than mercy is to kneeling penitence,  
My early blessing, first and latest joy,  
Return, return, and save thy lost Gustavus!

*Crist.* No more, thou trifler!

*Aug.* Oh, farewell for ever!

[*Exeunt Cristiern and his party. Gustavus and his party remain.*]

*Gus.* Then she is gone—Arvida! Anderson!  
For ever gone—Arnoldus, friends, where are ye?  
Help here! heave, heave this mountain from me—oh!—  
Heav'n keep my senses!—So—we will to battle:  
But let no banners wave—Be still, thou trump,  
And ev'ry martial sound that gives the war  
To pomp or levity: for vengeance now  
Is clad with heavy arms, sedately stern,  
Resolv'd, but silent as the slaughter'd heaps  
O'er which my soul is brooding.

*Arn.* Oh, Gustavus!  
Is there a Swede of us, whose sword and soul  
Grapples not to thee, as to all they hold  
Of earthly estimation? Said I more,  
It were but half my thought.

*And.* On thee we gaze,  
As one unknown, till this important hour;  
Pre-eminent of men!

*Siv.* Accurs'd be he,  
Who, in thy leading, will not fight, and strive,  
And bleed, and gasp with pleasure!

*And.* We are thine,  
All, all, both we and ours; whom thou this day  
Hast dearly purchas'd.

*Arn.* Though to yield us up,  
Had scarce been less than virtue.

*Gus.* Oh, my friends!  
I see 'tis not for man to boast his strength  
Before the trial comes. This very hour,  
Had I a thousand parents, all seem'd light,

When weigh'd against my country ; and, but now,  
 One mother seem'd of weight to poise the world,  
 Tho' conscious truth and reason were against her :  
 For oh, howe'er the partial passions sway,  
 High Heav'n assigns but one unbiass'd way ;  
 Direct through ev'ry opposition leads,  
 Where shelves decline, and many a steep impedes.  
 Here hold we on, tho' thwarting fiends alarm,  
 Here hold we on, tho' devious syrens charm ;  
 In Heav'n's disposing pow'r events unite,  
 Nor aught can happen wrong to him who acts aright.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Royal Tent. CRISTINA and MARIANA enter.*

*Cristina.*

HARK, Mariana ! list—No, all is silent—  
 It was not fancy, sure—Didst thou hear aught ?

*Mar.* Too plain, the voice of terror seiz'd my ear,  
 And my heart sinks within me.

*Cristina.* Oh, I fear  
 The war is now at work !—As winds, methought,  
 Long borne through hallow vaults, the sound approach'd :  
 One sound, yet laden with a thousand notes  
 Of fearful variation ; then it swell'd  
 To distant shouts, now coming on the gale ;  
 Again, borne backward with a parting groan,  
 All sunk to horrid stillness.

*Mar.* Look, my princess ;  
 Ah, no ! withhold thy eyes ! the place grows dark,



A sudden cloud of sorrow stains the day,  
And throws its gloom around.

*Four Slaves enter, as bearing the bodies of Augusta and Gustava on a bier covered; four Women, in chains, follow, weeping.*

*Cristina.* Whence are you, say, you daughters of affliction?  
Their speech is in their tears—Avert, ye saints,  
Avert that thought!—Soft—hold ye! I've a tear  
For ev'ry mourner—Ah! [Looks under the covering.

*Mar.* What mean you, madam?

*Cristina.* Reflection, come not there—See it not, eyes!  
How art thou split, thou blood of royalty!  
Close at the paleness of its parent breast  
The babe lies slaughter'd. Tell me, who did this?  
No, hold ye—say not that my father did it;  
For duty then turns rebel. Cruel father!  
Oh, that some villager, whose early toil  
Lifts the penurious morsel to his mouth,  
Had claim'd my birth! Ambition had not then  
Thus stepp'd 'twixt me and heav'n.

*Mar.* Go, bear it hence——  
Turn, turn, my royal mistress.

*Cristina.* Ah, Augusta!  
Among thy foes thou'rt fallen; thou'rt fall'n in virtue.  
Exalt thyself, O Guilt! for here the good  
Have none who may lament them. Sit we down;  
For I grow weary of the world; let Death  
Within his vaulty durance, dark and still,  
Receive me too; and where the afflicted rest,  
There fold me in for ever.

LAERTES enters.

*Laer.* Arise, Cristina ; fly, thou royal virgin !  
This morn beheld thee mistress of the North,  
Bright heir of Scandinavia ; and this hour  
Has left thee not, throughout thy wide dominions,  
Whereon to rest thy foot !

*Cristina.* Now, praise to Heaven !  
Say but my father lives——

*Laer.* At your command  
I went ; and, from a neighb'ring summit, view'd  
Where either host stood adverse, sternly wedg'd,  
Reflecting on each other's gloomy front  
Fell hate and fix'd defiance. When at once  
The foe mov'd on, attendant to the steps  
Of their Gustavus—He, with mournful pace,  
Came slow and silent, till two hapless Danes  
Prick'd forth, and on his helm discharg'd their fury ;  
Then rous'd the lion—To my wondring sight  
His stature grew twofold ; before his eye  
All force seem'd wither'd, and his horrid plume  
Shook wild dismay around ; as Heav'n's dread bolt  
He shot ; he pierc'd our legions ; in his strength  
His shouting squadron gloried, rushing on  
Where'er he led the battle. Full five times,  
Hemm'd by our mightier host the foe seem'd lost,  
And swallow'd from my sight ; five times again  
Like flame they issued to the light ; and thrice  
These eyes beheld him ; they beheld Gustavus,  
Unhors'd, and by a host girt singly in ;  
And thrice he broke through all.

*Cristina.* My blood runs chill.

*Laer.* With such a strenuous, such a labour'd conflict,  
Sure never field was fought! until Gustavus  
Aloud cry'd, Victory! and on his spear  
Rear'd high th' imperial diadem of Denmark.  
Then slack'd the battle, then recoil'd our host;  
His echo'd, victory! and now would know  
No bounds; rout follow'd, and the face of fight——  
She heeds me not.

*Cristina.* Oh, ill-starr'd royalty!  
My father! cruel, dear, unhappy father!  
Summon'd so sudden! fearful, fearful thought!  
Step in, sweet mercy; for thy time was——Ha!

*CRISTIERN enters, flying, without his helmet, in disorder, his sword broken, and his garments bloody; he throws away his sword, and speaks.*

*Crist.* Give us new arms of proof; fresh horses, quick!—  
A watch without there—Set a standard up,  
To guide our scatter'd pow'rs—Haste, my friends, haste!  
We must begone——Oh, for some cooling stream,  
To slake a monarch's thirst!

*Laer.* A post, my liege,  
A second post from Denmark says——

*Crist.* All's lost.  
Is it not so? Begone! Perdition choak thee——  
Give me a moment's solitude—Thought, thought,  
Where wouldst thou lead?

*Cristina.* He sees me not—Alas, alas, my father!  
Oh, what a war there lives within his eye!  
Where greatness struggles to survive itself.  
I tremble to approach him; yet I fain  
Would bring peace to him—Don't you know me, sir?  
My father! look upon me: look, my father!

Why strains your lip, and why that doubtful eye,  
Through fury melting o'er me? Turn, ah, turn!  
I cannot bear its softness—How! nay, then,  
There is a falling dagger in that tear,  
To kill thy child, to murder thy Cristina?

*Crist.* Then thou'rt Cristina.

*Cristina.* Yes.

*Crist.* My child?

*Cristina.* I am.

*Crist.* Curse me, then, curse me! join with heav'n, and  
earth,

And hell, to curse!

*Cristina.* Alas! on me, my father,  
Thy curses be on me; but on thy head  
Fall blessings from that Heav'n which has this day  
Preserv'd thy life in battle.

*Crist.* What have I

To do with Heav'n? Damnation! What am I?  
All frail and transient, as my laps'd dominions!  
Ev'n now the solid earth prepares to slide  
From underneath me. Nature's pow'r cries out,  
'Leave him, thou universe!' No—Hold me, Heav'n!  
Hold me, thou Heav'n, whom I've forsaken—hold  
Thy creature, though accurs'd!

*Cristina.* Patience and peace

Possess thy mind! Not all thy pride of empire  
E'er gave such bless'd sensation, as one hour  
Of penitence, though painful—Let us hence—  
Far from the blood and bustle of ambition.  
Be it my task to watch thy rising wish,  
To smoothe thy brow, find comfort for thy cares,  
And for thy will, obedience; still to cheer  
The day with smiles, and lay the nightly down  
Beneath thy slumbers.



*Crist.* O thou all that's left me!  
 Ev'n in the riot, in the rage of fight,  
 Thy guardian virtues watch'd around my head,  
 When else no arm could aid—for through my ranks,  
 My circling troops, the fell Gustavus rush'd;  
 Vengeance! He cry'd, and with one eager hand  
 Grip'd fast my diadem—his other arm,  
 High rear'd the deathful steel—suspended yet;  
 For in his eye, and through his varying face,  
 Conflicting passions fought—he look'd—he stood  
 In wrath reluctant—Then, with gentler voice;  
 'Cristina, thou hast conquer'd! Go,' he cry'd,  
 'I yield thee to her virtues.'

*TROLLIO enters, and Guards, swords drawn.*

*Troll.* Haste, O king!  
 The foe hath hemm'd us round; O haste to save  
 Thyself and us!

*Crist.* Thy sword. [*Takes a sword from one of the Guards.*]

*Troll.* What means my——

*Crist.* Villain!

Well thought, by hell! Ha! Yes——thou art our minister,  
 The rev'rend monitor of vice—the soil,  
 Baneful and rank with ev'ry principle,  
 Whence grow the crimes of kings. First perish thou!

[*Stabs him.*]

Who taught the throne of pow'r to fix on fear,  
 And raise its safety, from the public ruin;  
 Fall thou into the gulph thyself hast fix'd  
 Between the prince and people; cutting off  
 Communion from the ear of royalty,  
 And mercy from complaint—away, away;

Thy death, old man, be on thy countrymen,  
Who fell beneath thy counsels.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Trollio attempts to rise, and then speaks.*

*Troll.* Thou bloody tyrant! late, too late I find,  
Nor faith, nor gratitude, nor friendly trust,  
Nor force of obligations can subsist  
Between the guilty—Oh, let none aspire  
To be a king's convenience! Has he virtues,  
Those are his own; his vices are his minister's;  
Who dares to step 'twixt envy and the throne,  
Alike to feel the caprice of his prince,  
And public detestation—Ha! I'm going,  
But whither? No one near! to feel! to catch!  
The world but for an instant! for one ray  
To guide my soul! Her way grows wondrous dark,  
And down, down, down!

[*Dies.*

GUSTAVUS, ANDERSON, ARNOLDUS, SIVARD, &c. *enter in triumph.* Gustavus advances, and the rest range themselves on each side of the stage.

*Gus.* That we have conquer'd, first we bend to Heav'n!

*And.* And next to thee!

*All.* To thee, to thee, Gustavus!

*Gus.* No, matchless men! my brothers of the war!

Be it my greatest glory to have mix'd

My arms with yours, and to have fought for once

Like to a Dalecarlian; like to you,

The sires of honour, of a new-born fame,

To be transmitted, from your great memorial,

To climes unknown, to age succeeding age,

'Till time shall verge upon eternity,

And patriots be no more——

*Arn.* Behold, my lord,

The Danish pris'ners, and the traitor Peterson,  
Attend their fate.

*Gus.* Send home the Danes with honour,  
And let them better learn, from our example,  
To treat, whom next they conquer, with humanity.

*And.* But then for Peterson!

*Gus.* His crimes are great;  
A single death were a reward for treason;  
Let him still languish—Let him be exil'd,  
No more to see the land of liberty,  
The hills of Sweden, or the native fields  
Of known, endear'd idea.

*And.* Royal sir,  
This is to pardon, to encourage, villains;  
And hourly to expose that sacred life,  
Where all our safety centers.

*Gus.* Fear them not.  
The fence of virtue is a chief's best caution;  
And the firm surety of my people's hearts  
Is all the guard that e'er shall wait Gustavus.  
I am a soldier from my youth; yet, Anderson,  
These wars, where man must wound himself in man,  
Have somewhat shocking in them: trust me, friend,  
Except in such a cause as this day's quarrel,  
I would not shed a single wretch's blood  
For the world's empire!

*Arn.* O exalted Sweden!  
Bless'd people! Heav'n! wherein have we deserv'd  
A man like this to rule us?

*ARVIDA enters, leading in CRISTINA. He runs to Gustavus.*

*Gus.* My Arvida!

*Arv.* My king! O hail! Thus let me pay my homage.  
[*Kneels.*

*Gus.* Rise, rise, nor shame our friendship.

*Arv.* See, Gustavus! Behold, nor longer wonder at my frailty.

*Gus.* Be faithful, eyes! Ha! Yes, it must be so.  
'Tis she—For Heaven would choose no other form  
Wherein to treasure ev'ry mental virtue.

*Cristina.* Renown'd Gustavus! mightiest among men!  
If such a wretch, the captive of thy arms,  
Trembling, and aw'd in thy superior presence,  
May find the grave that every other finds,  
For thou art said to be of wondrous goodness!  
Then hear, and O excuse a foe's presumption!  
While low, thus low, you see a suppliant child,  
Now pleading for a father, for a dear,  
Much lov'd, if cruel, yet unhappy father.  
O, let him 'scape, who ne'er can wrong thee more!  
If he with circling nations could not stand  
Against thee single; singly, what can he  
When thou art fenc'd with nations?

*Gus.* Ha! that posture!  
O rise—surpriz'd, my eye perceiv'd it not.  
Cristina! thou all form'd for excellence!  
I've much to say, but that my tongue, my thoughts,  
Are troubled; warr'd on by unusual passions.  
'Twas hence thou hadst it in thy power to ask,  
Ere I could offer—Come, my friend, assist,  
Instruct me to be grateful. O Cristina!  
I fought for freedom, not for crowns, thou fair one!  
They shall sit brighter on that beauteous head,  
Whose eye might awe the monarchs of the earth,  
And light the world to virtue—My Arvida!



*Arv.* O great and good, and glorious to the last!  
 I read thy soul, I see the gen'rous conflict,  
 And come to fix, not trouble thy repose.  
 Cou'd you but know with what an eager haste  
 I sprung to execute thy late commands;  
 To shield this lovely object of thy cares,  
 And give her thus, all beauteous to thy eyes!  
 For I've no bliss but thine; have lost the form  
 Of ev'ry wish that's foreign to thy happiness.  
 But O my king! my conqu'rer! my Gustavus!  
 It grieves me much, that thou must shortly mourn,  
 Ev'n on the day in which thy country's freed,  
 That crowns thy arms with conquest and Cristina.

*Gus.* Alas! your cheek is pale—you bleed, my brother!

*Arv.* I do indeed—to death.

*Gus.* You have undone me;

Rash, headstrong man! O was this well, Arvida?

*Arv.* Pardon, Gustavus! mine's the common lot,  
 The fate of thousands fall'n this day in battle.  
 I had resolv'd on life to see you bless'd;  
 To see my king and his Cristina happy.  
 Turn, thou belov'd, thou honour'd next to Heav'n!  
 And to thy arms receive a penitent,  
 Who never more shall wrong thee.

*Gus.* O, Arvida!

Friend! Friend!

*[Turns and embraces him.]*

*Arv.* Thy heart beats comfort to me! in this breast,  
 Let thy Arvida, let thy friend survive.  
 O strip his once lov'd image of its frailties,  
 And strip it too of ev'ry fonder thought,  
 That may give thee affliction—Do, Gustavus;  
 It is my last request; for heav'n and thou  
 Art all the care and business—of Arvida.

*[Dies.]*

*Gus.* Friend! brother! speak——He's gone—and here  
is all

That's left of him, who was my life's best treasure.  
How art thou fallen, thou greatly valiant man!  
In ruin graceful, like the warrior's spear,  
Tho' shiver'd in the dust—so fall Gustavus——  
But thou art sped, hast reach'd the goal before me;  
And one light lapse throughout thy course in virtue  
Shows only thou wert man, ordain'd to strive,  
But not attain perfection.——

Dost thou too weep? transcendent, loveliest maid!  
Pardon a heart o'ercharg'd with swelling grief,  
That in thy presence will not be exil'd,  
Though ev'ry joy dwells round thee.

*Cristina.* O Gustavus!

A bosom pure like thine must soon regain  
The heart-felt happiness, that dwells with virtue;  
And Heav'n on all exterior circumstance  
Shall pour the balm of peace, shall pay thee back  
The bliss of nations, breathing on thy head  
The sweets that live within the pray'rs of foes  
Subdu'd unto thy merits—fare, farewel!

*Gus.* Thou shalt not part, *Cristina*.

*Cristina.* O—I must——

*Gus.* No, thou art all that's left to sweeten life,  
And reconcile the wearied to the world.

*Cristina.* It will not be——I dare not hear——

*Gus.* You must.

I am thy suppliant in my turn—but O  
My suit is more, much more than life or empire,  
Than man can merit, or worlds give without thee.

*Cristina.* Now aid me, aid me all, ye chaster Pow'rs  
That guard a woman's weakness! 'tis resolv'd——

Thy own example charms thy suit to silence.  
 Nor think alone to bear the palm of virtue,  
 Thou, who hast taught the world, when duty calls,  
 To throw the bar of every wish behind them.  
 Exalted in that thought, like thee I rise,  
 While ev'ry less'ning passion sinks beneath me,  
 Adieu, adieu, most honour'd, first of men,  
 I go, I part, I fly, but to deserve thee.

*Gus.* Yet stay—a moment—till my utt'ring heart  
 Pour forth in love, in wonder pour before thee.  
 Thou cruel excellence—Wou'dst thou too leave me?  
 Not if the heart, the arms of thy Gustavus  
 Have force to hold thee.

*Cristina.* O delightful notes!  
 That I do love thee, yes, 'tis true, my lord,  
 The bond of virtue, friendship's sacred tie,  
 The lover's pains, and all the sister's fondness,  
 Mine has the flame of ev'ry love within it:  
 But I have a father, guilty if he be,  
 Yet is he old; if cruel, yet a father.  
 Abandon'd now by ev'ry supple wretch  
 That fed his ears with flattery. I am all  
 That's left to calm, to sooth his troubled soul,  
 To penitence, to virtue; and perhaps  
 Restore the better empire o'er his mind,  
 True seat of all dominion—Yet, Gustavus,  
 Yet there are mightier reasons—O farewell!  
 Had I ne'er lov'd I might have stay'd with honour. [*Exit.*

[*Gustavus looks after Cristina, then turns and looks on Ar-  
 vida; Anderson, Arnoldus, &c. advance.*

*And.* Behold, my lord, behold the sons of war,  
 Of triumph, turn'd to tears; while from that eye  
 All Sweden takes her fate; and smiles around,  
 Or weeps with her Gustavus.

*Arn.* Wilt thou not cheer them, say, thou great deliv'rer!

*Siv.* O General!

*1st Dale.* King!

*2d Dale.* Brother!

*4th Dale.* Father!

*All.* Friend!

*Gus.* Come, come, my brothers all, yes I will strive  
To be the sum of every title to you;  
And you shall be my sire, my friend reviv'd,  
My sister, mother, all that's kind and dear,  
For so Gustavus holds ye——O, I will  
Of private passions all my soul divest,  
And take my dearest country to my breast.  
To public good transfer each fond desire,  
And clasp my Sweden with a lover's fire.  
Well pleas'd, the weight of all her burdens bear;  
Dispense all pleasure, but engross all care.  
Still quick to find; to feel my people's woes,  
And wake that millions may enjoy repose.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]





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A TRAGI-COMIC  
EPILOGUE,  
BY WAY OF ENTERTAINMENT.

---

BY MR. OGLE.

---

*Intended for Mr. Wright, Mrs. Giffard, and Mrs. Clive.*

---

Mr. Wright.

*WELL, ladies, to the court your plea submit,  
Box, upper-region, gallery, and pit.  
Our poet, trembling for his first essay,  
Fear'd to dismiss you, though you sav'd his play.*

*Cry'd Nell (in pity for the bashful rogue)  
'GIVE 'em a joke! a joke was once in vogue!  
'Thus authors us'd, in less judicious times,  
'When merry epilogues were thought no crimes.'*

*'That (said Cristina) would his ruin crown;  
'Nothing, but virtue, takes this virtuous town.  
'No! let his epilogue be clean and chaste.  
'This is the sense of ev'ry man of taste!'*—

*High rose the conflict in our room of state,  
Where tragic kings and queens maintain debate;  
When, lo! we heard, 'your powers began to rise,'  
Whose horrid cat-call is our worst excise!  
Our inmost palace felt the loud dissension;  
Where each new tragedy's a new convention.  
Whence we determin'd, without further pother,  
To give you of the one, and of the other.*

Mrs. Giffard.

Our author on the brave and chaste relies ;  
 He thinks, the virtuous are the only wise.  
 And, if his muse, with voice exalted, sings,  
 Of camps and courts, of ministers and kings,  
 Yet, be not, to the great, his rules confin'd !  
 His moral is a lesson to mankind.  
 If virtue, beauteous ; vice, deform'd he draws ;  
 You, that applaud him, sound your own applause.  
 Where vice, distaste, where virtue, gives delight,  
 Alike, who judge or paint, are just and right.

Virtue, like vice, escapes the public eye,  
 In humble life, yet blazes in the high.  
 Hence, tragedy, that owns no vulgar flight,  
 Shines, with the king, in a mild sphere of light,  
 Or vagrant, with the tyrant, strains to run,  
 A burning comet—not a cheering sun !  
 That worth is worth, be by Gustavus known :  
 More glorious is a mine, than on a throne !  
 And, for Cristina, might I hope a smile,  
 Less great was she in empire than exile !

Some worth it shows, to aim at worthy praise—  
 Then wither not the plant that you may raise !  
 Crush not his youth ! No ! give him age to spread !  
 For we have heard you rumbling o'er his head.  
 Fell a few flashes, with portentous blaze,  
 To blast th' ambitious branches of his bays ;  
 Yet, if soft sorrows stream'd from virtuous eyes,  
 If rose, from gen'rous breasts, regaling sighs ;  
 Refresh'd by the attack, the laurel stands,  
 And dares the loudest thunder—of your hands.

Mrs. Clive.

Great the design!—I grant—the moral good!  
 But, 'tis my weakness, I am flesh and blood.  
 What virgin here, so tender and so kind,  
 Would not her love, with her own hands, unbind?  
 Preliminaries settle in the dark,  
 And, though she lost her father, fix'd her spark?  
 Or when she bade the attendant, 'Save him! Fly!'  
 Wou'd she not send, a billet, by-the-by?  
 Not article? 'Tis nonsense to say, Not!  
 Had she no feel, no guess, of what-is-what?

At her expence the great Gustavus shines;  
 My lover, he!—I'd send him to the mines.—  
 Arvida falls!—Gustavus wails his end,  
 And many a spouse caresses such a friend.  
 Well, let him wail his death; then, rise to life:  
 Clasp the fond maid, too strict to be his wife!  
 He held her in his camp; might hold alone:  
 Compulsion some humanity had shown.  
 Thy countrymen—will damn thee—thy third day—  
 This is not, sure, the true Hibernian way?

But I forgive him. He's a young beginner!  
 Not quite a prostitute, and yet, a sinner!  
 Forward to please! yet awkward, to delight!  
 He wants a kindly hand to guide him right!  
 A novice yet—Instruct him—He will mend—  
 Full many a widow wishes such a friend?  
 Ev'n marry'd dames may think a greater curse  
 The slow performer, that grows worse-and-worse!  
 This, with a blush, I say, behind my fan—  
 Cherish the boy, you'll raise him to a man!

Mr. Wright.

*The cause is heard. Ye gentle, and ye brave,  
'Tis your's to damn him—But, you join to save—  
Then, hail Gustavus, who his country freed!  
Ye sons of Britain, praise the glorious Swede!  
Who bravely rais'd, and generously releas'd,  
From blood-stain'd tyrant, and perfidious priest,  
The state and church expiring at a breath!  
Who held a life of slav'ry worse than death!  
Reform'd religion! re-establish'd law!  
And, that you dare to praise him, hail Nassau!*

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